Outdoor America

SEPTEMBER, 1928

Price 25 Cents

Owned and Published by the Izaak Walton League of America

DEFENDER OF WOODS, WATERS AND WILD LIFE

Edward Breck · Struthers Burt · Guy Von Schriltz

Guidance

THE status of a major public welfare organization which has been attained by the Izaak Walton League is due in part to its constant and unceasing work among the rising generation of Americans. ¶ Realizing the important bearing of outdoor recreation on the physical and moral welfare of youth, the League strives in every way to give help and guidance in this direction. ¶ Its efforts on behalf of the younger Americans are undoubtedly as important as its better known activities in constructive conservation, in guarding the remaining outdoors, and in general education to the practice of the highest sportsmanship.

Essay Contests

IN all parts of the United States chapters of the Walton League are conducting essay contests among school children. These essays definitely teach conservation and preach the ideals of the League. The winners are awarded prizes, and the Grand National winner is printed in Outdoor America.

* * *

BIRD-HOUSE building contests are conducted by League chapters for the boys in their towns. Full advantage is taken of the opportunity to inculcate a knowledge and appreciation of birds, and a broader love of the outdoors.

* * *

MANY chapter members act as advisers and teachers to Boy Scouts and similar organizations. The League chapter is considered a sort of god-father to the younger followers of outdoor trails.

Junior Members

THE National Constitution of the League provides that any person under 18 years of age may become a junior member upon the payment of half the regular national dues, may wear the League button and shall receive Outdoor America.

* * *

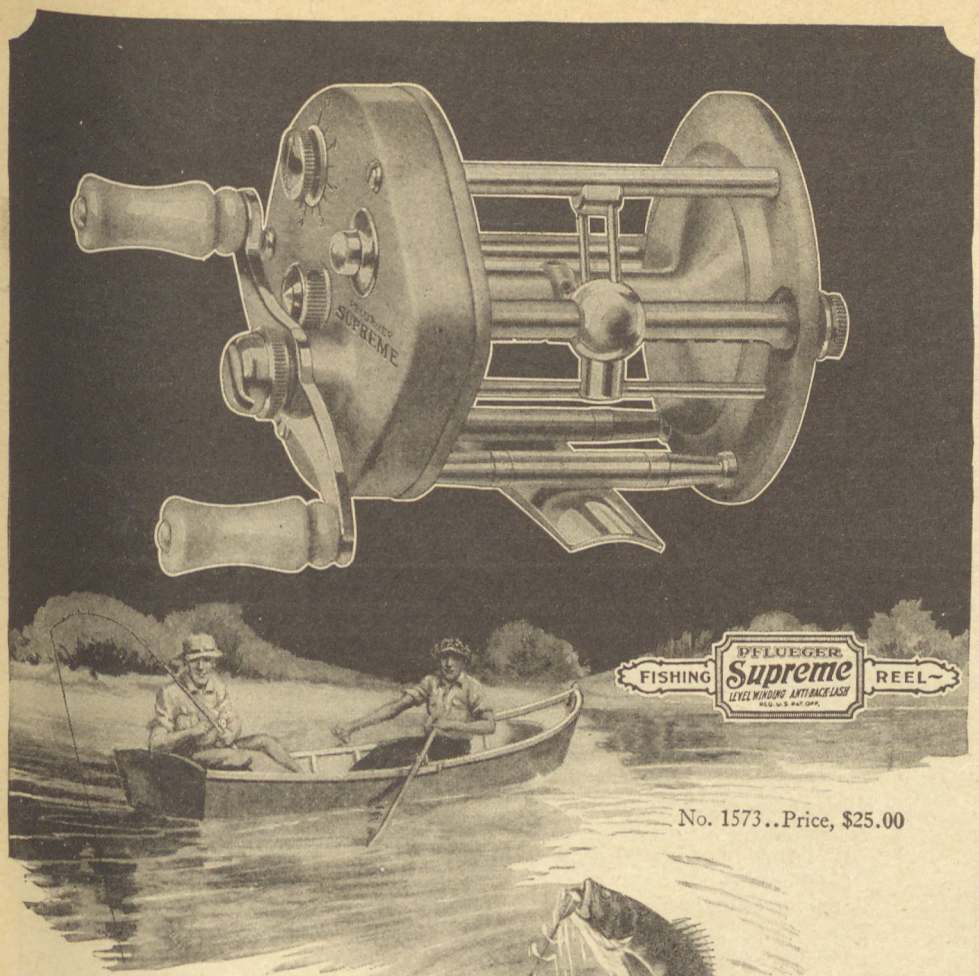
THERE are thousands of junior members in the League, and these are the wards, pupils, and companions of the regular members. Special meetings and activities are held for them.

* * *

A PART of the basic platform of the League provides for special effort among the boys and girls of America, and this is more than lived up to. One of the reasons for the existence of the League is to insure a finer outdoors for those who will constitute the next generation of outdoor people.

Izaak Walton League of America

Clinton and Randolph Sts. Chicago, Ill.



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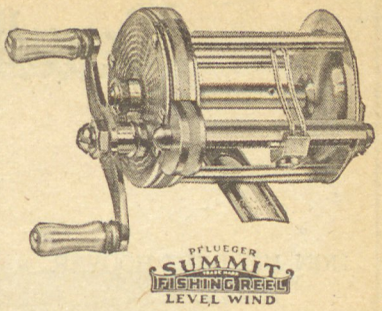

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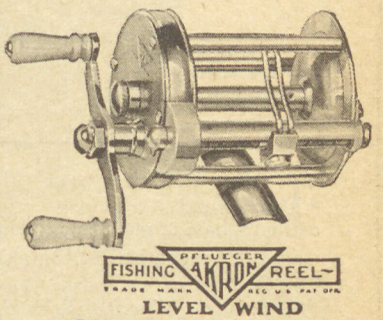

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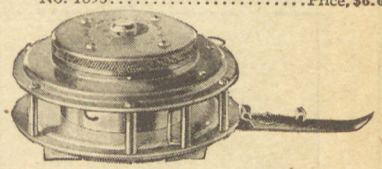

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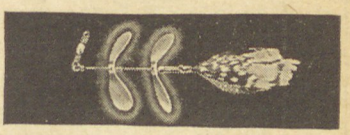

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THE IZAAK WALTON LEAGUE OF AMERICA is a national organization of sportsmen and sportswomen actively interested in the preservation and restoration of America's recreational areas and the perpetuation of sports afield and astream, having more than 3000 chapter units throughout North America.

The League has no commercial interests, political alliances or religious affiliations. No officer or director receives a salary.

This magazine, to which the leading writers and artists of America contribute, is published only for the purpose of further disseminating information on the necessity for conserving the remnants of our national heritage.

This Platform of Waltonism Means

More forests
More clean streams
More fish and game
More outdoor life

These are the greatest blessings we can acquire for ourselves and for our children, the best legacy we can leave them, adding to their happiness, their health, and their character.

The objects of the Izaak Walton League of America are:

To develop opportunities for the enjoyment of the great outdoors as an essential part of the character building and the spiritual and physical development of our people.

To encourage the protection and restoration of woods, wild flowers and wild life.

To safeguard the public health and conserve aquatic life by the elimination of pollution, and

To restore and transmit to posterity the Outdoor America of our ancestors.

The League's platform is as follows:

1. A comprehensive system of forest extension and management, reforestation of denuded areas, and proper encouragement to private landowners to grow timber.

2. A copious supply of pure water to safeguard public health and conserve aquatic life, and an aggressive campaign to eradicate pollution from inland and coastal waters.

3. Opposition to drainage projects which injure natural resources without equivalent benefit to the general public, and the restoration of unwisely drained areas.

4. More adequate protection for beneficial wild life, and the establishment of an ample number of properly administered fish and game refuges, and public fishing and hunting grounds.

5. The establishment of sufficient fish hatcheries and game farms for increased propagation and wider distribution of fish and game.

6. The establishment of biological experiment stations for the training of scientific workers to guarantee expert supervision of all game and fish propagation and distribution.

7. Opposition to the sale and interstate shipment of game and of fresh water game fishes, except for purposes of propagation.

8. Scientific regulation of the taking of salt water game fishes and prohibition of the sale of certain anadromous species.

9. Encouragement of a more universal appreciation of the aesthetic and economic value of our birds and wild flowers.

10. To develop greater opportunities for and encouragement of outdoor recreation as an essential part of the character-building, and the spiritual and physical development of the American people, especially our boys and girls.

11. The practice of true sportsmanship, respect for the property of others, and strenuous opposition to all unfair and illegal methods.

12. The teaching of nature study and the fundamental principles of conservation in all schools of America.

13. Co-operation with all organizations having like aims and better co-ordination of the efforts of such organizations with state and governmental agencies.

14. An unceasing militant educational campaign to attain the declared objects of the Izaak Walton League.

Will You Fight to Save Our Outdoors?

Do you want your boys and girls to enjoy hunting, fishing and camping?

If so, use this coupon now.

Join This Great Movement Now!

Izaak Walton League, 549 West Randolph Street, Chicago, Illinois.
Please tell me, without obligation or cost, how I may best aid in the campaign to save our outdoor heritage.

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Address.....

City.....State.....

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HERE'S a great light for sportsmen—a light which hangs or hooks to almost anything in sight so that, when "toting" it along on hikes or using it to work by in your tent or car, it leaves both your hands free.

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Outdoor America

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30 days' notice must be given for change of address.
IMPORTANT—If you move, send in your new address at once. Second-class mail will not be forwarded.

Etching by
Lee Sturges

IMPROVED?

Road Rights and Road Signs

By STRUTHERS BURT

Etchings by Lee Sturges

NOT long ago the United States was described as a country "of the neatest front lawns and dirtiest backyards of any country in the world." This is so. All you have to do to discover the truth of this statement is to ride on the average railway and look out of the windows. Here and there some railways—the Pennsylvania, the New York Central, the Western transcontinental lines—have cleaned up and beautified parts of their rights-of-way; have built in certain localities, but by no means all, appropriate and attractive stations; here and there some town, more intelligent than the rest, has begun to clean up its approaches, but as a whole, travel in America is a fairly depressing business wherever man lives and has gathered together in any great numbers. There are few indications of anything save complete selfishness, complete ruthlessness and a complete lack of any real and deep love of country. A real and deep love of country, real patriotism in other words, consisting of a feeling for your country so intense that you regard it as an individual and would no more harm it if you can help doing so than you would harm a friend or a member of your family.

Most men have to earn a living. To support their wives and children, to insure some degree of comfort and leisure for these and themselves, is rightfully every man's primary object. As a rule pure altruism increases in proportion to income. If you meet a pure altruist who is also poor you have met as a rule a crank. But long ago it has been decided that in earning a living you must also to some extent regard the rights of your neighbors. You have to be in certain ways unselfish whether you want to be or not. You can go so far and no further. Only the country as a whole, these great and varied United States, has been left out of this common and equitable agreement. It alone has never been regarded as a neighbor. Until recently it has had no rights. Until recently any man has been at liberty to slash its forests, pollute its streams, desecrate its scenery and make hideous its towns.

Curious, when you come to think of it. For one thing, America scenically was, and still is where left alone or treated with respect, the loveliest country in the world. Moreover, in it is to be found every sort of scenery that can be found anywhere else. Now, scenery is definitely worth money, even the scenery of a big city or a small town, and we are supposed to be good business men. Well, in many ways we aren't. We just think we are. Every year France, for instance, receives from American tourists more money than France owes us in interest on its war debts. As for us, we haven't even enough business acumen to keep decent the approaches to Niagara. Furthermore, man is supposed to be the wisest of animals. Only very dirty animals, the hyena, the vulture, pollute their own lairs or nests. Just how high do Americans rank in this respect?

But, to use the words of that almost forgotten national advertiser, Dr. Munyon, there is hope. Great hope, increasing by leaps and bounds. An astonishing amount of hope to those who will interest themselves at all in these problems. Within the past decade or so Americans by the thousands have awakened to the fact that they must protect and cultivate their forests, must save their streams, must protect and save their game, must here and there save, utterly untouched, tracts of wilderness. Dimly, but surely and progressively, the inhabitants of the United States are beginning to regard the United States as a neighbor with some rights of its own. Even the towns and cities are awakening. The small towns are cleaning themselves up, the cities are talking of parks and squares and boulevards. After awhile the latter may even realize what liabilities, what adverse advertisements, are their present railway yards, outlying factories, refuse areas, slaughter houses, slums and meaner suburbs. There is not one of these things that cannot be made seemly and to some extent comely.

In short, the United States is not only awakening to the fact that it must save its natural resources, but it is awakening to the equally important fact that the sense of sight is just as important as the other four senses of smell, touch, taste and hearing. No man is allowed to maintain a tannery, for example, where it will offend the noses of his fellow citizens; before long no man will be allowed to maintain a structure of any kind where it will offend the eyes of his fellow citizens. Not that I am in favor of more laws. We have too many as it is. But we can rescind about ninety per cent of those already passed and then pass a few that are sensible. Besides, I am talking more about public opinion than about actual laws. Before long public opinion will not permit a selfish or ignorant man to play havoc with his countryside or city, or the susceptibilities of his more intelligent neighbors.

Ponder that for a moment and you will see its significance. As I said before, for the first time in a history of a hundred and fifty years the American is on the point of perceiving that the sense of vision is as important as any other sense. Once he accepts this obvious truth utterly, and everywhere there are indications that he is doing so, the ramifications of his acceptance will be incalculable. It may not be so long now before you will be able to take yourself, or some visitor, across your country without a constant sense of indignation and shame.

In other words, there are two forms of Conservation; the conservation of natural resources; that is, the conservation of forests, streams, game, necessary wildernesses and the more spectacular forms of scenery; and backyard conservation, the conservation of your own fields, wood-lots, lanes, highways, villages, towns and suburbs; not to mention your own rear entrances, houses and flower gardens. And the latter form of Conservation is just as important as the former. After all, you live eleven months of the year with your local countryside, and after all you were told a good many years ago that charity begins at home.

But you say, and correctly, that local charity is the hardest form of charity to administer; that once you attempt it you are likely to tread immediately upon some neighbor's toes. In other words, that it is much easier to subscribe to some organized charity run at a distance, and much easier to save a distant forest than it is to save the decency of your nearest highway. Yes and no. You can save, without too much loss of time from your legitimate pursuits, both forest and highway. It is astonishing what you can do once you set about it. It is astonishing how many people you will find who agree with you and who need only a slight stimulus to set them in motion. In forty odd years of life I have discovered only one unassailable truth, and that is that there is nothing which a sane man desires passionately which is not also desired by millions of his fellow human beings. Leadership merely consists of opening your mouth first. The inventor never invents anything, he merely discovers what enough people want and then sets out to make it. Genius is nothing more than the ability to perceive these inarticulate desires and pluck them out of the air before other people are entirely aware of them.

And so I am assured, for I have been mixed up with it now for a long time, that backyard conservation is on its way; the ball has been set rolling, and it behooves all good Conservationists to accelerate this motion and help to increase the ball's diameter.

And what is the particular form that this backyard conservation is at present taking and what has it already accomplished?

Well, as it is a comparatively new form of conservation, it has begun, naturally, by attacking the most obvious evil there is, and, since the more obvious an evil is the more easy it is to attack, it has already accomplished a great deal. You have already guessed, of course, from the title of this article if nothing else, what this evil is. But you know its name already. The evil has been irritating you for the past five years, if not the past ten years. It has become impossible to escape it save in the deepest recesses of the country, or in some National Park or as yet untouched wilderness. I am talking of the road sign and I am talking of the decency of our highways. It is along our highways and at the entrances to our towns that this new form of Conservation should begin, and has begun. When we have finished up with this form of backyard Conservation, we can turn to other forms, to the gasoline filling station, amongst others.

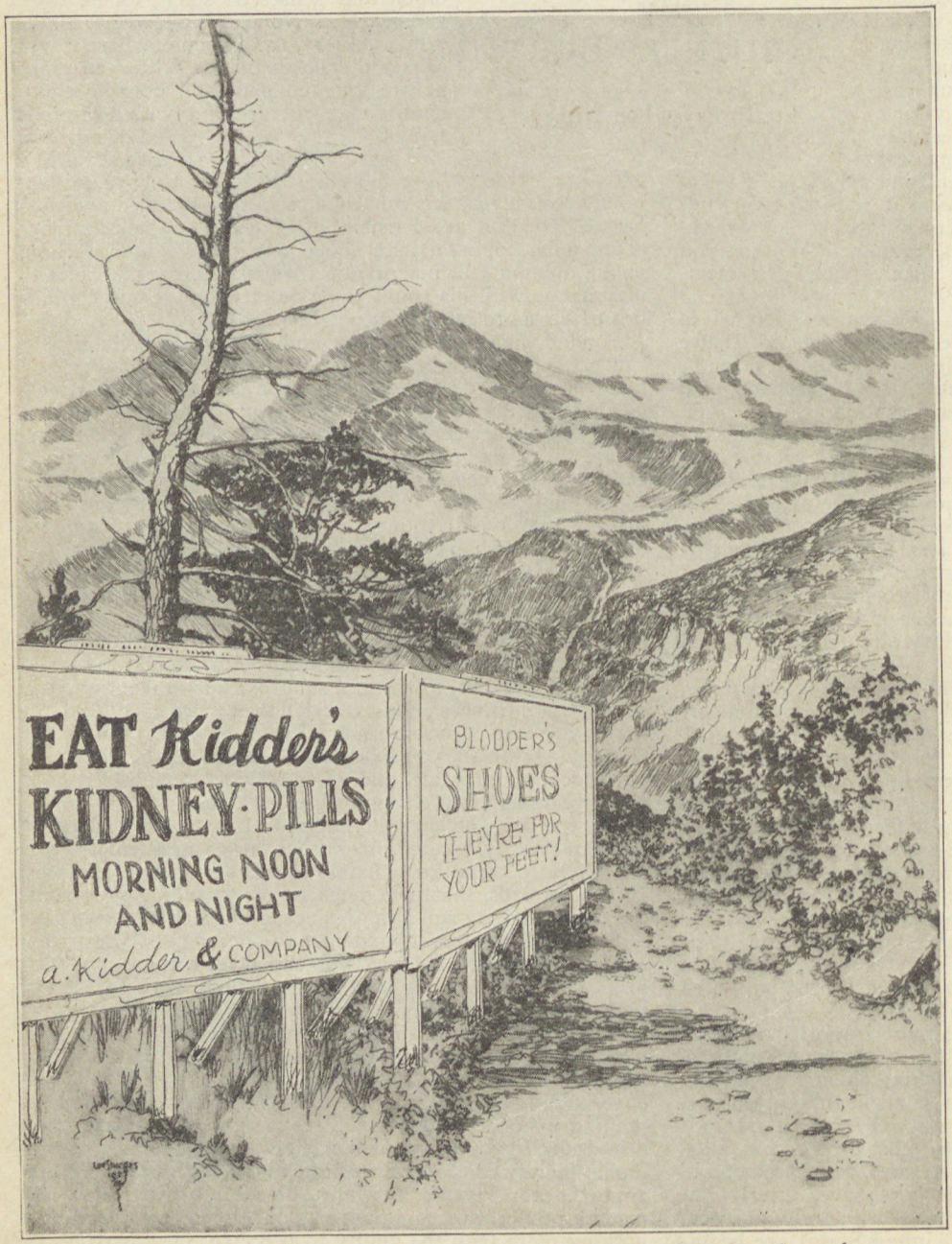
Now, and hence my long preamble, the road sign, or to give it its technical name, outdoor advertising, is a delicate subject to discuss and in some ways a difficult evil to attack. It represents an enormously rich and deeply entrenched industry. Also there are a number of exceedingly clever men engaged in it; also it presents as a business some extraordinarily attractive features. One of them is that returns on investment are absurdly high, since the capital investment and the overhead are absurdly low. But it is just because there are such clever men engaged in it that there is hope of persuading most of them without too serious a quarrel that their present methods are wrong and that the day of the old fashioned road sign is past. That is one of the pleasant features of this first form of backyard conservation; the arguments against outdoor advertising, as now conducted, are so cogent, so obvious that even the outdoor advertisers themselves are wavering. Five years from now we may see a love-feast where the rest of the country and the outdoor advertiser meet to shake hands. Undoubtedly the average outdoor advertiser is just as good an American as anyone else; undoubtedly if he can see his way to make a living without injuring his country, he will do so. But, undoubtedly, he'll have to, anyway. The point is rapidly being reached where it will be possible to state the case as The American Public versus Outdoor Advertising. And the wisest business men never allow a debate, a trial of strength, to reach that point, for The American Public always wins, and, in winning, builds up a resentment hard to quell. There is no need of this trial of strength; there is no need of the discussion ever reaching the point where it can be described in such harsh terms.

THERE WILL ALWAYS BE PLENTY OF ROOM FOR OUTDOOR ADVERTISING IN ITS PROPER PLACE, BUT THAT PLACE IS THE COMMERCIAL DISTRICTS OF TOWNS AND CITIES AND NOT THE AMERICAN COUNTRYSIDE.

Let me get down at once to facts and definite arguments, and let it be understood that in giving these facts and in advancing these arguments I am appealing as much to the outdoor advertiser as to the members of The Izaak Walton League. Indeed, for all I know, The Izaak Walton League may number among its members men engaged in the business of outdoor advertising, and certainly it numbers amongst its members men who advertise either nationally or locally.

All right, here are the facts and arguments as they are seen by the ordinary citizen, the man in the road, the man for whom advertising is designed and upon whom it depends.

Outdoor advertising, as now conducted, is, with an astonishing rapidity, ceasing to pay. It is ceasing to pay because methods of locomotion have changed, because outdoor advertising has been overdone and, most important of all, because there is being built up amongst the American public



"It is along our highways and at the entrances to our towns that a new form of Conservation should begin, and has begun."

what is known, if I am not mistaken, as a trade-resistance. The American public is becoming tired of road signs, they are not only becoming tired of them but as I have said, they are getting angry with them. Perhaps the best proof of all this is the fact that within the past two years two hundred and twenty-four national advertisers and eighteen advertising agencies have decided to abandon all outdoor advertising or else restrict it to commercial districts.

Outdoor advertising is still such an enormous business, the returns from it are still so large, that statements such as these may seem absurd, but the time to watch a business is when its returns, no matter how large, are shrinking. Then is the time to change your methods. At the back of all good business, especially advertising, is good psychology. It is absurd for me, a layman, to tell advertisers this, but none the less I can tell them something that a good many of them apparently do not as yet know. If the present psychology of outdoor advertising is good why is it that there is now arrayed against it a dozen or so enormously powerful and growing organizations, practically all the Conservation sentiment in the country, scores of local associations such as Granges and Kiwanis Clubs, most of the newspapers and magazines, the Women's and Garden Clubs of every state in the Union, the General Federation of Women's Clubs, the American Federation of Arts, the American Nature Association, and so on, and so on? There must be something wrong with your methods if so many powerful and intelligent people detest you and combat you.

"There will always be plenty of room for outdoor advertising in its proper place, but that place is not the American countryside."

Well, there is. Outdoor advertising, as now conducted, is anachronistic, and for these reasons, to pick only a few salient ones:

The American public no longer travels at five miles an hour in a buggy, it travels in a high powered car at a rate of between forty and fifty miles an hour; moreover, having travelled this way now for a good many years it has become educated. It no longer travels merely to travel, it travels to see something. Just as only the most striking and attractive road sign any longer makes any impression whatsoever on this traveling public, so only the neat countryside and the neat town, and the really good hotel, remain for any length of time in its memory, save when the countryside, the town, or the hotel, are so ugly and disordered that the determination is left never, if possible, to revisit them again.

But if the road sign is so striking or attractive that it attracts the attention of the person driving a car, then it is dangerous as has often been proven, and if it is so attractive and striking as to attract the attention of the passengers in the car, in most cases it merely annoys them. They are out to see the countryside, not to discover what sort of cigarette to buy or what sort of shoes to wear. Reiteration, I know, is one of the secrets of successful advertising, but there is a sort of reiteration that persuades you and there is a sort of reiteration that enrages you.

The American public is now travelling so fast that the only sort of roadside reiteration it even has time to read is an insolent and bullying reiteration that can have a persuasive effect only upon children and morons. Reiteration should be confined to newspaper and magazine advertising, or to areas where travel is slow, in short, where it can be made tactful and interesting. There is no use interesting morons in what you have to sell if you make intelligent people contemptuous. Intelligent people are more powerful than morons, also they are more articulate and command greater publicity.

Furthermore, the saturation point of ordinary roadside advertising has been more than reached. Not only are the roads so crowded with signs that each one defeats the other's purpose but the American public has been fooled too often. Nowadays when it sees an advertisement, it demands a guarantee back of it. In road sign advertising there is no guarantee. Any man or firm can make any statement they want. There is no such guarantee as there is back of an advertisement in any reputable newspaper or magazine. Even when the outdoor advertisers confine themselves to commercial districts, as eventually they will have to do, they will have to take this particular feature into consideration. The American public is becoming wary and sardonic. Who, for instance, has not been annoyed for miles by the signs of some hotel telling him to stop there, only to find, when he does stop, that if the hotel would spend in comfort and service what it has spent in ruining scenery, its business would be better? Who, for example, is any longer impressed except adversely by such nonsense as, "Come to Wrigglesville, the Friendly Town"? Does that mean that if you land in Wrigglesville without a dollar in your pocket anyone will look out for you? It does not. Only the Sheriff or the Constable will be attentive. It means that Wrigglesville wants you to come there and spend your money, either as tourist or settler. Meanwhile, Wrigglesville is ruining the scenery—your scenery, not Wrigglesville's—and wasting money that had better be spent on its streets, trees, hedges and hotels.

You'll come to Wrigglesville if it's worth coming to, and you'll remember it if it's worth remembering.

In these days of competition and a public educated by travel, towns, hotels, products and countries advertise themselves profitably in just three ways, first, by calling attention to their existence, but in such a way as not to offend the prospective buyer; second, by under-statement, not overstatement; third, by giving infinitely more than they promise. The best advertisement you can have is to be something, not to say something.

To regard it from another angle, not only is outdoor advertising, as now conducted, ceasing any longer to be profitable, not only is it steadily building up resentment amongst the traveling public, but it is arousing a growing resentment amongst this public when you regard the public as com-

posed of local landholders and citizens of towns. The motor car has brought the world to our doorstep. You know now, and nobody has to tell you, that beauty and neatness are business assets. That they increase real estate values, cause settlement and broadcast your reputation. The selfish outdoor advertiser, local or national, is your active enemy whether he knows it or not. He is actually taking money away from you. Furthermore, and here is something few people take into consideration, he is taking this money, these potential values, away from you and giving absolutely nothing in return.

Outdoor advertising, as now conducted, is the one business I know whose plant is presented to it free by a befooled public. You create the values upon which it trades. It is your money, given in gasoline taxes or otherwise, that builds the magnificent highways over which you travel. Outdoor advertising gives not one cent to the building or upkeep of these highways. It merely uses them when you have built them; it merely makes them hideous where you have left them splendid; it merely shuts off your view from what you want to see. Even when the outdoor advertiser pays the farmer rent the rent is so small that it comes nowhere near compensating the farmer for the ensuing depreciation of his real estate and his credit. If you see a farm covered with signboards, what is your opinion of that farmer? Why, that he is stupid, that he takes no pride in his place, and that he is so hard up that he would do anything for ten, twelve or fifteen dollars a year.

"Wrigglesville is ruining the scenery—your scenery, not Wrigglesville's."

To sum up, then, here is a parasitic business which does not do what it promises to do, which takes money away from you without return, which pays ordinarily not one cent of taxes except income taxes, which uses you to your hurt, which mocks your countryside and partially ruins the magnificent highways you are building. Furthermore, which assumes that you are a fool, since you cannot buy a cigarette without being told by signboards twenty feet by fifteen, blotting out the sunset, which cigarette to buy. As you cannot open a magazine or newspaper without being told the same thing, why give away the American horizon for the same purpose?

But I will argue no further, although, as I have said, I could bring up a dozen other points. I don't believe anyone likes the outdoor sign anyway except those engaged in the business. The question is how to put the outdoor sign in its proper place. This can be done in two ways. First, by showing the intelligent outdoor advertiser, and this means seventy per cent of outdoor advertisers, where they are wrong and how they are combatting a growing public sentiment; secondly, by fighting to a finish the unintelligent remnant. The latter is not so hard as it looks. Outdoor advertising is subject at present to an increasing boring from within. There is sabotage. Its clients are falling away from it. The people you have to deal with are not so much the advertisers themselves as the advertising companies. I have already mentioned the two hundred and twenty-four national advertisers who have either abandoned outdoor advertising or else have determined to restrict it to commercial districts. Local outdoor advertisers, your local hotels, stores and businesses, are equally amenable to argument or pressure.

Outdoor advertising falls into three groups; the national advertiser, the local advertiser, and the outdoor advertising firms, that is, the firms who paint, erect and maintain the signboards. Each of these groups presents particular problems. All, of course, can be reached by legislation, state and national, and eventually there will have to be some sort of legislation restricting, zoning and, in all fairness, taxing signboards. But legislation should follow public opinion, and legislation, as we all now know to our sorrow, is only effective when public opinion is not only thoroughly aroused but articulate and well organized. Legislation will come quickly enough when such organizations as The Izaak Walton League express their opinions, organize some neighborhood and county cleanings-up, and take a determined stand. Here is a simple programme, and once more charity begins at home.

Let me describe what one small town has done. I might as well mention its name, it is the town of Southern Pines in North Carolina. There are hundreds of other towns in the United States doing more or less the same.

First, the Town Council passed an ordinance prohibiting all signboards within thirty feet of the right-of-way except in strictly commercial districts. This about cleaned up the town. Next the Chamber of Commerce met and passed a resolution against all signs on the highways or the approaches to the town, and sent a copy of this resolution to the Governor of the State, both houses of the Legislature, and all Chambers of Commerce within the county. Finally, a committee was appointed to take active charge of the work. The local Kiwanis Club, and the local Civic Club, composed of women, followed exactly the procedure of the Chamber of Commerce, the former even duplicating the committee for active work, an excellent thing to do. If enough people ask a certain man to do something, in the end the most recalcitrant man is likely to succumb.

These active committees have gone about their work in this fashion. Every road within a radius of five miles or so, or in other words, to within about half the distance to the neighboring towns, has been turned over to sub-committees of two men who are entirely responsible for their particular road. These sub-committees first take note of all the signs in their territory, dividing them into local or national signs, after which they approach, to begin with, the property owners upon whose lands the signs stand, and, having obtained the consent of these, the advertisers themselves. It is astonishing the cooperation that has been met with. People as a whole no longer believe in signs—not this sort of sign. As a rule they have permitted them, or put them up, merely through carelessness, tradition or lack of thought.

But there is more to it than that. Letters are sent to the next neighboring towns, north, south, east and west, and they are asked to do their share, cleaning up in a similar fashion to meet the original town and their next neighboring towns, north, south, east and west. Thus a sort of daisy-chain is formed and the movement spreads outward, becoming county-wide and, possibly, state-wide. Meanwhile, no one has spent more than a few hours of work scattered over a few weeks. Automobile associations are, of course, invariably asked to cooperate.

In this way fifty per cent of the road signs are cleaned up for fifty per cent of them are local signs, and a sentiment

(Continued on page 50)

THERE are many scenic places of great beauty and charm, but to attract any great amount of attention a region must possess features that are novel or distinctive. The Kaibab plateau, covering most of that part of Arizona lying north of the Grand Canyon, and the region about it constitutes one of the strangest and at the same time most beautiful areas of the world. Surrounded on three sides by flaming canyons that are so deep and impassable that they are at once awful and sublime, forested with stately yellow pine trees, the home of the strange white-tailed squirrel, and the range of the greatest deer herd in the world, estimated at 15,000 to 30,000 animals. This is the Kaibab.

And in the yellow cliffs at the edge of the great forest the tawny cougar still prowls, and sometimes stretches himself on the foundations of the home of some ancient cliff dweller, as he waits for the evening shadows. There are also a few real cowboys left, "Riders of the Purple Sage," who look after the few wild cattle that still range about the Kaibab. Picturesque figures indeed, these old boys who do not wear colored angora chaps. Nothing theatrical, no sham, just the real article. And how they do ride through the cedars and over the rim-rocks. These features and many others give the Kaibab a distinctive atmosphere and color that entitle it to fame.

Often it seems that we must first see things through the eyes of the artist. Zane Grey has shown us the romance and beauty of the "Painted Desert." London and Service have enabled us to feel the spell of the silent northland. Emerson Hough has done much to help us appreciate the Kaibab. And since Emerson Hough first told the world about the Kaibab, developments and happenings in and about that area have continued to keep this colorful region before the public.

First and foremost we have all heard about the Kaibab deer. The Kaibab would not be the Kaibab without these deer. Reports about the number of deer, the condition of the range, etc., have been somewhat contradictory and therefore confusing. That the Kaibab deer problem is largely a range management problem seems evident. It is therefore necessary to skip briefly through the range history of the Kaibab to get a proper perspective.

Some early maps show the Kaibab region as a part of Spanish America. A reconnaissance party from the Great Coronado expedition in 1540 no doubt viewed the purple rim of the Kaibab Plateau from across the great gorge, but the Spaniards declared the Canyon of the Colorado impassable, and for two more centuries the Kaibab remained entirely unknown to white men.

Another adventurous Spaniard, Father Escalante, passed over the low north end of the Kaibab Plateau in his search for a crossing of the Colorado River in October, 1776. Father Escalante did not explore the Kaibab, because, as he states in his diary, he was looking for a crossing on the Colorado, his horses and men were tired, and he therefore avoided the high mesas as much as possible. The Indians had told him that the Colorado was close at hand and experienced explorers would naturally go down instead of up once they knew that they were on the Colorado River watershed.

With the amazing increase that the sheep and cattle of the Spaniards made on the open well stocked ranges of the new world one might naturally have expected that these aggressive Spanish stockmen would have found their way across the Colorado and into the Kaibab region long before Escalante's visit. But during this long period the Great Kaibab Forest remained undisturbed. Almost three centuries of ranching in the southwest still left the Kaibab slumbering as it had for ages.

Only such native noises as the chatter of the white-tailed squirrel and the cry of the cougar could be

This is an excellent resume of the conditions surrounding one of America's most unique and charming regions; also a close-up on the status of one of our most perplexing conservation problems. It is a glowing example of man's interference with Nature's balance and his failure to offset his own errors.

Mr. Anderson has given range management, grazing and wild life questions considerable study and his observations and conclusions based upon studies made on the Kaibab during the present summer are very much worthwhile.

Mr. Seth Gordon, the League's Conservation Director, made similar studies on the Kaibab in 1925 and he concurs with Mr. Anderson's conclusions.

—EDITOR.

heard. To be sure Indian war whoops occasionally echoed through the timber or from the cliffs, but there were no cows bellowing nor cowboys shouting, not until sometime after the Mormons arrived in Utah.

Without that great topographic barrier, the Grand Canyon, flanked by wide stretches of desert, what is now Utah would no doubt have become part of Spanish America three hundred years before Brigham Young halted his wagon train at the mouth of Emigration Canyon and declared to his followers, "This is the place."

This brings us down to July, 1847, and yet as far as we can learn no cattle or sheep had ever set foot on the Kaibab Plateaus. The deer and no doubt a few native Big Horn sheep grazed over the plateaus in summer, ever on the alert for their natural enemies, the cougar, the coyote and the Indian. There was no overgrazed range then, nature's balance was maintained. It was nature's plan that these deer should be prolific, but no sympathy was intended. The cougar, the coyote, and the Indian were to kill great numbers of them for their needs, and they did. But finally white men and their animals came and changed it all. The delicate balance was upset. What had been for ages was soon no more. The white man made war on the Indian, the cougar, the coyote and the deer, while the sheep and the cattle made war on the grass, the weeds and the browse. But we grew sentimental about the deer and decided to spare them. Not because the cougars and the coyotes killed deer, but because they killed sheep and cattle, they must die; and the Navajo and the Ute were instructed by the "Great White Father" to keep off the hunting grounds of the Kaibab. And now with everything our own way as usual, what a mess we made of "Nature's Garden."

Civilized man has always been capable of reaping great wealth from the resources of the earth in new lands, but invariably in his eagerness for quick gain he has failed to practice wise conservation. This is particularly true respecting the native forage and forest resources. The Kaibab region was no exception. Twenty or thirty years of occupation and the damage was done. Father Escalante as he traversed Utah in 1776 reported abundant grass for his horses even in the most desert places. Other early explorers reported "ample pasturage on these unoccupied plains and mountain slopes beyond for all the flocks and herds in the world."

As a colonizer and empire builder, all must admit that Brigham Young knew his "stuff." Hardly did the Saints get their oxen unyoked on the east shore of Great Salt Lake before Brigham formed small colonizing groups and ordered them to go forth and find new lands to reclaim. His were to be a "Tried People" and there was to be no faltering. The Mormon settlements spread north and south. Within three years from the date of the settlement of Salt Lake City, Mormon communities had sprung up as far south as Cedar City in Utah.

Brigham Young instructed his people to avoid mining and to follow farming and livestock raising. He advised them to "buy cattle and sheep and improve them." But he also advised them to run no more stock than they could care for properly. The range was good, cattle and sheep increased rapidly. Sheep and cattle were not only driven across the plains to Utah, but stock was brought in from California and the Southwest. Winter feeding was not necessary on the Colorado drainage, and the temptation was great to raise more and more stock. Every bit of available range was soon grazed over by sheep and cattle, and that slow, hardly noticeable deterioration of the range began. Cattle and sheep no doubt found their way into the Kaibab region in the fifties or early sixties. But Indian depredations were frequent. The Navajos from the south of the Colorado continually harassed the settlers of the Kaibab region. In the late fall of 1866 the Navajos killed two ranchmen who had settled at Pipe Springs and drove their stock across the Colorado, probably crossing on the ice in the vicinity of what is now Lee's Ferry. And in 1869 the Shi-wits massacred three men from Major Powell's party as they climbed up out of the Canyon of the Colorado. It is safe to conclude that it was not until after the settlement of Kanab, Utah, in 1870 that the Kaibab was really occupied by any great numbers of sheep and cattle.

When the Grand Canyon Forest Reserve was created by President Harrison in 1893 the Kaibab region was heavily if not actually over-stocked with sheep, cattle and horses. In 1906 when President Roosevelt made a Federal Game Reserve of the Kaibab it is reported that 15,000 cattle and 8,000 sheep were grazing within the Kaibab, but it is extremely hard to get an accurate count on cattle where they are not brought in to be fed in winter. There were probably considerably more cattle on the range than reported. Heavy losses in drought years had already been experienced. The Kaibab, in keeping with the history of all other open range areas, was no doubt badly overgrazed by sheep and cattle as early as 1900.

The depleted condition of the range coupled with other factors tended to reduce the number of stock. After the area had been designated as a Federal Game Reserve the cowmen felt, and it was not altogether imagination on their part, that Uncle Sam did not welcome them there. One by one they sold out or drove their stock elsewhere. Drought on the overgrazed range also killed many hundreds of cattle. There are less than one thousand head of cattle, with only two bands of sheep and some few hundred wild horses on the Kaibab range at present. Some cattlemen feel that they have been compelled to give the range up to the deer, but in practically every instance they have given up their grazing preference voluntarily.

The stockmen realize that the eyes of the country are on the Kaibab as a great National Playground and that it would be useless to ask for something contrary to what public opinion would willingly grant. Yet as a tourist attraction a few real cowboys should add color and interest to the Kaibab. It may be a good policy to tolerate a few cows and cowboys. Real cowboys are impossible without cows. The genuine cowboy is the product of a real industry. Why not perpetuate a few of these romantic figures along with other vanishing species?

It is true that the number of deer actually sighted in a day's ride through the Kaibab forest is disappointing. But the condition of the range must not be overlooked in looking for deer. Any rangeman of the Forest Service knows that range utilization must not be judged by the number of animals counted but by the condition of the range itself. Many forests that are carrying from two to three hundred thousand sheep and some ten thousand cattle through the summer season do not appear to be as hard hit as the Kaibab. And some of these forests are comparable in acreage to the Kaibab, about 1,200,000 acres. How near do you suppose an amateur could guess the number of sheep and cattle on any Utah or Idaho forest simply by riding over the range? And every hunter knows that black-tailed deer are much more elusive than white-faced cattle. Remember the case of the California forest with foot and mouth disease among the deer! It was estimated that there would be two or three thousand deer to kill to stamp out the herd and check the disease among the domestic stock. But hunters actually killed over twenty thousand deer before the deer were considered cleaned up within that forest.

The first task it seems is not to determine how many deer are on the Kaibab, but is the Kaibab range carrying without deterioration or serious damage to the forest the present number of deer? And does the present number constitute a menace to the deer herd itself? Discussion of course will

HAMADRYAD

By Margaret Tod Ritter

A hamadryad of the wood
Once shared with me her solitude.
Oh, faded bough of juniper,
I never have forgotten her.

She struggled from a wood-brown tree
And snatched her wood-brown hair from me.
If you'll believe me I did sit
Upon a wood-brown strand of it!

I never dreamed those branches there
Were heavy, tangled coils of hair
Until her lifted face revealed
The breathing spirit of the field.

She looked at me with deep-pool eyes
And suddenly, as one who tries
To speak an unfamiliar tongue,
She beckoned me with arms outflung.

Oh, barren limb, oh, shrunken bough,
Once twisted round a lovely brow,
Oh, faded branch of juniper,
I never have forgotten her.

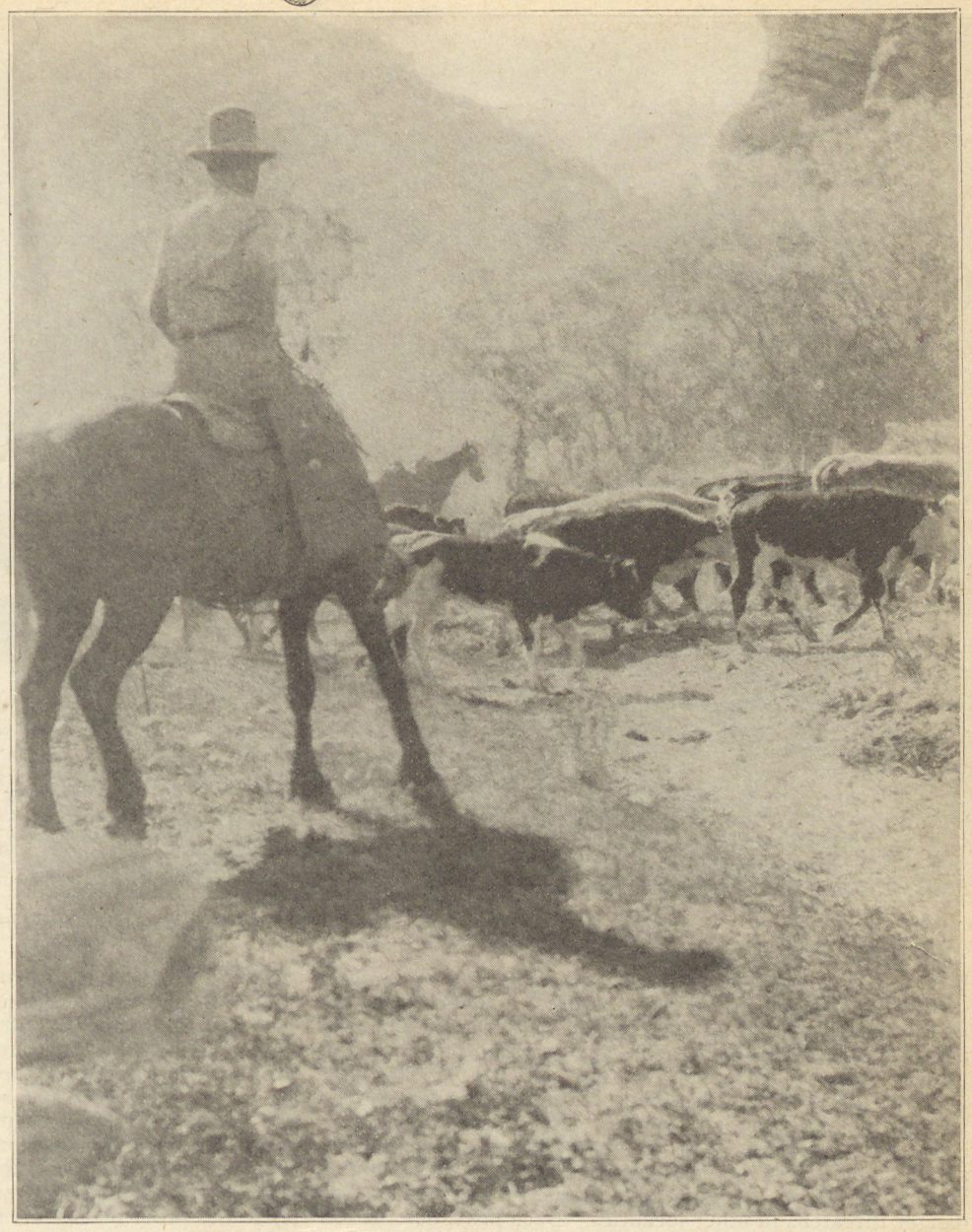
not determine those things; scientific studies on the ground are necessary. Personally I am convinced that the Forest Service is already prepared to give a very reliable answer to these questions, and to proceed with study to determine what the allowable annual kill should be. This of course must vary each year depending upon increases and losses as influenced by various factors. It means a constant study of the deer and the range by thorough investigators. Finally, of course, it will be necessary to know approximately how many animals are being dealt with, acreages of forage types, and forage values of different plant species, natural distribution of deer and the degree of utilization of forage on different forest units. Also the effect of different degrees of stocking upon forest and forage species. These and dozens of other facts relating to the range and the life history of the deer must be more definitely known before a satisfactory working plan for the management of the Kaibab can be expected.

Just the matter of palatability of plants is a very complicated problem, because it depends upon the species, season, degree of utilization, relative abundance of different plants, etc. And all of this, of course, has a direct bearing upon the serious matter of damage done by browsing animals to forest trees and shrubs, as well as grasses and weeds under these varying conditions.

It is generally appreciated that a crowded condition is seldom tolerated by nature any great length of time. Disease, starvation through drought, or severe winter conditions can be counted on to do the thinning if other methods are not employed. Many thousands of fawns have already perished on the winter range of the Kaibab—many times the deer killed by the hunters who willingly traveled long distances and paid a stiff fee to help thin out the surplus animals. Stagnant ponds instead of running streams for watering places make conditions ideal for the spread of contagious diseases among the deer and other animals.

It is the conclusion that the Kaibab was first overgrazed by sheep and cattle; and that now it is overgrazed and overbrowsed by deer; that this present abnormal condition has been brought on by too greatly reducing the natural enemies of the deer, such as the cougar and the coyote. And in addition to this, that hunting by Indians and whites has been practically stopped for more than 20 years. Add to this the fact that the Kaibab is surrounded by impassable barriers at least on three sides which prevent the drift of animals to hunted areas, and we have the main reasons why the management of the Kaibab deer herd presents a serious range and forest problem.

While there is a chance for escape to the north over an open desert area it is not known that any deer drift off the forest in that direction. It is even surprising to find that the north end of the Kaibab Plateau shows no heavy grazing. Perhaps it is a lack of water, the presence of sheep, of poachers, or of something that drives them from this north end. But everything indicates that the movement of the Kaibab deer herd is in a general east and west direction and that this route is as definitely fixed as is the migratory route of some birds. Yet one would hardly expect this migratory or drifting habit to out-weigh the instinct of self preservation, which, if nature is doing her duty, would lead the hungry deer to feed even out into the desert.



"There are a few real cowboys left who look after the few wild cattle that still range about the Kaibab."

Policies employed in the Yellowstone cannot be safely followed on the Kaibab. Conditions are entirely different. Animals can freely drift out of the Yellowstone in all directions. The war against predatory species in the Yellowstone has been very moderate as compared with methods used in the Kaibab. However, the Jackson Hole elk problem is similar in some respects to the Kaibab deer problem.

The amount of available summer forage appears to outweigh the available winter forage in both cases. It is on the winter range where the great losses occur, and it is the young that die first, calf elk in Jackson Hole and fawns on the Kaibab. But the summer range of the Kaibab is much closer grazed than the summer range of the Jackson Hole country, and therefore the Kaibab deer do not have the opportunity to build up a reserve of flesh and vitality that the Jackson Hole elk do. If a bad winter follows a dry summer on the Kaibab the loss in the deer herd will be much more complete than the loss of the elk herd has ever been.

The paramount obligation of the Forest Service is to protect the National Forests against serious injury. It is

The last stand. Kaibab cougar cornered by Jack Butler's dogs, April 15th, 1928.

known that overgrazing is second only to fire as a destroyer of the forest cover. The ultimate effect of overgrazing by wild animals is no different than overgrazing by domestic animals. The Forest Service is duty bound to prevent overgrazing. It is also committed to a policy of cooperation with the states in wild life conservation. This latter obligation the forester gladly shares. Every true forester is a lover of wild life. But we game conservationists must admit that there is danger in our enthusiasm, of pushing a victory too far. Not only is this true on the Kaibab but danger threatens in other localities. Buck laws, destruction of predatory species, small bag limits, and short hunting seasons have in a few instances already brought results little expected. We must prepare to meet these situations.

It is the opinion that methods already employed or tried for disposing of the surplus deer on the Kaibab have proved inadequate. To trap and handle wild deer in large numbers is nearly out of the question. The cost is greater than the animals are worth. Experience has demonstrated that black-tailed deer cannot be handled like their big brothers the elk. These deer are exceedingly nervous and high strung. Several methods of handling have been tried and in each case the number of deaths has been discouraging.

The plan of catching young fawns soon after they are born and rearing them on cow's or goat's milk has given better results than trapping, but only 112 fawns reared in this manner were shipped from the Kaibab last season. And no doubt many fawns that escape capture are either injured or separated from their mothers in the chase, and later die. Of those captured only one in three lived.

Something less than one thousand buck deer were killed on the lower ranges of the Kaibab by hunters last October. If enough hunters could be induced to hunt on the Kaibab no doubt the Kaibab deer problem could be solved in this way, but with an Arizona non-resident's license fee of $23.75, and the deer rapidly increasing on the hunting grounds of neighboring states it is hardly to be expected that the problem can be fully coped with by this method. More publicity may attract hunters from distant states, and if the hunt is conducted in October as last year the Kaibab at that season is exceedingly attractive for other reasons. The aspen and the shrubs of the Kaibab are in autumn colors then, and the roads are the best because heavy traffic has ceased. Sportsmen who care to do both could bag a cougar as well as a deer. And the hunter will find well managed hunting camps maintained by the Forest Service, or he may live in comfort at a tourist ranch or at the unique commodious hotel on the very brink of the Grand Canyon. A visit to the Kaibab to get a buck would be more than a deer hunt. One may enjoy all that the summer tourist enjoys plus the deer hunt.

There is much in the strange region of the Kaibab that has not been written about. You must go there to feel it.

THOSE who have given wild life problems in America careful study agree that there is a vast difference between locking up the wild life resources of a large isolated area like the Kaibab and properly administered refuges of reasonable size where game is protected against both man and other enemies.

The one serves no useful purpose except as an attraction to nature enthusiasts, and, as in the case of the Kaibab, often defeats its own ends. The other serves the dual purpose of increasing desirable wild life and giving man the fullest possible use and enjoyment of it.

What we need is more constructive conservation—proper wild life management—and less interference with Nature's scheme of things.

The Judge's Best Shot

By
SAMUEL W. MOORE

Drawings by Vic Zimmerman

"YOU want to know the best shot I ever made?" repeated the Judge reflectively. "I think I will have to give the place of honor to a little blue-winged teal. It was here at the club last season. A northeast gale was blowing, and he came down the wind 'like a bat out of hell,' to use the picturesque but profane words of the guide. I led him about a city block, and he dropped some sixty yards in front of the blind. If he had passed beyond that point, I doubt if the shot would have overtaken him at the speed he was going.

"Now, gentlemen," he continued, looking around at his companions, "I realize that I have given you a distinct advantage by telling my story first. You can, no doubt, match it with something much better; but as my story is wholly truthful, may I suggest that if you will pluck a few feathers from the wings of your imagination and insert them in the tail feathers of your veracity, your stories will be more likely to be received in a respectful manner by this hard-boiled company of confirmed skeptics."

Four men, familiarly known as the Judge, the Chief, the Doctor, and the Banker, were sitting around a blazing wood fire in the club house of the Long Neck Hunting Club. They could not truthfully be called young men. They might possibly have felt complimented by being referred to as middle aged. They were warm personal friends of many years' standing. They had the confident and assured air of men who had achieved success and won a measure of distinction in their several fields of endeavor. All possessed a God-given sense of humor, which on occasions such as the present found expression in friendly banter and in a mischievous slant toward life and the world at large.

Duck hunting had been for many years, and still was, their most cherished form of recreation. Its incidental hardships had no terror for them, and they bore exposure to cold and rain and sleet with an exaggerated contempt for trivial annoyances. Their wives secretly held with the doctrine that all duck hunters are a little crazy, but in public they ascribed their strange eagerness to enjoy discomforts to the eccentricities of genius.

A telephone message from the club received the day before had given them the glad tidings that the canvasbacks were flying.

The Judge at once rearranged his court docket, and as this fortunately disclosed that there were no cases set for trial on the following day, he promptly and very considerately adjourned court, so that, as he expressed it, witnesses and jurors might be enabled to spend the day at home with their families. Thus, with a graceful gesture, he plucked from his limited storehouse a precious, golden day, dedicated to the great out-of-doors, and at the same time acquired merit with the sturdy yeomen of his district.

The Doctor, immediately upon receipt of the glad news, discovered that his patients showed such marked improvement that he did not have the heart, as he generously explained, to put them to the unnecessary expense of a professional call on the following day.

The Chief consulted his engagement book for the next day and found that, in addition to several business appointments, he had six board meetings, at which $20 gold pieces are distributed to those present. He rang for his secretary: "Cancel all my engagements for tomorrow. Put those board meetings over for a day or two. Say I have to be in Washington tomorrow for a conference with the President."

The Banker, who was a man without guile, having never studied the rules of finesse, simply announced to his official staff that he was going hunting, and left it at that.

And so the four old cronies, with cares laid aside, and in keen anticipation of the morrow, had foregathered at the club, and after a well-placed dinner of substantial proportions were purring in contentment around the wood fire.

None seemed inclined to accept the Judge's challenge to tell a better story. Perhaps the condition imposed was regarded as too exacting. Should there not be a reciprocal latitude as to details among hunters, as well as among fishermen? Why this indelicate and almost offensive reference to "veracity"? What was the club coming to?

"Judge," said the Doctor, after a pause, "you have certainly proved that you shot a teal duck on a windy day. When you lay down a barrage with that automatic of yours, I'd say that no one but a very rash and foolhardy duck would venture within range unless he contemplated suicide. Probably what happened was that the teal mistook you for some old man and figured that before you could stand up and crack your joints and get your gun unlimbered for action, he would be in the next county. His fatal mistake was in not realizing that when you shed your judicial robes and put on your disreputable but very becoming hunting togs, your rejuvenation is complete, and you give the world an example of adolescence that is amazing."

"I concede that the Judge's story is unbeatable," remarked the Doctor.

"Certainly nothing that I have ever done could hold a candle to it," added the Chief. "Same here," agreed the Banker.

Certain sacred rites of deglutition had scarcely been finished when the door opened and in strode Amos, the head guide, to talk over the plans for the morrow.

"The wind? Well, the wind is northeast, which is a pretty good wind. Probably will be northeast tomorrow. Hope it won't be 'cam' or foggy. The best blinds? Well, the blind in the Cottonwood and the one in Stern will be the best with this wind. Both have been baited for several days, and the ducks seem to be 'using' that way. We will put out in the morning before daylight, with canvasback decoys and with live geese at the end of each stool. We may get some wild geese at Stern's, but they haven't been moving much lately. The canvasback have been trading back and forth right smart, and there ought to be some good shooting."

BREAKFAST at six would have been anathema to any one of the four under ordinary circumstances. But here they were prompt to the minute, clad in heavy flannels, sweaters and fur-lined coats, ready for a day's exposure to Arctic weather. Ordinarily at home, breakfast would consist of coffee and perhaps one egg. This morning, with a confiding faith, born of long experience, in the digestive properties of a day in the open, they put away quantities of coffee, toast, sausage and eggs, and topped it off with cakes and syrup. Then, with guns and ammunition, they departed to their blinds for the serious business of the day.

The Judge and the Chief drew the Cottonwood blind, and a very good day they had. The birds came at intervals all day, usually in twos or threes, and sometimes in larger bunches. Of course, it was cold and disagreeable, but that was to be expected. The wind was raw and blustery, and for a time it rained. That was only "the rub of the green," as the Chief expressed it, who was also something of a golfer.

The one unforgettable event of the day came late in the afternoon. A lone canvasback came in from the left, and well within range on the Chief's side. He missed with the first barrel and then missed with his second. Quick as thought, the Judge raised his gun and fired, and the duck

crumpled up and fell with a splash. No one spoke. The greatest humiliation that can come to a duck hunter had spread its dark mantle over the Chief. His eye, in technical language, had been "wiped" by the Judge. The Chief's agony was too acute for words. The Judge may have been all aglow with the consciousness of his prowess, but he would have suffered his tongue to be torn out by the roots before he would have put it into words. Such is true sportsmanship!

When night came and the hunters reached the club house, they were weary. They were wet to the skin and cold from the raw wind and freezing weather; but they were happy and contented.

IT was dark and a light snow was falling the next evening when the Judge and the Chief left the club house in an open flivver for a 15-mile drive to the city. The road for the greater part was too rough for their town cars. Both were drowsy with weariness and contentment, little dreaming of the tragic events that were soon to overtake them.

They soon covered the 15 miles and were passing one of the main thoroughfares of the city, on which the postoffice was located, when suddenly three shots rang out in quick succession. Instantly they were alert and tense. A moment later the figure of a man, dimly outlined in the falling snow, dashed into the street. He paused for an instant, turned his head toward the gleaming headlights of the approaching car, thrust out a revolver and fired, apparently at the occupants of the car. The shot was immediately followed by the noise of a bursting tire. The Judge shouted "Stop!" at the top of his lungs. The fugitive paid no heed to him but turned and started off at top speed. Instantly the Judge brought his gun to his shoulder and fired at the fugitive. At the same moment the Chief, who was driving, shut off the gas, jammed on the brakes, and brought the car to a standstill.

The Chief was indignant. Forgotten, for the moment, was the fugitive, the shot and the bursted tire. He remembered only that the Judge had broken the sacred and immutable law of all hunters, which forbids the bringing of a loaded gun into a wagon or car. The Judge had shot so quickly that his gun must have been brought into the car loaded.

"What do you mean by bringing a loaded gun into this car? If you don't care anything for my life, you might think of your own. Besides, judging by the way he speeded off, I think you must have missed."

"I was holding dead on that miscreant when I fired," replied the Judge, somewhat stiffly, "and I am satisfied I didn't miss. Of course, the light was poor and I had to shoot quickly; but unless I am much mistaken, yonder fugitive is at this moment carrying away in his anatomy a charge of No. 6 chilled. I aimed at the small of his back, and as he gave a little jump just as I fired, I think his sedentary habits will have to be suspended until his wounds are healed. As to bringing a loaded gun into the car, I plead guilty. I may say, however, that ever since leaving the club house I have had a hunch that something was going to happen, and that my gun might come in handy. You may have noticed that I carried it in my hand, instead of leaning it against something, and the safety has been on all the time. Now, if you have cooled off sufficiently, I think we had better go to police headquarters and report this unfortunate affair."

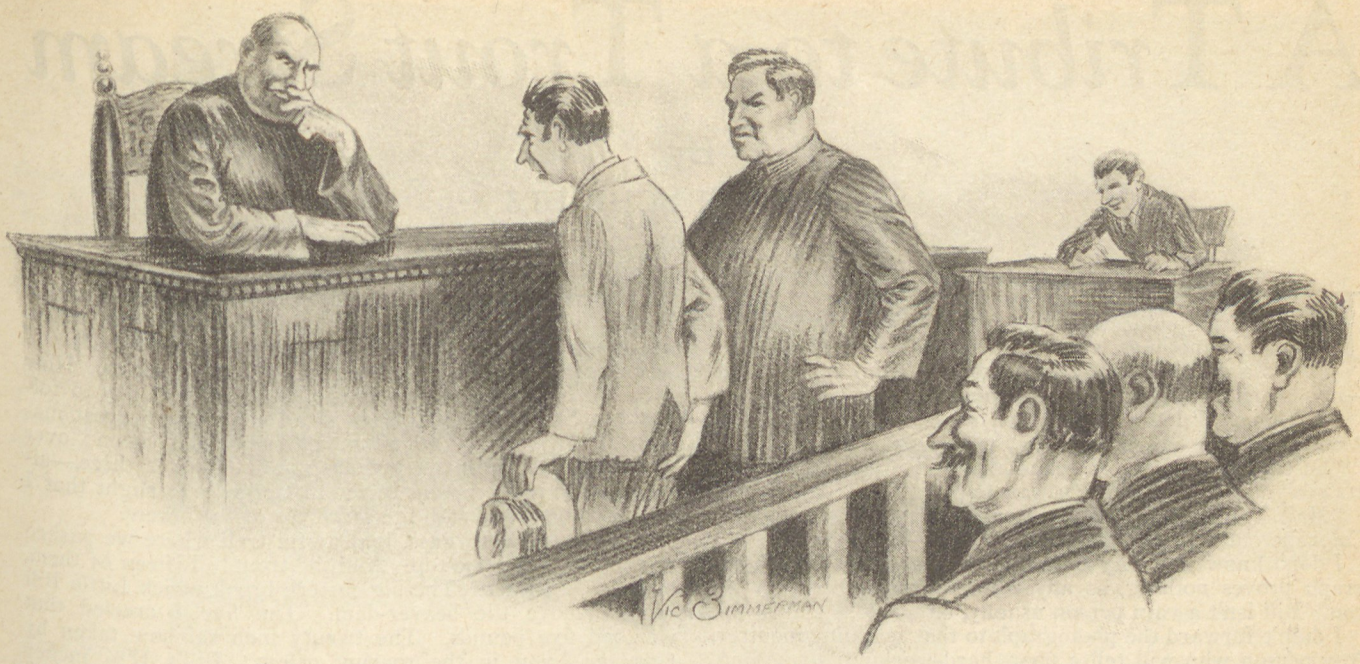
The Chief grunted his acquiescence and started the car, only to find that the left front tire was flat. He got down to examine it and found that the tire had been burst by a bullet, evidently from the fugitive's revolver. But a flat tire was a matter of no great consequence to a flivver, and they proceeded to the police station, where the misadventure was carefully related to the lieutenant on duty.

Before their narrative was fully complete, a telephone message was handed to the lieutenant, stating that an attempt had just been made to rob the local postoffice, which had been frustrated by the watchman. The robber had escaped through an open window, and had been pursued by the watchman and several shots exchanged, but no damage done to either side. The watchman was unable to give any description of the fugitive.

"That was undoubtedly my man," said the Judge.

"What I am worrying about," remarked the lieutenant, "is that neither of you saw the robber's face; nor did the watchman. There is absolutely no means of identification, beyond a charge of shot lodged somewhere in his back, near the base of his spine. I have seen the Judge shoot, and I am satisfied he did not miss this time. But what gets me is, how are we to apprehend the culprit with these meagre marks of identification? We can't very well have every male person in the country stripped and examined for marks of No. 6 chilled shot. There is some constitutional amendment that prevents it, unless we have a search warrant; and you have to find your man before you can get one. If we were to broadcast a request to all the police departments in the country to ar-

"The greatest humiliation that can come to a duck hunter had spread its dark mantle over the Chief. His eye, in technical language, had been 'wiped' by the Judge."



"It was the Judge's first intimation that the prisoner was the man whom he had shot."

rest any man found eating his breakfast off the mantel piece, the hard-boiled police captains throughout the country would think we were spoofing them. We can't very well have every bathtub in the country shadowed so as to spot every man with shot marks in his anatomy. Besides, robbers don't bathe."

"I thought better of our police force," replied the Judge, with some dignity. "In the first place, there is the established fact of an attempted robbery of property of the Government of the United States. In the second place, I have placed in your hands absolute means of identification of the culprit. There is at the present moment no other man in the world bearing these marks. They identify him more surely and certainly than finger prints. When you find the man with a charge of No. 6 chilled shots embedded in his anatomy at the place indicated, he is the guilty party. There is no chance of mistaken identity. I leave the case in your hands, with entire confidence that the police of this country, with your invaluable assistance and resourcefulness, will promptly apprehend the miscreant and bring him to the bar of justice."

After the Judge and the Chief had departed, the lieutenant sat for a long time in deep perplexity. Should he broadcast a description of the robber and ask for his apprehension, when the only possible means of identification consisted of gunshot wounds on a portion of the anatomy not ordinarily exposed to public gaze? Would the only response be the laughter and jeers of his associates? He could not deny, however, that there was some chance, however small it might be, and it was clearly his duty to follow up the clue, ridicule or no ridicule. After all, duty was duty. He touched a bell and dictated to his stenographer a message to the police departments of various cities, from New York to San Francisco and from the Canadian line to the Rio Grande.

On the following day the lieutenant was gratified to receive a telegram from the police in Harrisburg, Pa., saying:

"Have in custody James Duffy, five feet nine inches, blue eyes, red hair, age about thirty-two, who went to Dr. Gurgerson of this city this morning and had a charge of bird shot removed from his lower back. Is this your man?"

The lieutenant immediately wired back:

"If bird shot is No. 6 chilled, bring him on."

The next day James Duffy was brought into headquarters in charge of two Harrisburg detectives, who turned over the prisoner to the lieutenant.

The law promptly took its course. The grand jury indicted one James Duffy for attempted robbery of the postoffice, in due and approved form. Duffy retained a lawyer to defend him.

The case came on for trial in the Federal Court, presided over by our dignified friend, the Judge. He had not been told that the postoffice robber had been arrested and indicted, and that his case was coming on for trial. The clerk called the case of *United States* versus *James Duffy*. The Judge cast his eye over the room and noticed, to his surprise, that his friends, the Chief, the Doctor and the Banker, were among the spectators. Instantly he became curious and alert. The prisoner was brought before the bar, the indictment read to him, and he entered a plea of "not guilty."

As the indictment was being read the Judge evinced unusual interest. It was his first intimation that the prisoner was the man who had tried to rob the postoffice, and at whose fleeing figure he had discharged his shotgun. He instantly connected this fact with the presence of his hunting companions, and wondered if something was being put over on him. He also at once realized the delicacy of his position, and the impropriety of his presiding in the case. He could not try a case as Judge when his real position was that of an identifying witness. Before the jury was sworn, he announced that the Court would take a recess, and invited the District Attorney and Duffy's counsel to join him in his chambers.

"Gentlemen," said the Judge, when he was alone with the two lawyers, "I am disqualified to sit in this case. You both know that the sole means of identification of the defendant is a charge of bird shot which entered the prisoner's back. I am the person who fired that shot. You will at once realize the impropriety of my presiding at the trial. The jury has not been sworn, and I suggest that the case be continued, and I will call in another Judge to sit at the trial."

Duffy's lawyer was clever, and quick to see an advantage for his client. He really had no defense; the identification was too complete. He reasoned that the Judge doubtless would feel that he had, himself, put enough punishment on Duffy, and would let him off lightly. He seized the situation quickly, and said:

"Judge, your intellectual integrity is so well known that I cannot for a moment doubt that you will hold even the scales of justice, regardless of anything you had to do in connection with this regrettable incident. In behalf of my client, I desire to waive any objection on his part to your presiding at the trial. Furthermore," he added after a slight pause, to allow the compliment to sink in, "I have concluded, after full consultation with my client, to withdraw his plea of 'not guilty' and to enter a plea of 'guilty,' with the earnest request that in fixing his punishment you take into consideration his previous good character, the grief that his conviction will visit upon his aged mother, and the further fact that he has already suffered the most excruciating pain from his

(Continued on page 50)

A Tribute to a Trout Stream

By

GUY VON SCHRILTZ

I HAVE written so much about Little Bill that readers of the kind publications which at times have bought my stories sometimes write and "beg to inquire" whether he is a real personage or a product of my imagination —my "sterile" imagination one feminine inquirer once put it.

That "sterile" letter amused me. I doubled it up and sent it on to Bill.

"Discovered at last!" I wrote him. "See yourself as others see you; the product of a barren mind!"

"Mail her this one of me casually displaying a 16 inch Colorado cut-throat and disillusion her," Bill replied.

I don't know just why Bill sent the picture. A fish photograph proves nothing, as any editor or fisherman can tell you. Bill isn't a vain person usually, either.

I didn't forward the photograph to that feminine inquirer. Any person who will tell a poor, hard-working, struggling, writer face-to-face that his mind is a minus quantity, as that lady did, certainly has no business with a likeness of a nice young fellow like Bill.

Now lest I be accused of side-stepping the issue and to enlighten those with healthy curiosities,—and I don't mind moderately curious people at all,—I will here and now disclose that Little Bill is a person of flesh, blood and bone—particularly bone. At times I have been suspicious that there is *much* of the bone in Bill's make-up. At those times I have wondered if he could have the usual assortment of tibia, fibulae and phalanges with so much ossified tissue above his neck.

I have known Little Bill a long time, about as long as I have had my "sterile" imagination in fact. So long that I can't remember when we didn't own a partnership pup or a bundle of cane fishing poles together. "Old Bill" the father of "Little Bill" was a hunter before him. Old Bill was sheriff of our thinly populated cow county and I seem to remember him best in the sheriff's office of our old two-story frame court house among the dusty rifles and revolvers scattered about. I can see him, too, as I saw him one snowy winter's day when he dragged a fat five point black-tail buck out of the rear end of a covered wagon which was well spattered with red Indian Territory mud. When the deer had been unloaded the other hunters of the party passed out to Little Bill and me some turkeys, some ducks, a couple of geese, a dozen prairie chickens and a peck or so of bob-whites. Bill, who inherited his father's love for the outdoors, has been close to me and interested in my affairs down through the years.

I had a letter from Little Bill not long ago. In it he commented in his dry way upon a couple of my recently published literary efforts, reminding me of a forgotten bit in one, kidding me for purposely omitting to mention my own bag in the other.

Altogether the stories seemed reasonably satisfactory to him, however, and he made only casual comments upon my "sterile" mind and plainly fictitious threats to sue me for libel and slander, ending up his letter with a few sentences which cut me to the heart.

"I wonder if I told you that the trout of the Taylor are all gone."

The Taylor! Recollections! They become precious I find as one dips over the divide in life. I went for my photograph album,—and mentally blessed the master minds that have made it possible that you and I and Little Bill may have our pictures.

The Taylor! That glad, laughing little river, born among the snow-capped peaks of the Colorado Rockies, meandering down those beautiful high meadows, purling like a contented kitten, roaring through the cañon out into the world of civilization and the settlements of man.

It is years since I first fished the Taylor. I have photographs of early trips before me as I write. Ruffled riffles, foamy falls and twisting, turning, turbulent trout-water. Snow streaked peaks, timbered ridges and gravelly bars.

There is "Yohn," and "Hod," and Little Bill and me. How little we four reckoned then that we were some day to follow the Stars and Stripes as small cogs in the great machinery of War. "Yohn" never came back from "over there," more fortunate, perhaps, than we other three,—although my participation in the matter was so slight that I cannot compare it with the sacrifices of the others.

Here is Tin Cup Pass, that awful trail where we pushed and heaved over the top. And the trout! Fifteen of them, all over 12 inches. The big eastern brook which Little Bill landed above the beaver-dam. The five I creeled that weighed five pounds. The twenty inch rainbow taken by Gardner Lyon in the roaring cañon. Bill's 17½ incher caught on bass tackle from below the great boulder in rough water,—the taking of which is worthy of a few words.

Little Bill and I made that trip by ourselves. At St. Elmo sheep men reported Tin Cup Pass covered with 12 feet of snow. We detoured a hundred miles or so and camped on the Taylor in a pretty little grove of firs ten miles above the last tourist camp. Just as the sun set Little Bill stepped upon a great flat boulder which extended through the woods out into the Taylor. The river roared down over the rocks at this place, a dangerous stream. In a moment he came back.

"Like to see anybody get a fly in *that* water," he was growling.

Then I saw him unbuckle the rod case, tip it bottom-side-up and shake out a short cloth bundle. He set up a 4½ foot bass rod! He attached a bait-casting reel to it. He unwound a couple of yards of twelve-pound test line and looped on a spinner fully three inches long. I stepped up behind the rock and watched further. He whipped a long, neat, overhand cast through the narrow limbless space above his head. Little Bill is an expert at such matters.

The big spinner flew out over the water, farther and farther, as the reel hummed, and dropped immediately above a big brown boulder in the middle of the river. Little Bill began to reel. The spinner skipped over the rock and splashed, a streak of light, into the foam below. The line tightened, Bill heaved backward and yelled:

"Hi! I got one!" and for a minute was the busiest man in the State of Colorado. The terrific current jerked the fish downstream and entangled it in the brush at the water's edge. I held Bill's rod, keeping the line tight while he plunged into the timber and secured the fish. It was a 17½ inch rainbow, with a beautiful, dark, satiny skin.

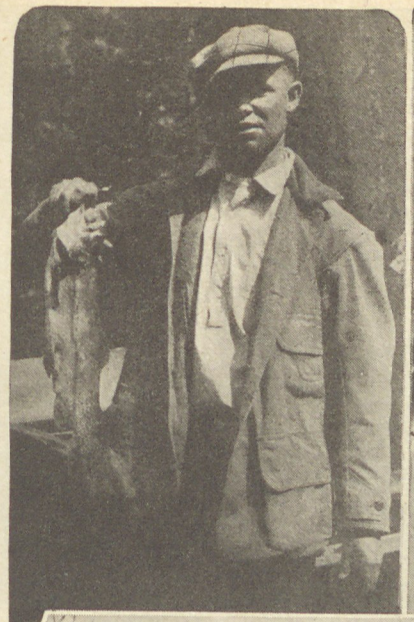
"That's the tackle," Bill next informed me, grinning all over his collar, displaying the fish as he came up. "I told you I'd get a spinner out in that river if I had to stretch a cable to do it. Now watch me catch a grandad."

But that was the only fish we caught in the cañon of the Taylor that trip. We fished until dark, then tried it again next morning. Whether that was the only fish at that particular place, or whether they just would not strike, we do not know. We do know that we had not one other rise, and we fished up and down a half mile each way and tried every bait we possessed.

At Lottus Creek we found something different in the fishing line. This is a violent little stream which rushes and clatters down a rocky cañon bed, heavily wooded and filled with boulders and rapids.

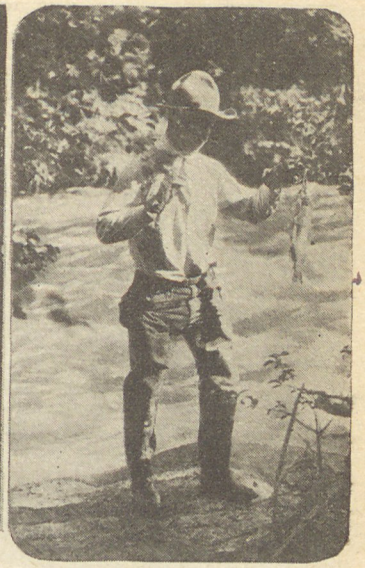
We set up one fly rod at the foot of a noisy little waterfall which thundered down between two fifteen foot boulders. The bottom of the falls was an upheaval of snowy air-bubbles which circled at the edges and ran down over submerged rocks and logs, making a series of cataracts.

(Left to Right)

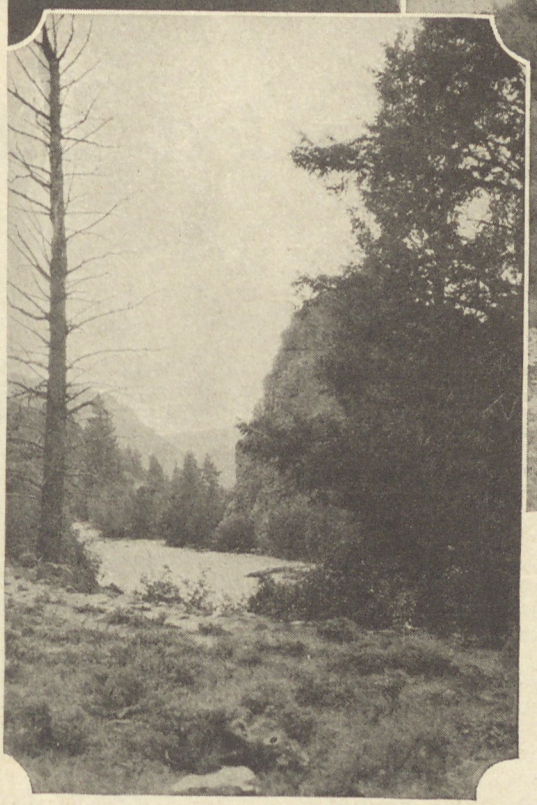


Gardner Lyon and his twenty inch rainbow.

The five I creeled that weighed five pounds.



"Mail her this one of me casually displaying a sixteen inch Colorado cut-throat," suggested Bill.



"The Taylor! That glad, laughing little river"—

Guy Von Schriltz ready for mosquitoes and trout on the Saguache.

In the upper rapid a nine inch native played. We took turns trying to catch that little trout and laughed heartily at his antics. He did not seem to know a particle of fear and even after we had each over-ended him a time or two he still flitted about at the foot of the fall twenty feet from us.

Finally I caught him on a small grasshopper which he chased all over the whirlpool before he could get it in his mouth. We looked him over, laughed at him, scolded him for being so simple and turned him back.

Before night we turned away from the river and fished an hour up near the old gold washings where the trail goes out into Union Park. This was tedious work in old sluices, in ditches, and in swirly backwaters. We had a nice mess when we quit, all natives and all over ten inches, besides some stinging scratches and blue bruises from the brush and boulders.

Unfortunately, we mixed our catch. Unfortunately for me, that is, for Bill begs listeners to believe that he took eight of those fish and I can only dispute him without any authority for my figures. I warned you about that ossified tissue near the top of Bill's structure!

Of course Bill argues that the three he credits me with are about what I usually take in proportion to his bag, yet that is no argument, I claim. Can't a fellow have a little luck at times? I'll say he can. Bill will likely retort, "I'll say you'd have to," when he reads this.

Shortly after that we had our hardest climb of the trip, a steep, rocky hill, overlooking and sloping toward the Taylor. Bill pushed and blocked until his fingers bled and he was blue in the face. Then the hind wheels slid over the edge. We jacked it back, —but why waste words upon such unpleasant things? We finally reached the top to discover that all the balls were lost out of our right front wheel! We poked in a handful of hard-oil, tied a handkerchief over the hub and went on. We were too far from town to go back.

We made camp that night in a stinking grove of lodge-pole and pitched our tent on a slope which gave Little Bill a real excuse for his usual pushing me out of bed.

It has been said that life is one damned thing after another. Little Bill thinks that sometimes those condemned matters overlap. For instance, right on top of that bearingless front wheel we found that we had left the camp kit back at the last camping place. We had no knives or forks, we had no cups and we had no plates. In fact, we had almost no anything except the food. We ate our trout and fried potatoes out of the frying pan with pocket knives and drank our coffee and canned peaches out of cantaloupe rinds. And we enjoyed it!

At nine o'clock the following morning we shut off the car at the north end of the log bridge over the little creek which runs down through Union Park. Very shortly thereafter I dropped a few flashing feathers daintily draped about a number ten hook into a whirling pool three feet wide in the little stream. A fish darted out into the sunlight and tried to yank my rod out of my hands. And when I say yank, I mean exactly that. But of course the trout had no chance in that narrow water and it wasn't long before I had it gasping on a gravel bar.

Now I don't suppose that many men are as foolish about a trout as I am. And I imagine that should I be seen sometimes when I am off by myself on a trout stream I might be called queer. I will even admit that I *am* a little "sterile" in my imagination at such times. It is nice to be dull and comfortable when there is nothing to do but fish and fool around. As that 13 inch native cut-throat lay flopping there on the gravel, I was almost sorry that I had caught it. I had the biggest kind of a notion to turn it back. I did get down on my knees and scrape out a little lake in the gravel bar in which the trout quickly revived. *(Continued on page 60)*

Must We Kill to Get a Thrill?

By EDWARD BRECK, "D. M. H."

Pres., Anti-Steel-Trap League

PERHAPS my readers don't know what the letters "D.M.H." stand for, and imagine that I have just received some glittering grand-cross from a crowned head. Wrong; they were conferred upon me by a lot of hunters who frequent the lovely little Province down by the sea, and they form the degree "Doctor of Moose Hunting!" I may say that I have attended the Primary School, the High School and the University of Moose-Hunting, as well as the correspondence school. I attended this Primary School 'long 'bout the year 1871 in Guysboro County, Nova Scotia, where and when I watched the experts of that time stalk, lure and kill the Alces Americanus. Three months our party camped on a wonderful island in Big Liscomb, having taken over the whole outfit of the Duke of Edinburgh's party, which had left after the early fishing. My High School moose days were passed in Maine, and I have attended the University in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia ever since. Perhaps I may be permitted to say that I am now taking a postgraduate course, and that is what I wish to tell about particularly.

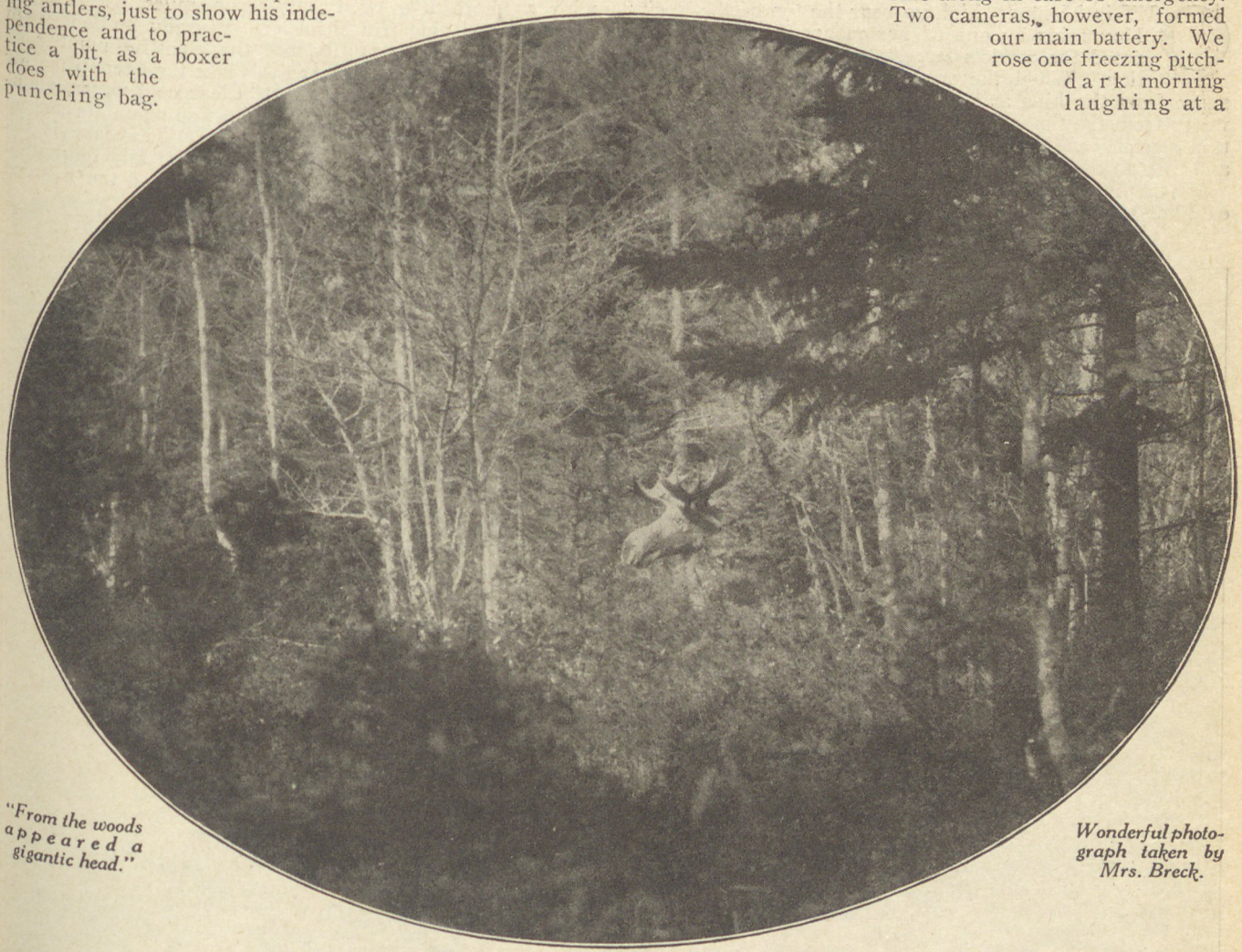
It is extraordinary how tight a grip tradition has on the members of the Anglo-Saxon nations. The spirit of killing is inbred. "What a fine day! Let's go out and kill something!" exclaimed the traditional Englishman. Of course it was not bloodlust which actuated him. Sadly enough he knew too little about the nature of wild dumb creatures to know even that he was doing them any injustice. It was just the love of the outdoors and of rough, strenuous sport, expressed in the old, brutal, male fashion. I myself, of the purest British stock for at least 600 years, was born to that heritage. I was given a gun in 1871, when I was barely ten, and taught how to use it. My teacher was one of the best sportsmen of that time, both technically and ethically. I did not shoot everything in sight, as I have since seen many, even adults, do. But I did kill a lot of dumb things, including many that I ought to have let alone. My teacher would have "hided" me if I had shot anything I could not eat, and yet often I certainly offended against the laws of fair play. But the point I wish to make is, that there seemed to be no sporting triumph at that time without some blood-letting. And have we made very much progress since then? The man who goes into the woods after a bull-moose and returns empty-handed, though he may have had a grand time, and even "passed up" a bull or two, nevertheless feels a certain measure of chagrin, and still more so his guide. They are afraid of that terrible question, "Did Smith get his moose?" and of the sneers which would greet the answer, "No, because so-and-so," as a miserable "alibi."

But I seem to flare a change coming over the spirit of life in the woods. I remember distinctly a talk I had many years ago with the famous illustrator Frederick Remington, in which we mutually confessed that we didn't care so much for the killing part of hunting as we once did. And I recall a good many fine sportsmen who, no doubt without much thought, instinctively refrained from useless slaughter. An excellent example was Captain Lamberton, one of Dewey's commanders at Manila Bay, who, regardless of the legal bag, would shoot the number of birds he considered fair, and then go on shooting, but with unloaded shells. He would aim at a couple of birds, snap the gun and then exclaim, "There! I got 'em both!" There was a *preux chevalier* of sportsmanship for you!

But, mercy me, I could say with Macbeth, "Out, damned spot!" except that the word would not be spot, but more like *sea*. My hands reek with the gore of beautiful wild animals, including many, many moose, and this though I always abhorred the actual killing. I did kill, however, because in a way it always seemed the logical end of every hunt, the last act without which the thing was not complete. Tradition still had me in its grip. Then, too, the meat was excellent and the guides loved to take some home to their families, and I gave roasts to my friends. O yes, there were always alibis enough for the killing!

But now comes my little confession. There are moose enough in the woods but, strictly between you and me, you can enjoy about all the thrills if you leave your rifle at home and pack a good camera in its stead, or two cameras, one a moving-picture machine. Below you will read a yarn about a gunless hunt. First, however, I want to remind you that the moose is a quiet, peaceful gentleman for some nine months of the year, but a b-a-a-ad man for the other three or so. And of course it's the females who are to blame. They always are. Now, there are many good people who, especially today, are doing their best to ruin the reputation

of fighting. Well, perhaps mankind, being (so some aver, though this is disputed) endowed with reason, ought to fight less than it has; but man is a beast neverthless, and I doubt that fighting will ever disappear. Weapons will change; the sword may give place to the pen or the yardstick; but the struggle for existence will go on. Nearly all religions begin by telling the "outs" that they are wrong—even wicked, which, of course, is about the best method of starting a fight I can think of, the history of the world, even up to the Fundamentalists, seeming to prove this. However that may be, Mr. Bull Moose, when, along towards the middle of September, his conscience begins to reproach him for neglecting the girls so long, suddenly comes into full consciousness that he is carrying round on top of his head a pair of enormous and formidable objects called antlers. He hears a far-off bellow,—woebegone, long-drawn-out, whiny. Ha! A mate —*his* mate, and no other bull's! And woe betide the rival who would come between him and this mate. A sapling stands before him. In two minutes it is ripped to shreds by the powerful blades of his spreading antlers, just to show his independence and to practice a bit, as a boxer does with the punching bag.



"From the woods appeared a gigantic head."

Wonderful photograph taken by Mrs. Breck.

These great horny excrescences which grow from nothing in March to big blades of stony hardness in September, and which tickle and itch and throb with the coursing blood for so long,—now the bull knows why nature has conferred them upon him:—to fight with! Perhaps the pseudo-moralists and the pacifists have another explanation, but I fear we biologists will continue to represent the aggressive theory.

Slowly, deliberately, the bull approaches the calling cow. If there is a breath of wind stirring he will not go directly to the tryst, but he will circle his ladylove to get her scent, which gives him the assurance that a real cow-moose, and no false imitator, is the source of the alluring bellows. Even when there is a perfect calm the bull will not, as a rule, go blundering out upon the bog, but will come to the edge of the woods and stick his head out for a preliminary examination of the landscape and a sight of his yearning mate. Perhaps there is another sound near by, the gruff challenge of a rival! Look where a big, dark beast walks out upon the bog as if he were the rightful lord of all he surveys! "Oo-ach!" roars our hero with mane sticking up like wires. The rivals catch sight of each other, they rush together, and great is the shock of it. If one bull is decidedly bigger than the other, a short pushing match and a few savage hooks suffice to put the smaller to flight; but if evenly matched the fight is apt to "go the limit," with dire results to one or both, as may be seen by our pictures, one of which tells the tragic tale of two enormous bulls whose antlers became inextricably interlocked, so that death by starvation was their awful fate. This, which often happens between deer, is a seldom event with moose. In fact I have the only photograph of such a tragedy I ever saw.

But is it necessary to go around killing things to get thrills? So far as Nova Scotia is concerned I can answer this question decidedly in the negative. Come along with "me and my wife" on a moose-hunt and see. We did not, to be sure, actually leave all shooting-irons at home, but took a rifle along in case of emergency. Two cameras, however, formed our main battery. We rose one freezing pitch-dark morning laughing at a young owl who was hooting in such inexpert fashion that we should have suspected a man, had the wilderness been less dense. Making a little "Injun fire" to boil the kettle, we drank our hot coffee and ate a sandwich deliberately, for the sun was nowhere near the horizon yet, and then put on about everything we had along and picked our way along the dark, uncertain path to the little lake near by, where our canoe awaited us. Crossing the lake, we pushed on across a big bog to the edge of the famous Sunrise Lake Bog, where we took position beside a rock and waited. Wife got her camera ready, the guide squatted a little in advance, and I did likewise. It was a bitter-cold, frosty morning about the first of October, and we were all expectation. After listening for a time without hearing anything but the inexpert owl and the faint sound of the Lynch Stream rapids in the distance, I raised my birchen horn and emitted a low

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The World's Largest Spawn Taking Station

Located at Georgetown Lake, Montana

By
RICHARD THROSSEL

OUT in Montana, high up near the top of the Rocky Mountains by one of her mountain lakes, is situated the world's largest trout spawn taking station. When the warm days of spring take the snow from the hills and mountain sides, and the seepage water from the timberlands raises the waters of the mountain streams and lakes, the trout feel the call of nature and turn to the headwaters of the streams to spawn.

When the forty foot dam was built across the canyon of Flint Creek, the back waters formed Georgetown Lake with a shore line of twenty-seven miles. Submerged meadows and abundant shrubbery naturally brought forth fish food in large quantity and the plentiful number of trout in Flint Creek soon made this lake the finest place for growing trout on this continent. Clear cold water, abundance of food, plenty of space and a fine mountain stream for spawning is the ideal combination. This lake is the home of several varieties of trout. Principally the native Cutthroat or Black spotted, the Rainbow and the Eastern Brook Trout.

Thousands of large trout crowd into Flint Creek during the spawning season.

An ideal planting location in the Bitteroot Valley.

Here on Flint Creek just above the lake the State Fish and Game Commissioners constructed runways and traps for handling the thousands of large trout that abound in the lake. Their choice was justified for 35,000,000 or more eggs are taken here every year. The spawn is stripped and the trout placed in open water to return uninjured to the lake. Year after year these trout follow the cycle of nature until they pass the age of spawning. These large numerous trout make Georgetown Lake one of the finest fishing places in the Northwest.

Thousands of native trout that will average from sixteen to twenty inches long and many rainbow averaging up to 30 inches, crowd into the waters of Flint Creek every spring to spawn. Here the disciples of Izaak Walton see visions of a fisherman's paradise and some are inclined to bring it to a realization, but the stream is kept closed to fishing. Shadowy trout in the swift waters are interesting but the thrill comes when one approaches the still pools and clearly sees the big speckled beauties basking in the quiet waters, their rainbow sides glistening, the speckles clearly showing and the ever ready fins and tails ready to send them into the swifter places and deeper holes to safety. Among the native yellow bellies with their blood red gills and the highly colored Rainbow trout run many of the Grayling with their wonderful peacock blue coloring. All these one sees in a never ending number in the pools and riffles.

Especially constructed barriers force the trout to enter the V traps leading to the runways. From here they are scined and placed into the two handling traps which are some twelve feet wide across the stream and six feet in clearance. These two traps are filled three and four times daily. Expert fish culture men in charge of the several hatcheries throughout the state are brought here to operate the spawn taking plant during the run, and their experienced handling does not in the least injure the trout.

In the mornings and late afternoons these trapped fish make desperate efforts to jump the barriers and pass on up stream. They jump clear of the water time and time again. They even land out on the banks well away from the stream and do this so frequently that some one must be there to return them to the water or they are lost.

The operators wear cotton gloves on their left hands to hold the fish by the tail. Swinging the fish's head under the right elbow, the operator presses his right hand down the belly of the fish, thus "strips" the spawn, if the fish is ripe, i. e., ready to give forth the eggs or milt. If green, the fish is returned to a ripening pond to ripen, this pond being a closed off branch of the creek without entry or outlet gates. Here the green fish must stay until a time is reached when they can be worked over again.

The eggs are stripped from the females into a pan until about a quart or so are taken; then milt from a male of the same species is stripped in among them and stirred with the fingers to thoroughly mix for fertilization. After this the eggs are washed and placed in large cans or buckets. To the novice the numbers quoted by the operators relative to the work is at first beyond belief. One large trout produces almost 5,000 eggs, and a large male gives milt enough to fertilize a million. In natural spawning with the eggs washing away in the current, and the milt being diluted and also carried away, a conservative estimate would place the number hatched at 10 per cent. Under the modern scientific method of spawn taking and hatchery incubation of the eggs, a full 80 per cent are hatched and planted. This makes artificial methods 800 per cent more efficient than natural spawning.

At the end of the day's work of stripping, these eggs are placed in shallow trays, covered with wet cloth and moss, nested into crates and packed in ice to keep them moist and cool while being transported to a hatchery. A truck load numbers around 4,000,000. These packed eggs are not

only sent to the various state hatcheries, but are shipped to neighboring states in exchange for other varieties of fish eggs suitable for planting in Montana's different streams and lakes. Last year 100,000 Silver Salmon eggs were obtained from Oregon and the fry planted in one of the land-locked lakes where the salmon cannot return to the ocean.

When the eggs reach the hatchery a count is taken. First, the number of eggs laid in the bottom of a small trough are counted to get the number per liquid ounce measure. From this the number per quart is known and the eggs are measured with a generous overplus. The count is recorded every day, and at the end of the season the total is known.

In the hatchery, the temperature of the running water has all to do with the length of time for incubation of the eggs. Each trough has about 50,000 eggs laid out in screened bottom trays. One hatchery will care for nearly 1,500,000 eggs each season and can double this number if the fry are planted early and eggs from the fish that spawn in the fall are run through. These troughs are kept covered except when the eggs are being worked over. Every day during incubation, the unfertilized eggs must be removed or they would contaminate those touching them. These dead eggs turn white and a slight fungous growth starts on them which spreads and kills others surrounding them. Thus in each hatchery the eggs must be gone over day after day until they are hatched.

After two or three weeks the little fish begin to kick themselves through the screen bottom of the tray and sink to the bottom of the trough. For three or four days these little fish are fed from the sac attached to their belly but this soon disappears and they begin to feed on the microscopic particles in the water. When the trout are first hatched they are called "fry." When nearing an inch long they are "advanced fry." When an inch long they are "fingerlings No. 1". Two inches long are fingerlings No. 2, No. 3, etc. Like the eggs, the fry are counted by the quart when sent out for planting. They are allowed to stay in the same trough where hatched until ready for planting if not otherwise needed. At this stage they are fed liver crushed to the consistency of paste which is spread on the surface of the water with a feather four or five times daily. When the fry reach an inch and a half or two inches in length, they are ready to be removed to a rearing pond or planted during the summer.

Grayling eggs, of which 16,000,000 were taken last year at the same station, are incubated in jars, each containing about 90,000 eggs. A battery of a hundred jars will handle around 9,000,000 eggs per season. Grayling eggs are kept in motion during the entire time of incubation by water flowing through a tube resting on the bottom of the jar and rising to the top to flow out. When hatched the grayling are ready to plant in the native streams.

Rearing ponds at the hatcheries are built about fifteen feet long and three feet, six inches wide, and eighteen inches deep. These hold 100,000 No. 2 fry, and require one hun-

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The trout make desperate attempts to leap the barriers and pass on up stream.

Lost in the Woods

A True Story

Chronicled by

MARGARET WADE

THERE is, perhaps, no more moving drama in all the world than that of one of our kind lost; no other occasion that so fittingly brings forth our happy tears and joyous thanksgiving than when, if happily it be so, the lost one is found and brought back to safety.

In the autumn of the year 1909 a man went up into the great forests of Northern Ontario upon a hunting trip—not any brief or hurried trip, this, but a whole month of leisurely shooting and recreation in the wonderfully tonic, resinous air of the north woods. And because it was to be no mere hunting trip, but a holiday of the very goodliest, he took along his family, his wife, her friend, and his two little sons aged nine and twelve years.

For no reason at all that he could have told you, he went a hundred miles farther this time than he had been in the habit of doing on similar excursions; and the late season found them encamped close beside the main line of one of the great ocean-to-ocean Canadian railways, in a part of that vast, unbroken Northland than which there are few spots on earth more rugged, more lonely, or more wildly beautiful.

It was a glorious time—golden days and hushed, starlit nights, clear and cold. There was an abundance of game, too. All went merrily in the little family party, with never a thought that their being there was to serve a greater purpose than their own, that of the delightfully aimless, wholesome recreation that the most of us so much neglect.

One day as their stay grew near its close, this huntsman took his two young sons into the woods to give them their long-promised chance at shooting a moose; they had only been gone from camp a matter of an hour or so, however, when the older of the two boys struck his knee against a broken tree stump, compelling them to abandon the day's sport. Hoisting him upon his back, the father carried the boy home, the younger lad following.

As they neared the camp, walking for the easier going it afforded along the railroad track, they were surprised to see the wife and mother in conversation with certain of the section gang, those men employed by the railway in keeping its tracks, bridges and roadbed in repair. Nor is it, in this instance, any mere figure of speech to say that it was an animated conversation they were having, as these men, with only a few words of English at their command and these few but imperfectly spoken, seemed to be trying by the very frenzy of their gestures to give expression to some message of tremendous import.

As they drew near he heard his wife say: "Oh, here he is now." Then as she turned to him: "Jack, there's a boy lost in the woods up at Mileage 97."

"A boy lost." Into the consciousness of this man who knew the trackless forests as it is given to few men to know them, who well knew what it was to be actually lost in such a forest, the words sank as a stone might sink into some deep pool, weighting the heart with a sort of leaden dread and sending little cold shivers of apprehension through his flesh. For to one who knows, to be lost in the woods means seeming eternities of not only the sufferings of hunger and thirst and cold and fatigue; nor even of the greater torture of alternating hope and fear; but something worse than these, something that can scarcely be imagined by those who have never experienced it—a panic that seizes the victim once he knows himself to be actually lost and, wresting reason from its source, scourges him on, running, in unceasing but quite futile wanderings, and from depth to depth of despair until he reaches a condition of grovelling madness far worse than the death it precedes.

"A boy—lost!"

The words might have been inspired (and probably were) so little thought did he give to his reply. "I'll go," he said; "I'll bring him out."

Already he was hearing, and weaving into his scheme of rescue, the faint sound that he recognized as the distant but fast-coming daily express train which might, if he could stop it, carry him to the bereaved camp nine miles distant, from which point he must begin his search.

There was no time for even the briefest of words; what must be done he must do himself. Running to where their tent was pitched, he seized a half loaf of bread, cut a piece of butter, and stuffing them into his coat pockets was back on the track, waving a red cap, more quickly than he could have explained his wants to his hearers. Thundering down the line came the heavy train, its weight of massive coaches and fury of thrust and momentum making it the very embodiment of irresistible force. But presently came the welcome sound of steel taking grip upon steel as the brakes were jammed on; and more quickly than seemed possible the panting monster came to a standstill beside the human, so puny by comparison, who had dared to set his hand against it.

As is the way of "go-getters" he climbed up first and asked for a ride afterwards, a request that was rather more of a command, indeed.

"There's a boy lost up at Mileage 97," he said; "I want you to let me off there; I'm going in to get him."

The engineer gave no word; only a look of exceeding sternness. For it is no small misdemeanor for anyone, for almost any reason, to interfere with the rigid, hard-won schedule of a Transcontinental express.

However, they were under way again, and swiftly gathering speed; it seemed only an instant, indeed, till the crew, watching the signposts, were telling the man that the next was number 97, and where to watch for a sandpile that he must jump for as they slowed up for him. Perhaps they did slow up, but it was hardly perceptible to the man who, next moment, with gun tightly held in one hand, took one flying leap and several ten-foot steps into the none too yielding depths of that sandpile. Anyhow, he managed to keep his head and his feet, and to alight somehow without injury; so here he was, nine miles along the road to his goal wherever that might be, with many precious minutes to the good; for it was now about three o'clock of one of those short November days, and every moment priceless.

The camp proved to be that of a group of boys, the oldest of them not more than nineteen, set here alongside of the railway and wholly without guide, compass, or any reasonable knowledge of the ways by which alone one might with safety venture into the surrounding miles of virgin forest. The oldest of the boys was the brother of him who was lost.

"Oh, sir," he explained between sobs that he forgot to be ashamed of, "my brother is in there since yesterday morning. He must be dead. I think he shot himself; and we can't find him. Will you help us search for him?"

Again the man's words might have been spoken by some power outside himself, so little conscious thought went into them: "No, I don't think he is dead. I'll find him for you."

What was his name? Thomas ——. Ah, yes; and you call him Tom? Of course. What had he on his feet, shoes or moccasins? Moccasins.

Briefly, then, certain needful rules were laid down for the search, the most important, in view of their ignorance of woods ways, being that not one of these lads was to go into the woods alone; two must go together, and if they became lost they must not keep on going, but build a fire and stay

right there; he, the man would come and get them later; also he sent back by one of them the word he had had no time to speak to his family that they must not worry about him should he not return next day, or for several days even; that with bread in his pocket, plenty of game about and his gun along he would be all right.

So much was easy. But where, in these dim aisles and arches of illimitable forest, should he search first for a boy of whom he knew nothing but a name? The ground was frozen; there was no snow; the lad was wearing moccasins; there would be no slightest footprint to find. What possible indication could there be as to even the direction he had taken? Oftentimes before he had brought out a lost man from the giant maw of boundless, trackless forest; time and again he had tracked a wounded deer or moose, rather than let it die a lingering death, sometimes the only mark he had to guide him being the occasional hair or two that, being loosened, would drop or be blown from close to the wound and cling to shrub or tree trunk that the animal had passed in its flight.

But this time it was different; there seemed nothing whatever to direct—

Frantically he searched his mind for even the smallest clue, where none was evident. Yes, there was one. In all probability the boy had gone in, depending upon the sound of the occasional passing train to guide him back to the railway; and yesterday there had been an unusually heavy wind blowing from the north, the effect of which he had probably never taken into account; yet it would have the effect of carrying sound completely away from him supposing he had gone to windward. Logically, then, it seemed as if he must have gone that way, to the north.

Starting due in that direction, then, the man ran, scarcely stopping for breath, till he had gone probably four miles. Along the way he startled into flight some feeding moose; but moose were of no account to him now. Like the fishermen of old, called to a higher mission, he had become not merely a hunter, but a hunter for a man.

Coming then to a moderate rise of ground he mounted it, and, taking deep breath, shouted with all his might out into the unknown to the northward: "Yo ho, Tommy!" Silence then, and a tenseness of listening. In a few seconds came thinly, eerily, the words: "Yo, ho! Tommy!"

The echo of his own voice was all the sound that answered him.

Again he ran forward in the same direction as before, and again he climbed to a hilltop, higher this time than the other. But here seemed to come to him a sense of his own impotence. Here he was, a man whose inherited love of hunting and whose early training when this land was nothing else but wilds had combined to make a hunter famed for his knowledge of all the lore of the woods, a man of remarkable physical strength, a man of marvelous courage and self-confidence. Yet here came to him a realization of how utterly helpless he was—a single tiny atom of humanity in search of another like tiny atom, and all about him mile upon mile upon mile of dense, dark forest, criss-crossed, no doubt, with many impassable waters that, no matter how impassionedly one might beseech, would give back no slightest mute sign of the thing they unwittingly hid from him.

Then he turned to God; went to Him, as he tells it himself, face to face. And though his words he had forgotten—may never, indeed, have spoken aloud—the burden of them was this: "Dear God, I can never find this boy of myself; guide me to him; guide me to him. There my boys are, safe at home and well, and this boy is lost! Help me to find him."

It didn't take long. That is one of the gracious things about prayer. It doesn't require any prescribed ritual; its wording matters nothing at all; it may be offered while one labors mightily, and takes nothing from the precious seconds or the efforts that one is putting into his cause. But God hears and heeds it just the same.

Almost with the same breath he shouted again until the surrounding rocks and tree-trunks rang with the sound: "Yo ho! Tommy!"

Again he listened intently, and with all the keenness of ears trained to every smallest woods-sound. Presently from far away in that northward toward which he had been hopefully travelling came the long-drawn-out, quavering howl of the great gray timber wolf. It is fearsome sound, this; and with all our boasted civilization there are few of us who could hear it without feeling that quivering of nerves along the spine that is a heritage of something that in ages past raised our hairy forefathers' hackles at such a sound, just as we see, today, the hair stand up along a dog's back at sight or sound of an ancient enemy. But the hunter of this tale does not let any such emotional reaction alarm him; first-hand knowledge of the wild has made him practical and he knows that in reality there is little to fear from this creature as we know him. He could imagine the animal even then slinking away, as is its wont, farther still from any sound or scent of humankind. No need, then, to search farther for the boy in that direction; were he out there, anywhere, there would have been no timber wolf in the same direction to howl, in fear, an answer to his call.

He turned, then, directly west, and began to travel again as fast as the undergrowth would permit; for daylight was fast fading now, and the air taking on the added chill of night. Presently he heard a single, smart report, faintly borne from its distance, but easily recognizable as that slap of a beaver's tail upon still water by which it alarms its colony of the approach of an enemy; and listening again he could barely catch the sound of running water. There must be a river before him, but the sound of water meant shallows that would afford a crossing. He reached it soon, and crossed upon the dam which the beavers, those marvelous pioneers and past masters in engineering, had built. But in the gathering darkness and his haste the hunter did something he had never done before in all his years of breaking new trails through unknown wildernesses—he set his foot so carelessly upon one of the brace-poles of the dam that it rolled beneath him; the next instant he was floundering in the low water below it, wet to the knees.

Quickly out again, he was once more on his way, straight west as before. But now he found himself off the high lands he had been travelling, and into bog and marsh that at times became impassable. Time and again he was compelled to stop and detour some pond, or some shaking quagmire that could not be trusted to bear him safely. All about him was profound darkness, now, and utter silence except for the distant "Whoo-oo! Whoo-oo!" that told where a great horned owl was coming out to seek his prey. At length he became conscious that his feet were hurting him and realized the seriousness of his mishap at the dam; for if he were to save even himself he must get away from here, he knew, to some place where he could build a fire, dry out his wet shoes and trousers, and get warmth back into these members that would otherwise soon freeze.

At this, he turned northward again, seeking once more

Temples

By SHEILA HART

Here do I worship and find sustenance:
Where rise no walls to curb the soul's wide flight,
And overhead
Only an arch of boundless sky.
No sermon read.
But—smoky haze in canyon depths
An incense spread
By warm sun-rays and forest's breath.
The sighing moan
Of wind through softly swaying boughs,
An organ-tone.
The myriad voices of a waterfall,
A mighty choir.
Majestic pines in stately ranks,
Each one a spire.
Sunlight aglow on snow-tipped peaks,
An altar fire—
Here does my spirit kneel in reverence.

the high lands where he might find birch and alders with which to start his fire. But strangely as it seemed to him, he did not reach high land. He was setting his course now, by the stars, with the evening star, more brilliant and beautiful it seemed than ever before, shining steadfastly there, low in the west.

Still he fought his way through the swamp that seemed to have no ending. His progress became a test of endurance. He must go on walking, must keep the blood circulating, or his feet would surely freeze; he must find solid ground and firewood. Yet there were times he doubted his ability to do either. Though farther and farther he went, the fastnesses of morass in which he was caught seemed to have no end, unless, indeed, they were but leading him into an end that was deep water.

Suddenly the thought came to him that he had been forgetting to call. Here he had gone on all this long time, so engrossed with his own predicament that he had actually forgotten that he was searching for a boy. The lad might be anywhere in this sodden wilderness.

He stopped then, and not very hopefully it is true, called aloud as before: "Yo, ho! Tommy!"

Out of the blackness before him, with startling suddenness, came the mumbled answer as if spoken by someone all but overcome with sleep: "Yes, yes; here I am."

Again he shouted: "Is that you, Tom—?" And once more he had an answer: "Yes, yes; who are you?"

He called his name: then he shouted again, listening closely this time for the exact direction from which the answer would come so that he might follow it. Strangely no answer came. All was silent again as a desert. Again and again he called. No answer.

What could that mean? Surely there had been a boy there! Momentarily he doubted his own senses—wondered, almost, if his own wits had not played him false—if the very earnestness of his desire had not tricked him into a vain imagining that he had heard the boy's voice.

This was only for a moment, though. Sound reason reasserting itself shook off this morbid fancy. He knew that had been nothing other than a human, answering voice, and it had been comparatively close too, out there in the shadowless gloom.

Carefully, then, he set his face in the direction from which he thought the sound had come, and went on. And presently he found him, lain down upon the cold, wet earth for the last time in his utter weariness and grief.

He struck a match and looked into the boy's face; all swollen and stained and tear-furrowed. Looked him up and down; his body inert with weariness and despair, the clothing all torn, so badly, indeed, that from the thighs down, where the undergrowth had snatched at him as he ran wild in his distress of mind, he was quite naked, even his foot covering so broken that they no longer gave adequate protection to his bruised feet.

He lifted him up and asked him again if he were Tom—"Yes, yes; I'm all right. Yes, yes; yes, yes; yes, I'm all right." He kept repeating these simplest of words in a half-conscious daze. At length he seemed to realize that deliverance had come; and, with this, his first question was of his mother. "Does my mother know I'm lost?" he asked. Then: "Mister, will you take me out? I've got a hundred and eighty dollars I'll give you if you'll take me out to the railroad. I think my feet are frozen."

The man soothed him, fed him some of the bread and butter he had brought, though he would not eat much, and

Jack Miner, internationally famous for his marvelous bird refuge—and incidentally, the hero of this true story.

tried to encourage him to walk. They started, the hunter with one arm about the boy's trembling form, and their two guns in his other hand.

Questioned as to why he had not continued to answer his calls, it appeared that his rescuer's name wrought in his disordered mind some connection with the name of a wicked character in a book he had been reading; he had thought he was only imagining it; he had been frightened—it was all a bad dream, the real more terrifying, ofttimes, than the illusionary.

It was slow going at first, and before they had gone far the lad was almost ready to give up again as his feet were now very painful; this, hard as it made it for both, was good news to the man as it told him they were at least not frozen. After a time he was able to walk more easily, and they made somewhat better progress, going south, the man taking his directions as before by the stars.

Presently the hunter raised his gun and fired four shots into the air.

"You're firing signal shots!" exclaimed the boy.

Signal shots!

Dear readers, does anyone of you know—can anyone who has not been there imagine—how beautiful the sound of mere rifle shots can be when they signal a rescue effected, a child restored to sanity and safety, and a home released from sorrowing and given back its own! A vital message ringing through the dark night. Glad tidings borne out upon the frosty air.

Signal shots!

Presently they reached the railway, its polished rails gleaming faintly in the cold starlight and carrying a faint, rhythmic humming, gradually becoming most distinct, that told of the old section hand-car bearing friends to meet them. Soon they had come up with them, and strong, loving hands reached out to the boy and his rescuer and drew them into their welcoming circle.

Talk about your chariots of bronze and ivory leaping behind the polished hoofs of Araby; talk about your gilded barges of state, rich with purple and gems; talk about your golden argosies borne on the wings of favoring winds! Talk about them if you will, but not to me. Take 'em away; take 'em away. There never was an argosy laden with a cargo more precious than that drab old hand-car bore back along the clicking rails; never a greater burden of happiness and pride bestrode any chariot than was crowded onto its scarred and battered platform; never any ship seemed more nearly winged than its raw iron wheels whirling before the impetus of sturdy arms and bending backs and the thrill of gratitude that moved them.

Very soon indeed it seemed now they were at the man's home camp, the lost boy fed and bathed and wrapped in warm blankets, while the magic words of his safety were flashed along the miles of copper wire that lined the sky between to give the message to his anxious father and mother.

This, dear readers, is a true story of an actual happening, that bleak autumn evening, years ago now, in the vast forest regions of Northern Ontario. It is told here in effect just as the hunter himself has told it, again and again—just as the boy himself would tell it, so far as lies in his power.

Who was the boy? Tom Faught, at the time one of a band of imaginary pirates or highwaymen or something of the sort and who might—who knows?—but for the cleansing flame of this terrible experience *(Continued on page 54)*

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Editor

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Izaak Walton

SINCE incredibly often we are asked why the League bears the name it does, perhaps a few remarks on Izaak Walton are in order.

To those familiar with his Compleat Angler and thus able to analyze the nature loving soul of the man, his name seems one exceptionally well suited to a movement founded to protect nature in all her manifestations.

In the 17th century when Izaak Walton was born, there would seem to have been no necessity for conservation, as we in the 20th century think of it.

Yet, that the qualities of a conservationist were innate in Walton is evidenced by much that he wrote.

Once he stated that "not keeping the fence months for the preservation of fish, will, in time prove the destruction of all rivers."

Upon being asked the meaning of fence months, Piscator answers—"Sir, they be principally three, namely, March, April and May: for these be the usual months that Salmon come out of the sea to spawn in most fresh rivers. And their fry would, about a certain time, return back to the salt water, if they were not hindered by weirs and unlawful gins, which the greedy fishermen set, and so destroy them by thousands; . . . . and though I profess no knowledge of the law, yet I am sure the regulation of these defects might be easily mended. But I remember that a wise friend of mine did usually say, 'that which is everybody's business is nobody's business'; if it were otherwise, there could not be so many nets and fish, that are under the statute size, sold daily amongst us; and of which the conservators of the waters should be ashamed. But, above all, the taking fish in spawning-time may be said to be against Nature: it is like taking the dam on the nest when she hatches her young." Again he says, "in the middle of March, till which time a man should not in honesty kill a trout."

He was the gentlest of philosophers with an adoration of every phase of the outdoors.

No slightest beauty of cloud, blossom or tree escaped him. In speaking of the nightingale, he said—"Lord, what musick hast thou provided for the Saints in Heaven, when thou affordest bad men such musick on Earth?"

Of some lovely meadows he thought them "too pleasant to be looked on but only on holy-days."

He revels in "sweet, shady arbours, of primroses—woodbines, sweetbriar, jasmines and myrtle"—a lover of flowers surely.

He exhorts us again and again not to thanklessly ignore the peace and beauty of Nature.

"Then we sit in cowslip banks, hear the birds sing, and possess ourselves in as much quietness as these silent, silver streams which we now see glide so quietly by us."

Of hunting he makes his Venator say—"Hunting is a game for princes and noble persons; it hath been highly prized in all ages—What more manly exercise than hunting? How doth it preserve health and increase strength and activity!"

Fishing, of course, was Walton's favorite sport. "O sir, doubt not but that Angling is an Art." "I have only lived since I turned angler."

Fishing was his mode of approach to the outdoors he adored. He well knew that to lose or miss contact with the outdoors is to lose the most vital elements in the finest of our heritage. It is to feel less the promise of still waters and green pastures. This contact inspired the thoughts of Nature he so constantly indulged—"sitting by the river's side is the quietest and fittest place for contemplation," he says. He remarks on the pleasant and quick passing of the hours as he sat "quietly on a flowery bank by a calm river." He quotes the ancient naturalist Pliny as saying that "Nature's great and wonderful power is more demonstrated in the sea than on the land."

His reaction to angling was a spiritual one. Its pastoral charms lending him to the indulgence of gentle and philosophic thoughts.

"We may say of angling," he wrote, "as Dr. Boteler said of strawberries, 'Doubtless God could have made a better berry, but doubtless God never did,' and so, if I might be judge, God never did make a more calm, quiet, innocent recreation than angling."

He points out how much better it is to see the "pleasant rivers, and meadows, and flowers, and fountains," than to possess riches.

His words all testify to the suitability of his name for an organization established to restore and perpetuate the outdoors he loved.

Waltonians are not necessarily anglers, but invariably they are worshippers of earth's beauty and conservators of her bounty.

As Walton said of a certain famous recipe for the baking of a pike (which I myself have often tried and can appreciatively agree with him) "this—is too good for any but anglers, or very honest men."

Thus should we deserve the name Waltonian.

Progress

THE State of Connecticut is buying and leasing her streams, long since in private ownership, for the use of the public for fishing and other recreational uses. New York has authorized bond issues aggregating $25,000,000 to buy large areas for forests and public parks. Pennsylvania has expended over $4,000,000 to buy public-owned forest lands, and this fall will vote upon a $25,000,000 bond issue with which to buy 3,500,000 acres more for the same purpose. A wonderful area in the Southern Appalachians, lying in North Carolina and Tennessee, is being bought for the establishment of the Great Smoky National Park at a cost of about $7,500,000.

Illinoisans will vote in November upon a $20,000,000 bond issue to be retired from the fish and game fund, with which to purchase lands and waters for fish and game refuges and for public fishing, hunting and recreational uses. California voters will pass upon a $6,000,000 bond issue, to be matched by funds from private sources, for a comprehensive state park program.

In a few weeks the people of Oregon will vote upon five special referendum measures which were placed upon the ballot by 20,000 signers to reserve to the people of Oregon for all time such waters of the Rogue, Umpqua, McKenzie and Deschutes rivers, and their tributaries, as have *not already been grabbed by private interests.*

These pending programs are a step in the right direction, and no doubt they will all be endorsed by the voters. Such vast projects prove that the American people are beginning to appreciate their outdoors and to *demand its protection and maintenance.*

Memories of a Quail Hunter

By

OZARK RIPLEY

(Second Installment)

THINKING about the preceding installment of this article and the great vista of quail shooting territory occupied by the once great family of Bob-Whites, I am seized with a poignant regret as I review it all, and distressingly contemplate the activities of what might well be called "professional conservationists," who have fought true sportsmen and have obdurately and persistently placed them in the same category as those who hunt but have never merited the name of honest hunter. A temporary reference to this only at present, further analysis of the situation will follow later.

If one will only watch closely, one's personal errors will loom up just as big as the other fellow's. I think we learn more of value in the field when alone than we do when with others, especially during the shooting season. The human trait of wanting to excel the other fellow either with gun or dogs is always dominant, and often, too, if our companion afield is older than we are, we are prone to accept his opinion as final, instead of reasoning things out as we should, and as we do when alone.

My love for quail over ruffed grouse began in a rough country where both of these game birds were in great numbers. I consider the grouse now as I did then a kingly game bird, meriting all the praise that can be given it, but it lacked during the shooting season many of the qualifications that caused me to develop my decided predilection for Bob-Whites. In a country where game birds were so plentiful and I hunted most times alone after the death of my revered father, contrasts came before me vividly. Possibly the selfish side prevailed in my decision in favor of Bob-Whites. I hunted for pleasure, and I saw more opportunities for bird dogs to perform spectacularly on quails and under so many more varying conditions than on grouse. I admit there was another angle not to be overlooked that doubtless prejudiced me. I was intensely conceited about my wing shooting in those early days. I liked to show off. I was a far better shot on hunting grouse in cover than I was on quails. In the open I could hit quails with commendable regularity, but when they went to the bull pines, second growth hickories and post oaks, tangles of green briar, tearblanket and switch cane—they certainly had me guessing. Yet I could knock over grouse under the same conditions with ease, for I was naturally a snap-shot, and no matter how fast they went, they towered, and with all their tremendous burst of flight usually pitched straight.

I feel sure my father's advice made me almost a mechanical grouse shot. His one great bit of information was studying the flight of game birds. When you really know something of their flying peculiarities you are bound to advance immediately in shooting skill. Day after day in the company of my father, not carrying a single firearm, I studied the flight of the ruffed grouse. The study of flight aided me a lot in my shooting. It helped me, too, with the quails, except when they sought refuge in the coverts.

With our hill birds, I could never foretell what they were going to do. When I thought they were going to tower, they went straight through the cover, achieving a curve which was admittedly invisible. Then when I had them down in hickory and post oak saplings, as thick as the hair on a dog's back and was sure they just had to tower to get out and away, these deceptive little brown fellows rose just a foot off the ground and dashed off, continuing so low and at full speed that veritably many a time it was hard to discover how they escaped hitting a rock or the very earth itself. Under such feats of flight if my memory serves me right, my record of kills was not to be regarded as an astounding one. Goose eggs were far more plentiful than hits. And right here let me remark that a quail of the southern mountains in flight has it a hundred different ways on the prairie bird for speed and deceptiveness.

When I refer to the grouse while writing of the quail, it is with grave respect, admiration and positively never deprecatingly, and always I terminate remarks with the addition, what a wonderful game bird is this one that the Creator has provided for our sport category. I viewed with pain its almost sudden disappearance in the Ozark Country in a place where only once I saw them exceeded in plentifulness. That was in the territory northeast of the famed Nipigon region, close to an unmapped lake called by the Ojibways, "Bear Paw" on account of its similarity in shape. They were there so thick, it taxed credulity. On one flat brow of a hill, I was nearly rendered speechless at what I witnessed. It absolutely held me spell-bound. Truly it was weird. Seemingly every ruffed grouse for miles and miles about had gathered there as though it was an agreed on place for assembly.

Ozark Ripley (right) during a noontide interval in southern quail hunting country.

When the grouse suddenly began to pass away in the Ozarks until they returned, which did not take place for a long time, every paid professional conservationist began to tell how the market hunters and sportsmen had killed them off. They began to issue statistics of decrease which after all were entirely wrong, as all are when they are prepared from correspondence gathered here and there.

In this region neither the sportsmen nor the market hunters were to blame. The former seldom visited these parts, and to my intimate accurate knowledge, the market hunter never, because they were not permitted near the

grounds. The cutting of the big timber was the sole destroyer through the harmful sequence that followed, and what it brought about none of us foresaw.

When the big pines yielded to the crescent saw, almost spontaneous growth of every sort immediately followed, and with it the most undesirable of all, the iron weed and similar noxious pests that harbored the simultaneous invasions of chiggers and seed ticks. The instant the chiggers and seed ticks arrived the decrease of grouse was observable. I found hundreds of young dying along the trainroads and water course, their heads and bodies full of chiggers and ticks to the festering point and nothing could save them.

These pests so far as was observable did not molest the quails. But an enemy that proceeded directly, too, on the remnant forces of ruffed grouse cut down the supply of quails to a great extent. All the country was free range country. The farmers and timbermen turned loose their hogs and cattle to graze on the free pasture. Whereupon, both to destroy the chiggers and ticks which in a way affected the health of cattle, a custom prevailed among them to burn off the leaves and undergrowths in fall or spring in order to induce a quick growth of spring grass, as well as to exterminate undergrowth and refuges of the destroying parasites. Many a grouse died by fire on its nest, and the breeding activities of timber quails were frequently ruined. The presence of herds of range hogs destroyed what fire had not touched. Big timber in the south survives fire, but seldom does the distressing red scythe proceed over any given area without leaving some traces of its destructiveness on game birds.

I refer to all this simply to place on file a lamentable exhibit of an instance where a game bird disappeared and sportsmen were held to blame, and often are still held to blame, where records of increase and the real cause of decrease are either unknown or remain unpublished by so many of the public salaried conservationists.

There is a commencement to all things. My initial moments as a quail hunter were in my father's care, but unfortunately he was not left long on this earth for me. His first love and mine too, was for Irish setter dogs as helps to our sport, but they were better performers than the average Irishmen we see today, though I admit they were not quite their equal in beauty and the mahogany red color fad did not then exist. They were of bright orange with considerable white in them. But they were produced from bird finding strains. Then came the English or Llewellyn setter, and rapidly my preference shifted to them, and finally the modern pointer came in for a great share of my hunting after quails.

My first English setter was I believed the best in the world, for in my small personal hemisphere I had never seen another. She was birdy, a fine ranger, and an excellent retriever. Admittedly, though, I had never seen another real bird-wise dog. Environment had cramped my vision. My conceptions about what a dog ought to be was like my knowledge of quails, restricted by my personal experience.

I was fadding closely to a slow dog with restricted range, a careful footscenter that worked out meticulously every single and never willingly caused a flush. He had to be also a good dead bird finder and retriever. All my dogs had approximated these requirements, but an English setter, Waif, came into my possession—a beautiful black and white ticked dog that I believed possessed every gift a bird dog should. She satisfied me in every way, and soon her excellence was so bruited about by me that others were glad to shoot over her. They endorsed my opinion, and readily again I decided I had the greatest dog in all the world, and my shooting friends agreed with me. Waif was quite cautious, I acknowledged, but this could not be regarded as anything except a merit, for I felt that a faster dog would miss and flush birds and a darker dog could not be seen any distance in a country where there was so much brush and timber.

A group of seven southern quail hunters!

Unexpectedly an old big liver and white pointer dog was wished on me. The spirit of sportsmanship decided that I should be his master for the rest of his life. An old roue of good family who was pensioned by his relatives on condition that he would never visit them, was his owner. Quite a sportsman, I surmised from his reputation. Suddenly John Barleycorn won in his last hunt with him, and the dog was left in my care until his erstwhile master's family claimed him, which to my delight they never did.

I learned that he was the get of the great English dog Osborne Alec and of a bitch equally as well bred. When I brought the big old fellow home in a buggy he rode as if he were accustomed to it, and wore a chagrined expression when I did not put him down at every field we passed. Somehow during that ride I sensed a spell of affection growing in me for that short haired fellow. That he could approach Waif in any way never entered my mind. It would have been regarded on my part as inconceivable or foolish if anyone had suggested it. I was even lamenting that this smooth coated dog never would be able to penetrate the cover Waif went through easily in her daily work. My knowledge of pointers was confined to hearsay at the time, and my informants had never had a good word for them.

The first day I tried Duke out in company with Waif every opinion I had about pointers and setters, as well as a whole lot of things concerning game birds suddenly underwent an alteration. Actually new ideas were thrust upon me, and conceptions lodged which I never thought previously could even get a foothold.

When that big pointer jumped out of the buggy and went over the first rail fence, instinctively I knew I was in for a surprise, though the way he broke swiftly through the corn rows, leaving Waif far behind aroused fear that he would flush every bird he came near. He was out five minutes, and then I saw him swing toward a field of millet, galloping as hard as he could, Waif several hundred yards behind him, and when seemingly he was going at his swiftest, as though he had actually accelerated his gait, all at once he crimped up in a point, and I knew for a certainty it was birds, for when I finally got there out of breath from my haste to be near him to prevent his flushing, I saw Waif backing him staunchly.

Here was the first shock. This dog had found a bevy of birds before the incomparable Waif. What momentarily chafed most was that it had been done so quickly in a locality where the setter was supposed to know every foot of

To every true hunter thoughtfulness of the welfare of his dogs and pride in their accomplishments comes first.

the ground. Another thing struck me with almost sharpened pertinency—the way he handled his birds. He was right on top of them in that tall patch of millet rimming the corn field. No perfunctory roading, no trailing, matters heretofore I had regarded as essentials of cautiousness to make birds lie to point. Moreover I did not have to tramp around here and there to flush the birds, but they all got up before that big pointer's nose as though he had an unerring quality for making them stick, which he really did just exactly where he desired.

Concurrently I was due for another shock, one that began to mark the subtle difference of performance between Waif and that masterful son of Osborne Alec. Without flattering the setter, up to then I had never seen or heard of her equal on singles or scattered birds. But right at this moment I discovered something in the pointer that previously I had not thought was a requisite in a bird dog or that it existed in its being. Presently, I understood. It sifted into my youthful brain as that big dog stood rigidly, not moving a muscle and all his sight directed at the flying birds. I sensed then and there that nothing short of a cataclysmic upheaval could remove his gaze from those flying birds until he had marked in the recording places of his homely liver and white colored head where they settled. Waif never did this, no other dog had ever done so in my presence. Waif followed me and hunted for the singles in cover where I directed. Yet this pointer positively was marking them. The act was instinctive with him.

If I had any doubt of his mental or physical workings in the matter, it was immediately relieved when all at once Duke shot for the cover with all the speed at his command, while I shouted cautioning words against the certainty of his flushing them at such a clip. The big dog paid no attention to my voice. No more than if I had never existed. Such a flaunting of my authority could not be overlooked. I flew into an attack of rage orally proclaiming the skill with which Waif could have handled the birds in such cover and the folly of taking the wild dog with me on the scattered.

Duke was too fast for anything but vision. In my anger I caught a fleeting sight of him in the big white oak woods, going in great bounding strides. Again I shouted at him when I felt I could no longer stand the strain of his intractable conduct, my heart nearly stopped beating. He was contemplating a great vigorous bound. He stopped as though suddenly stricken to a post of frozen rigidity in a sort of constricted curve, his head turned almost to his left flank.

Again Waif backed. Once more a bird flew right from in front of the short haired fellow's nose. In the excitement I missed it. The dog still remained on point until another bird flushed which I managed to stop.

Shortly before dusk I began to realize many things. In her own country Waif had been easily outbirded. All of the many bevies we had encountered Duke had found, and more than at any other time over the same distance. Once in a while Waif got on a single, but in every way the superiority of that big, swift moving, absolutely tireless, wide ranging pointer was manifest. Nothing could escape him and his abiding love indicated that he was designed for finding birds and nothing else.

The emotions of a boy rise swiftly. Anger, disappointment, jealousy, a blow at my conceit that another man, an old drunkard, could have developed a better bird dog in every way than Waif—a dog that proved his caliber to me every moment. I was trying to find opportunities for criticisms of Duke and excuses for my hitherto impeccable, beautiful setter, Waif.

Actually I was in the varying holds of the strong meshes of disappointment and thrilling adventure. Waif had failed to deliver in her own country, while the boundless spectacular performances of a mere pointer had all day long gripped and thrilled me.

As the day waned, a little mist oozed from the earth and hung over it low like a nebulous blanket. The sun had lost all its illuminating powers, save the remaining splash of crimson which still silhouetted the big wateroaks in the west.

I was returning to the buggy prepared to place my dogs in the available room while I continued to ponder perplexed over the swift happenings of the day.

Evidently the day had not been long enough for Duke. There was still excess energy in his system. While Waif was trailing at my heels the insatiable pointer presently felt something in the cool air. He rushed out several hundred yards from me and pointed. Here was the last opportunity of the day, a chance for a double on a covey that doubtless was hurrying to roost!

I kicked the birds up into a flush and was literally intoxicated by the roaring sound of the maze of swift beating little brown pinions. I held on two different birds, and fired twice. All my reward was a few feathers, and watching I saw the large bevy quickly blur with the dark shadows of the wateroaks.

To miss such an easy shot was bad enough. But something more aggravating immediately presented itself. That incorrigible headstrong old pointer broke shot and chased those birds with all his might to the big woods where I lost sight of him in the fast coming darkness.

I was so angry I was unable to *(Continued on page 44)*

What's Happening

Important information of national interest will appear in this department each month to keep our readers in touch with conservation activities

By SETH E. GORDON
Conservation Director, Izaak Walton League of America

National Parks Nature Schools

OUR National Parks are rapidly becoming the biggest outdoor nature school in the world. Yellowstone was set aside in 1872, but the first automobiles did not enter the park until 1915. That year 51,895 visitors, or more than double the number of any previous year, enjoyed that wonderland. By 1927 the number of visitors to Yellowstone had jumped to 200,935. Altogether more than 1,600,000 people have visited Yellowstone up to the close of the 1927 season.

Park Visitors Increasing Rapidly

In 1927 almost 3,000,000 people visited the National Parks and National Monuments, an increase of a half million over the previous year. Yosemite National Park, California, had almost a half million visitors in 1927; Platt National Park, Oklahoma, reported 295,000 visitors; Rocky Mountain National Park, Colorado, came next with 230,000; next on the list was Yellowstone with 201,000; the Grand Canyon was seventh with 162,000; Glacier National Park, Montana, was thirteenth with 48,000; and Mt. McKinley National Park, Alaska, trailed the list with 615 visitors. The 1928 season will no doubt show an increase of at least three-quarters of a million.

Nature Guiding Service

Official nature guiding service is now available in Yosemite, Yellowstone, Mount Rainier, Crater Lake, Glacier, Grand Canyon, Zion, Rocky Mountain, and Sequoia National Parks. In addition, guides especially trained in archeology conduct visitors through the ruins of Mesa Verde National Park.

In Yellowstone Park alone 52,000 visitors were taken on nature guiding trips, and at the camps and hotels 235,000 attended the nature lectures—showing a number of repeaters took in all the lectures during their stay in the park. In addition to the nature guide service, museums have been built by private funds and donated to many of the parks. At others such museums are in course of construction. Among the fortunate parks are Yellowstone, Yosemite, Mesa Verde, Grand Canyon, Zion, Mount Rainier, and Sequoia. Others are to be added later.

Committee Studying Educational Possibilities

A committee composed of Dr. John C. Merriam, President of the Carnegie Institute of Washington, Dr. Frank Oastler of New York, and Dr. Harold C. Bryant of California, has been appointed by the Interior Department to survey the educational possibilities of all the National Parks. The Laura Spellman Rockefeller Memorial Foundation made a grant of $10,000 to defray expenses for this purpose.

The influence upon the American people, especially the younger generation, of the excellent educational work being done by our National Parks Service can't possibly be visualized or estimated. Many states and cities are establishing parks and many of them are adopting the same progressive methods.

Conservation Officials Meet at Seattle

ON July 7, 1902, the National Association of Game Commissioners was organized in Yellowstone Park. Later the name of the organization was changed to International Association of Game, Fish and Conservation Commissioners. Annual meetings were not held regularly until 1915, since which time annual conventions have been held. The twenty-first annual convention convenes at Seattle on August 27.

For a number of years past the American Fisheries Society, one of the oldest scientific organizations in America, organized in New York City on December 20, 1870, has met during the same week in the same city as the International Association. The fifty-eighth convention of the American Fisheries Society will convene at Seattle on August 29.

Will Hold Joint Convention

Later the officials of the eleven western states organized the Western Association of State Game Commissioners in order that they might confer regularly and better coordinate their efforts. The Eighth annual convention of this Association will convene at Seattle on August 30.

The meetings of these three organizations will be one big joint convention representing all of North America. Dr. Henry Baldwin Ward, the National President of the Izaak Walton League, and one of the former Presidents of the American Fisheries Society will be one of the speakers. Most of the outstanding conservation leaders in Canada and the United States will be in attendance, and many of them will appear on the program. Watch the November issue for a report on this important gathering.

Committees Inspect Rainey Lakes Region

AUGUST found two congressional committees, one from the Senate Committee on Agriculture and Forestry, the other from the House Public Lands Committee, making inspections of that portion of the Rainey Lakes Watershed lying in northern Minnesota. These inspections were authorized in order that the merits of the Shipstead-Newton bill looking toward the creation of a large international recreational and forest production area may be considered on the ground.

The itinerary of the House Committee covered six days by automobile, motor boats and canoes, and the entire party spent several nights in camp, giving the Congressmen an opportunity to get first-hand information on the entire plan. The Senate Committee is expected to follow about the same plan of study.

It is hoped that the committees have been fully impressed with the importance of saving that unusual region and developing it along the lines suggested by the Shipstead-Newton proposal, and so report to their respective committees next December. There is no other wilderness area like it on the continent within reach of 75,000,000 people, and it must be saved.

in Conservation

Seth Gordon is acknowledged as one of America's leading conservationists. His knowledge of conservation affairs is exceptional and nation-wide. Read his answers to queries concerning conservation problems on page 32

—Editor

Bait or Fish?

SUPPLYING live bait to busy anglers is an accommodation, and in many states a legitimate business, but in this day of less good fishing streams, millions of anglers, and artificial lures of every kind, it becomes a serious question whether any state can afford to permit the wholesale taking of live minnows for bait, except when propagated for that purpose.

In the last issue of OUTDOOR AMERICA this department called attention to the stringent live bait laws in Ontario. A few states have rather rigid laws on selling live bait, also laws prohibiting fishermen from dumping left-over minnows lest the despised carp gains a foothold in more of their waters. However, most of the states have no regulations governing the subject of live bait, and their streams are being robbed of minnows, stone catties, helgramites and crabs by the millions.

Fish Must Have Food

Fish must have ample food and cover. Streams and lakes will not produce an ample supply of big game fish to meet the demands of the anglers if the natural food is consistently robbed. The food supply for the game fishes is usually sparse enough without commercializing it. Indian Lake Reservoir in Ohio is the mecca for thousands of anglers. To supply the demand for live bait the streams for miles around have been combed thoroughly. The Walton League chapter at Urbana stocked the streams in that vicinity regularly, even though forty miles away from the big reservoir the bait fishermen were systematically cleaning out the food for the fish so stocked. The results, as might be expected, were nil. The Waltonians protested but without avail.

Found Way to Get Relief

Ohio has no law on the subject, but that did not discourage the Urbana Waltonites. They urged the landowners to post their streams against trespass, and offered a reward of $25.00 for the apprehension and conviction of the commercial bait seiners. In a few days two of the culprits were caught and paid $60.00 in fine and costs. The farmer collected the reward. It was a good investment, and again proves the old adage that "where there's a will there's a way." It also shows what organized effort will do. What are the conditions in your state?

Game Farming Courses

SOME months ago this department called attention to the higher schools of learning which are offering courses in conservation, and predicted that many others would follow, as the field is a comparatively new one.

This spring Washington State College announced a course in conservation, especially stressing game and fur-farming, in charge of Dr. D. J. Leffingwell, a graduate of Cornell, where conservation subjects have been taught for a number of years. The course at Washington State College consists of lectures on the conservation of game, forests and other natural resources, also methods of game.

Conservation Society's Practical School

After laying plans for a number of months, the Game Conservation Society, of New York City, last May established a practical school in game farming near Clinton, New Jersey, under the direction of O. W. Holton, a graduate of Cornell University, and an experienced game farming expert. The operating expenses of the school are borne by the Sporting Arms and Ammunition Manufacturers' Institute. Students are admitted without tuition but must pay their board and lodging amounting to about $400.00 per year.

The full course includes plenty of actual practice and requires two years to complete, but students with prior experience should be able to complete the course in a year or eighteen months. The rapidity with which students have enrolled in these courses shows conclusively that there is a growing demand for such training in America.

The next term starts about October 1. The Milwaukee Chapter of the Izaak Walton League is financing one of the students; other chapters will likely enroll students this fall. This is good work. America needs more of it!

Midwestern Officials Coordinate Efforts

WHILE all states and provinces are represented on the International Association of Game, Fish and Conservation Commissioners, closer cooperation between conservation officials in each region has been urged for many years.

On June 4 the game and fish officials of Kansas, Louisiana, Missouri, New Mexico, Oklahoma and Texas met at Spavinaw Lake, Oklahoma, for a conference and organized the Southwestern Game, Fish and Conservation Association. J. B. Doze, the Fish and Game Warden of Kansas, was elected President.

On July 17 the conservation officials of Iowa, Minnesota, Montana, Nebraska, North Dakota, South Dakota, Wisconsin and Wyoming met for a similar conference at Rapid City, South Dakota, and organized the Association of North Central States Game and Fish Departments, of which Fred H. Hildebrant, chairman of the North Dakota Commission, was elected President.

Commendable Resolutions Passed

The Southwestern States Association agreed that each state shall conduct one or more experiments in game and fish matters, then furnish the results of their experiments to the other states, and to use their joint efforts educationally.

The North Central States Association agreed upon a similar plan and passed resolutions endorsing the creation of wild life refuges, amendment of the Lacey Act so that illegal shipments of furs may be stopped, and deploring the tendency to commercialize our game and fish resources. This Association also endorsed the desirability of greater regulatory powers by administrative officials, and the need for keeping conservation work out of politics.

Both of these conferences have resulted in a much better understanding of the problems involved in the several states participating, and definite plans were perfected for closer cooperation and coordination of efforts, all of which will tend to bring about uniform practices, uniform laws and more rapid progress throughout. All of these officials will attend the big international gathering at Seattle August 27th.

What's What and How— in Conservation

By Seth Gordon

When to Release Pheasants

1. We hatched forty-five young ring-neck pheasants from fifty eggs, and because of wet weather and other conditions beyond our control we lost twelve of them to date. They are now four weeks old and growing fine. When should these birds be released to get the best results? W. J. S., Indiana.

SO far you have made an excellent showing. The largest losses among young pheasants usually occur during the first three weeks after hatching.

The best time to release the birds is an open question. It depends upon what your aims are, the usual winter conditions, the amount of natural food and cover where they are to be released, the extent to which you are prepared to supply feed during the winter months, whether you have a close or an open season this fall, whether both sexes may be killed, etc.

Many who know pheasants thoroughly prefer to turn the young birds loose when they are nine or ten weeks old, because insect life is then still plentiful and the birds quickly learn to rustle for themselves. Others prefer to hold them until from twelve to fourteen weeks old; still others recommend holding the birds over the winter and releasing them in the springtime.

Usually young pheasants run about 55% to 60% cocks, and in states where only cocks may be killed it will not retard the future increase of your birds if fully half the cocks are killed by hunters, because pheasants are polygamous and one male will mate with from three to six hens.

My own judgment is that under reasonably favorable conditions best results will be obtained by releasing the birds before winter sets in, then arrange to place feed for them when the ground is covered with snow and ice. Few individuals or clubs have ideal conditions under which to hold game birds over the winter. If you want to try it I will gladly advise you concerning pens, feed, etc.

Distinguishing Musky and Pike

2. How can I tell the difference between muskellunge and the northern pike? My friends don't seem to agree concerning positive identification marks or characteristics. A. L. S., Wisconsin.

MY dear fellow, you are in no worse trouble than most anglers and many of the fish experts themselves. You certainly can't go by the size, because many great northern pike weigh as much as the average muskellunge.

The most generally known form of musky is the spotted musky. It is native to all the Great Lakes and lakes and streams tributary thereto, a few lakes in the Upper Mississippi Valley, also in Canada north of the Great Lakes. The barred musky is best known in Chautauqua Lake, New York, and adjacent waters. In some waters the musky runs solid dark on the back and does not have either spots or bars.

The great northern pike is still more widely distributed, being found all the way across the continent from Labrador to Alaska and south to the Great Lakes Basin, northern New York, the Upper Mississippi and its tributaries.

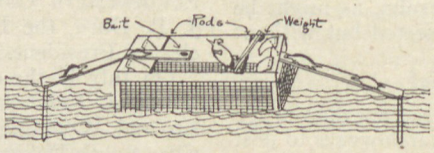
The musky seems to vary greatly in different waters. Some well-known fish experts distinguish the musky from the pike by his spots and the background, claiming that great northern pike (Esox lucius) usually has light spots on a dark background, while the common musky (Esox masquinongy) usually has dark spots on a light background. Others disagree with this theory and say it is not a safe rule to follow, even claiming that in some waters just the reverse seems to be true.

The United States Bureau of Fisheries says that a surer way of separating the pike from the muskellunge is by the scaling on the cheeks. In the pike the cheek is nearly entirely covered with scales, while in the muskellunge the lower half of the cheek is devoid of scales in the great majority of individuals.

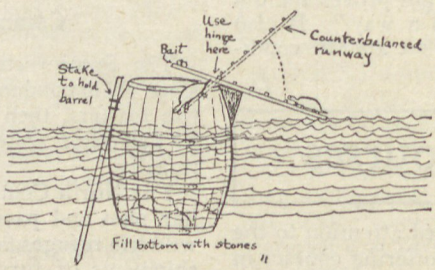
Turtle Trap Dope

3. I noticed your advice to "R. K., Ohio" in the August OUTDOOR AMERICA *concerning snakes and turtles. I want some kind of a trap for use at a pond where there is no attendant in charge all the time, say one that will work while I sleep. What can you recommend? E. B. J., Michigan.*

YES, we can recommend two traps that "work while you sleep." Both of them were recently illustrated in the monthly bulletin issued to all Kansas Walton League chapters by the Kansas Division of the League. Both are here illustrated by rough sketches. The first one shown was designed by Prof. L. L. Dyche. The size recommended is 4 feet long, 2 feet high and 2 feet wide. It is built by covering a framework of lumber with wire netting, counterbalanced treadle boards on hinges or rods at each end, and a 6 inch strip of tin tacked on the inside and bent down to prevent Mr. Turtle from crawling out. Runway boards from the top of the water to the trap should be firm so the turtles don't get "cold feet" and go right on over the top.



The other is a barrel trap recommended by Claude J. Meredith, Superintendent of Wardens of Kentucky, the details of which are easily obtained from this rough sketch.



This is easily constructed and should do the work while you sleep. All you need to do is remove the turtles. How's that?

Seth Gordon, Conservation Director of the Izaak Walton League, will gladly answer queries on all conservation subjects. Consult him about your conservation problems.

The World's Largest Spawn Taking Station

(Continued from page 22)

dred pounds of feed a week. These ponds are screened off at the overflow and the screen must be cleaned two or three times daily, to keep proper drainage. The bottom and sides of the pond must be thoroughly scrubbed once a day to remove all traces of fungus growth. If the advocated policy of holding fry over a year before planting were put into practice, these fry would grow to need ten ponds for each one hundred thousand fry, and require 1,000 pounds of food a week, with the resulting increase of labor. Further, the fish would be trained to expect feeding twice or three times a day and would not grow into the rustlers the early planted fish are.

The ideal conditions would be for larger rearing ponds, fed by spring creeks, to be built near the larger creeks, and so constructed that they could be entirely drained to remove all fish before restocking. This would enable the holding of the fry for a year in natural conditions. Proper choosing of places to plant comes next. Small tributary streams with plenty of feed and screened off so that large trout cannot get at the fry would be best.

In planting, the maximum temperatures of the creek water and the water in the fish cans should be slowly equalized to avoid sudden chill to the fingerlings.

The Fish and Game Commission of Montana have had two large tank trucks constructed to hold about a barrel and a half of water each. These automatically cool and aerate the water and will safely carry 80,000 fish at one load. The air is brought through a box of ice and forced into distributing rods at the bottom, keeping the water in proper condition for any length of time. These tank cars are loaded at the hatcheries and the fry are not handled again until they reach the place of planting. These cars soon run out to the head waters of any stream and unless the distances are great, they can make several trips a day, taking practically an express carload shipment at one load instead of the ten or twelve automobiles usually used in distributing. Best of all, the fry reach the planting grounds without long delays, without any intermediate handling and in water of constant temperature and well aerated. There is very little loss.

The area of the state is so large and the conditions of the streams vary so greatly in east and west Montana that nearly all varieties of game fish can be successfully raised and matured. In the western and southeastern mountain streams abound Native, Rainbow, Dolly Varden and Eastern Brook Trout and Grayling. Whitefish are in the lower streams bordering the warmer waters. Salmon and Lake Superior Whitefish in several lakes and in the eastern rivers where the water is too warm for trout come the Pike, Channel Cat and Carp. In some streams Bass have been planted, but these are not as plentiful as others.

And now, with 35,000,000 little trout placed in her mountain streams annually, and soon a like number of warm water fish supplied the eastern rivers from a recently established hatchery at Miles City, Montana is making for her people and offers to the visitor some of the choicest fishing streams in the Northwest. With her ever-increasing resources of wild life to bring interest in the beauties of her mountains, she invites the visitor, tourist and traveler to share her outdoor glories.

Golf and Conservation

By Gus Munch

UNDER the inspirational leadership of Dick Baldwin, a member of the Chicago Chapter of the Izaak Walton League, the Glen Oaks Country Club of Chicago has taken the lead in what promises to be a nation-wide game conservation movement among golf clubs. By authority of the Conservation Commission of the State of Illinois, the Glen Oaks grounds have been established as a State Game Preserve, fully protected by the laws of the state.

This act puts real teeth into the "No Trespass" signs, which have been displayed at strategic points on the course. Any violators (and so far there have not been any) will have the legal machinery of a great state on their necks, instead of being prosecuted by private interests for violating a mere "No Trespass" sign. These ordinary "No Trespass" arrests usually wind up with a very nominal fine, if any, whereas the violation of "Hunting Prohibited — State Game Preserve—Penalty $50.00 to $200.00" is of a much more serious nature.

In this spirit of conservation, the Glen Oaks Club has gone even farther than merely setting aside its course as a preserve. It has gone in for the propagation of game by stocking its grounds with quail and pheasants. Necessarily this has been in a rather limited way, but so far with very satisfactory results. It is indeed a real delight on a June day to hear the Bob Whites whistling to one another down in the meadow, or perhaps to see a brilliantly plumaged cock pheasant flush from the weeds while hunting for "that infernal lost ball" along the course.

One might question whether or not a golf course with its closely clipped fairways offers much protection in the way of weed patches for the birds to nest and feed in, but it is also a fact that every golf club has odd corners of waste ground which the birds soon find.

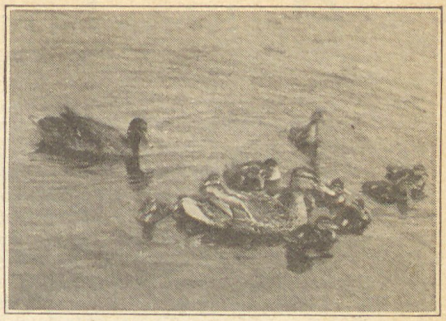
Many clubs also have streams meandering through the fairways, or possibly ponds and water holes. These ponds and water holes lend themselves ideally to the general scheme of bird conservation since they offer a haven and refuge to ducks, geese and snipe during the migration. We are fortunate in having such a pond in Glen Oaks and it would warm the cockles of any sportman's heart to hear the *G'wonk G'wonk* of our wild Canadian Geese decoys or the *quack, quack, quack* of our English call ducks. These birds are used during the hunting season by several members of the club on the Illinois and Mississippi Rivers, but during the spring and summer they are "at home" on the Glen Oaks pond.

While most of the big family of ducks in our pond are English callers and cross bred Mallards, we always have a few visitors dropping in. This spring a pair of Pintails registered. They are still with us.

Our real prize, however, is a black Mallard hen, which we have familiarly called Annie. Annie has visited us now coming on four years. She comes to us early in the spring and remains all summer.

Annie has during the past two seasons hatched and reared a very charming family of ducklings, which has been a mixture of Green Heads and Black Mallards.

Bear in mind the fact that this bird is a genuine wild Black Mallard, free to come and go as she pleases.



A family of English call ducks and "Annie," a wild hen Mallard.

and while we occasionally see some of them and hear them almost daily, we cannot for a few years determine whether they are on the increase.

The wild life restoration activities of this club are financed by staging a special "Fur and Feathers Tournament" each year. Any additional funds needed are donated by the members.

In order to encourage the Glen Oaks idea

The Du Page River borders Glen Oaks. Every course has some waste ground available for birds.

The quail that have been released on our course have also become quite tame. Feed is put out for them nightly and they all come to supper when the bell rings. It naturally is more difficult to determine just what results we will have with the quail. They have been planted for two years now

of wild life conservation on golf courses, the Glen Oaks Club will distribute English call and Mallard ducklings to other clubs ambitious to start broods of their own. As we have only a limited number of birds available for distribution, requests will be granted in the order in which they are received. Apply direct to Dick Baldwin, care of Glen Oaks Country Club, Glen Ellyn, Ill., for further particulars.

In the Chicago area alone there are now about 175 golf courses with an average acreage of 125 to 130 acres. Some of them have already set aside part or all of their property as bird refuges, but few are attempting to rear or buy game birds for stocking purposes. If each club should set aside only ten acres of their property for a wild life sanctuary it is easy to see what could be done in the Chicago area alone.

Then take the whole United States with about 4580 golf courses. Just think of it! We could easily have 4580 more refuges for wild life, each producing more birds to make the whole world more beautiful and interesting.

We play golf to build up and conserve our strength and energy. Let's help play the conservation game all the way down the line. Some golf clubs are noted for their "wild life," but most of it is apparently confined to the club house. Now let's do some of it on the outside and reap a double benefit. The Izaak Walton League will gladly co-operate with you.

Glen Oaks duck pond, with the sixth green in the background. (Note the visiting Pintails.)

Capturing the Imp of Devil's River

By RUEL McDANIEL

AT Wooten's shop, down near the depot in Del Rio, a visitor was telling Charlie Wooten about the latest exploit of the "Imp" down in Devil's River. The fisherman had hung the old outlaw securely and had a clear pull on him. He had pulled him to the surface and the fisherman's mouth watered at the sight of that flashing streak of blue. Then suddenly the Imp dashed down into the depths of the mysterious watery pit, formed by a circular crust of water-eaten rock, the reel spun furiously, the line gave and an empty hook emerged from the water. Once more the Imp had made a clean get-away.

This tale tallied closely with one we had heard earlier in the day at the curio store, across from the hotel. The spot where the Imp had been hung was the same; it was the identical beautiful flash of blue, and he had freed himself with the same movement.

There were other glowing tales woven around the Imp of Devil's River. Four or five times he had been hooked; and once a rancher had pulled him up to the very edge of the water. As he reached down to gill him, the old outlaw gave a furious slap with his tail and ended that episode.

Long before we reached Del Rio, down on the east bank of the Rio Grande in Val Verde County, Texas, we began hearing tales of fishing in Devil's River. The nearer we came to Del Rio the more we heard of Devil's River. At Del Rio we began to listen to stories of the Imp.

Up to this time none of us had even thought of fishing for cat as a sport. All right if you merely want fish to eat, but as a sport? Laughable! We were told in Del Rio that evidently we had never had a Devil's River channel cat on the end of a long line.

The fact is, we heard so much about Devil's River channel cat, and more especially about that hardened old outlaw whom they had named the Imp, that we decided to stay over a few days and show these Val Verde fishermen what "real" anglers could do with their so-called "game" cat fish. *Game* cat fish! We smiled at the thought, even after becoming convinced that they were above the average in strength and agility.

Devil's River is one of the most scenic streams in the Southwest, and there are spots on it that produce some of the best fishing to be found in the forty-eight states.

The stream flows through a section of rugged and still rather wild west Texas country. Rugged hills assume the size of mountains in places, forcing the stream to cut its way through strata of rock and clay to form canyons as deep as five hundred feet in places. There is a delightful succession of falls and rapids for miles along the river's route, and its irregular, rugged course makes it a delight to the eye in addition to the excellent fishing water it affords.

There are miniature islands in the stream which form excellent fishing places. Because of the rugged nature of the land through which it cuts its way, the river has left in its bed grotesque rock formations—coves, shells, gnarls and hollows—of mysterious depth. Here some of the gamest fish of the whole river hide. In such a place the Imp was reputed to loll away his time.

Being strangers in the section, we needed the services of a native who could lead us to the haunts of the Imp of Devil's River and the home of his playmates. Someone recommended Lem Chew as a marvelous combination of cook, guide and all-round hustler. Lem was glad of the opportunity to go along, for a very reasonable fee.

Lem had a small boat; we borrowed a substantial trailer and hooked it onto the rear of our automobile. We tied the boat on the trailer and piled our scant bedding and cooking utensils into the boat. It was over the vigorous protest of friend Chew that we carried bedding at all. "Real fishing mens sleep on the groun'," he protested.

Lem Chew selected our tackle. Rod and reel, throw lines of ample lineage, heavy leads and two short "trot" lines; a minnow bucket and extra hooks, including one that looked large enough to hold a calf whale. "For Meester Imp," Lem warmly explained the large spare hook.

Mr. Chew permitted us to buy as much bread, lard and cooking helps as we wished, but he threatened to leave us cold if we

One of the Imp's younger brothers, a 26 pound catfish caught on Devil's River.

bought bacon and eggs. "That's askin' bad luck to ride in the boat weeth us!" he exclaimed earnestly. We consented to leave the bacon and trust to Mr. Chew. Doc Spears, a member of our touring party, smuggled in a dozen eggs.

We set out from Del Rio about one o'clock in the afternoon, bent on capturing the Imp of Devil's River if it took a week. In twenty minutes, over an excellent tarviated road, we suddenly came to a brisk turn around a cliff, rushed down a winding grade and came in sight of an inspiring stream of deep blue, sparkling mountain water. Lem informed us that we gazed upon Devil's River at one of its moody points. It looked meek enough in its stately calmness at this point; but jagged promentories upstream suggested some of the rough waters that might have produced the river's sinful name.

We crossed over a low concrete bridge which Lem explained was covered by several feet of water only a few weeks before as a result of an infant cloudburst upstream—one of the river's bagful of devilish tricks—and pulled up the grade on the other side.

Along the narrow strip of level land between the water's edge and the cliff on each side we counted scores of campers, some fishing, others lounging about their tents. Doc Spears and Henry Sneed wanted to pitch camp right there; but Mr. Chew scorned the idea. Only tenderfeet stopped along that stretch. No really self-respecting fish would permit himself or any of his relations to drift down in to such paltry waters. He warned us that the journey to the real fishing ground had barely begun.

After more than an hour's drive, a part of which could be called torturous without danger of exaggeration, we followed the trail over the brow of the cliff and down a grade so steep that it suggested looping-the-loop. The path led to the edge of the water, where a series of short falls produced an inspiring sight, and here Doc begged Lem to pitch camp. But our guide explained with disdain that only the little fish stayed this near civilization, and instructed me to continue following the winding trail.

Some five or six miles further we came abruptly to the end of the road. Wildness predominated everywhere. Only a few marks of former camps suggested civilization. There were several rapids in the river on our right; across the stream was an abrupt cliff that stretched like a forbidding wall two hundred feet skyward, and at its top scraggling cactus and mesquite whipped in the wind.

Doc Spears alighted from the rear seat of the car, stretched himself and began taking the scant bedding out of the boat. "No takee out!" warned Mr. Chew, "we go upstream by boat now."

Pulling the car under an oak that stood back some distance from the water's edge and high enough to bring the car above ordinary high water, we piled all our equipment into the boat, skidded it into the water above the rapids and began the strenuous job of rowing upstream against a current that reached the rapids stage in places, until we arrived at a secluded rare spot behind an abrupt promontory, some six miles from where we had left the car. Here at last, Lem informed us, was our camping ground. And if we had grown weary waiting and working to reach it, the work and worry were amply repaid, for there was, indeed, virgin campground.

There was a fall above us several feet high. Almost opposite was an island that contained perhaps a half-acre of ground, with deep water all around it. Near the bank on our side were several rock coves or "cells" the deep blue of which suggested bottomlessness. The bank dropped abruptly into uncertain depth, so that there apparently was excellent fishing against the bank on our side.

Lem suggested that one of us try for some bass near the falls, and that delightful task fell to the lot of Doc. Henry Sneed and I were directed to take a throw line and toss off the deep bank near the camp. Lem said he would prepare the camp and build a fire while we caught enough fish for supper.

Henry produced first "blood." It was in the form of a scrapping little channel cat that weighed about a pound. Right then and there Henry, who pulled the fish in, and I, who watched, changed our opinion about the gameness of channel cat, especially those that inhabit the swift current of

Devil's River. It seemed that every ounce of that pound was charged with the essence of dynamite.

Soon afterwards I hung one that fought like a five-pounder but which turned out to be only a half-pound or so larger than Henry's. Then Doc let out a whoop and began reeling frantically on his line. Presently he landed a black bass that shone like a jewel in the glistening sunlight.

With these three fish in tow, we all heaved-to and helped Lem prepare supper and complete the camp. The first assistance Doc rendered, however, was to sneak around to the boat and heave the dozen eggs into the water to make sure that Lem did not find them. The expression on his face was something like that of a boy who has been caught with his shirt full of apples. From here on out he would take as cold facts whatever Lem Chew advised.

Before dark Lem hauled out one of the trot-lines, baited it with live minnows and ran it across to the island. He then tied heavy leads to our casting lines, on which were reels, and instructed us in the art of casting for channel cat. The idea was to throw the hook as far out into the stream as possible, let it sink toward the bottom, and then slowly reel it in. It is real sport to fight a five-pound Devil's River cat on the end of a forty-foot line attached to strong rod and reel!

We took it turn about fishing around the shell of rock near the bank where the Imp was supposed to stay. Sneed got a strong strike, but later it proved to be a two-pounder with a little extra ginger. We fished well into the night, for casting at night is a favorite form of fishing in this section. We ran the line and hauled in five specimen that ranged from one to six pounds. About midnight we climbed into the bunks and pulled what scant cover Lem had permitted us to bring, and for once realized that our guide was wrong about not needing cover, although it was midsummer.

Early the following morning we tried our hand at bass and caught several. The line netted three more channel cat. That afternoon we tried vainly for the Imp, without success, though Lem reported having seen him disrupt the even flow of the current near his haunt earlier in the day.

On the third day we determined to devote all our time to this particular demon. We arose early and concentrated our efforts in the vicinity of the rock cove, some fishing down inside the cove, others casting nearby.

As it began to grow warm around eleven o'clock, Lem Chew cleaned enough fish for dinner and went about his cooking. Doc climbed up in the rear seat of the car and took a nap. Henry Sneed was splashing around in some shallow water below the camp. I had grown weary of the vigil for the Imp and had left my rod lying on the bank with the long throw-line still in the water near the rock cove, and was half sleeping in a nearby shade.

A gentle splash aroused me. I raised up, rubbed my eyes and saw my trim little rod make an ungraceful dive into the water below. It immediately beat a hasty retreat from the bank, in the general direction of the rock cove.

Without entirely comprehending just what was happening, and bent solely upon gaining a grip on the heavy end of that swimming rod, I leaped into the water and came to the surface with the rod in my hands. Attracted by the sudden commotion, Doc and Lem rushed to the bank, Lem dancing around and muttering as though he were in an Oriental trance. Sneed eventually steamed up, attired in Nature's exotic bathing suit.

I grasped the reel in order to prevent any more of the line winding off and swam toward the bank, the sudden jerks momentarily halting me. Doc poked a dead limb down to me and I clung to it with one hand while holding to the rod and reel with the other. With the assistance of Doc and Lem I climbed out of the water.

Then came the fight that will always stand out as a bright spot in my fishing experiences as long as I live. The jerks at the end of that line felt like the kick of a young mule. The fish was inside the rocky cove, and apparently he was attempting to wrap the line around a portion of the cove and thereby supply a solid pull that would free him. He would strain against the line, seemingly in a final, supreme effort to gain the few additional feet needed to make the circuit of the rock. I would release the reel just enough to break the sudden shock, and then gradually reel in as long as there was any "give" at the other end.

He repeated this maneuver fully half a dozen times, but each time I gained a few feet on him. Soon he was halfway to the bank and apparently exhausted; I was pulling him in slowly. Then there was a sudden splash and a streak of blue that looked as big as a man's body shot out of the water. The line sang through the air as it suddenly grew taut, and I released the reel to check the snap. The fish dashed straight for the bottom and ran off fifteen feet of line in a flash.

Half an hour later I had him pulled up within a few feet of the bank. Giving him —and incidentally myself—a brief rest, I held the reel fast while Lem and Sneed eased alongside the bank in the boat. I toyed with him as gently as possible until I brought him up into the triangular trap formed by the boat jutting up to the bank. Lem eased a wire lariat around his head and with the aid of Sneed finally pulled him into the boat. It took both of them to hold him there. The little boat danced like a ouija board!

Lem Chew glowered over the catch like a child. It had all the markings of the Imp of Devil's River. One whisker was gone, which coincided with a story of how one fisherman had found a whisker of a monstrous cat on his hook in the rock cove. He fought like others who had hung the Imp said he fought.

The monster was half as long as Chew. He weighed over 45 pounds and was as beautiful a channel cat fish as ever swam in fresh water.

We said he was the Imp of Devil's River. We like to believe that he was. We know that he is *one* of the Imps, at least. Stories that still filter through indicate that there still is an Imp just as big as the one we caught, ready to give the fisherman a fight around that old rock cove if said fisherman will wait him out. The Imp of Devil's River must be a score or more in number anyway, rather than just a single cat fish.

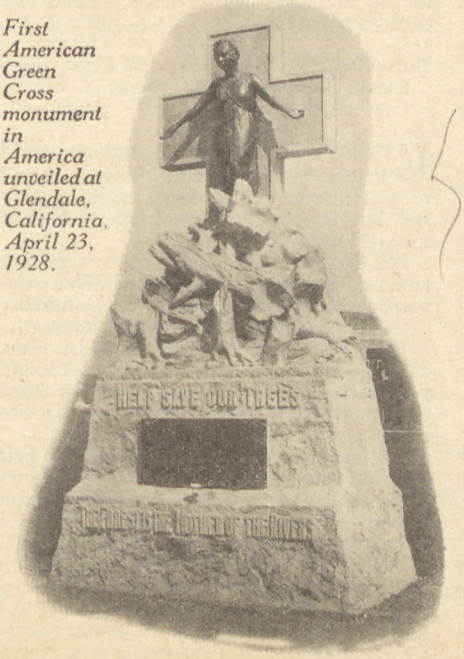
The American Green Cross

By GRACE W. HITCHCOCK

"THE Forest is the Mother of the Rivers," was the watchword used by our forefathers in the days before slogans came into fashion. The slogan, "Help Save Our Trees," adopted by the American Green Cross, tells us that the trees still appeal silently.

The unveiling of the first Green Cross monument, April 23rd, at Glendale, California, during National Forestation Week, launches a great campaign of education in the matter of moulding tree sentiment. The vital necessity of saving America's greatest asset—trees—is recognized. The first unit of an educational publicity plan that will cover the entire United States and mould the sentiment of the citizens of the country toward the principles for which they stand is approved.

The American Green Cross tells the story with a colossal monument of stone and bronze to be placed in all public parks, at entrances to forested areas throughout the United States and on highways to beautify and serve as drinking fountains. The monument is heroic in size, stands sixteen feet high and incorporates the emblem of the Green Cross superimposed upon which is a figure of Columbia with outstretched arms in an appeal to "Help Save Our Trees."



First American Green Cross monument in America unveiled at Glendale, California, April 23, 1928.

The figure rises above a mass of devastated and burned tree tops. As a drinking fountain, the monument is utilitarian and will always serve as a symbol of pure water to the traveler.

The statement, "The Forest is the Mother of the Rivers," at the base of the monument, emphasizes the fact that our water supply and flood control are inseparable from the saving of our forests.

The monument of the Green Cross, champion of the trees, will forever mould the sentiment of the nation to the vital and imperative need of the forest. As the statue of Liberty in New York harbor has a decided influence on the character of the future citizenship of those who enter the United States, so these monuments will consciously or subconsciously keep the message of reforestation before the people and cause them to Stop, Look, and Think before they cut a tree.

"My soul, be patient at thy task
Nor quick nor easy victory ask.
The dreamer paints the lacy oak
With facile ease and rapid stroke,
But God, Himself, takes many a year
The tree's majestic bulk to rear."

Outdoor Literature

Reviewed by Thomas Ambrose

YE GODS AND LITTLE FISHES, *by Eugene E. Slocum, 312 pages. Dodd, Mead & Company, New York, 1927. $2.50.*

WHEN a book on angling goes to a second printing less than three months from the date of publication, an angler may be sure that this is a book he cannot afford to pass up. My copy is of the second printing, December, 1927, the first edition appearing in September preceding. It is a most difficult book for the reviewer. There is so much that I am tempted to quote that the trouble is to know what to omit. Therefore, I choose the shortest way out by advising you to buy the book and enjoy every page and paragraph in a first reading, as I should like to do again if it were possible.

Among the chapter headings in Part First are: The Call of the Stream, The Ideal Stream, Fishing Companionship, Sunday Observance, Weather, On Finding Stopping Places, Footprints of That Demon Rum, Doubting Thomases, Superstitions, The Refinement of Procreation—a little classic of lovemaking in the shallows—and The Gathering of the Clan, in which some extremely tall stories are broadcast.

The Second Part has to do with the practical side of fishing and treats of The Rod, Flies—Wet and Dry—Size and Number, Leaders, Reel, Line, Creel, Kit and Contents, Casting the Fly, Upstream or Down, Evening Fishing, Laws versus Preservation, Ethics of the Stream.

Slocum says that the present shivery opening of the trout season is less excusable than a legal holiday in winter or early spring. We have learned to celebrate Thanksgiving Day because we are glad to be alive, Christmas because we fear we may some day be dead, and New Year's because in five months more our fun with the trout will begin.

The chapter on the Ethics of the Stream should be studied by every beginner in the gentle art, and occasionally reviewed by the veteran, while Random Notes contains many a useful "wrinkle" and emphasizes the virtues of patience and persistence by instancing the taking of a good trout with the forty-first cast! Something should be said in commendation of the chapter head and tail-pieces. They are no "great shakes" as pictures, but they go along with the text in the happiest manner.

The author is such a fisherman as I should like to be, and such a writer as few can hope to be.

My friend, E. L. Cooley, hydraulic engineer, Waltonian and bibliophile, tells me that the title "Ye Gods and Little Fishes" adorned a book written by Dr. Henshall and published by Robert Clark & Company away back in the '50s or '60s. I think I should rather know what Cooley knows of books on angling than what he doesn't know.

Be that as it may, the present volume bearing the catchy title is destined to become one of the best sellers in its line.

I GO A-FISHING, *by J. Brunton Blaikie, M.D., illustrated. Edward Arnold & Company, London, and Longmans, Green & Company, New York, 1928. $4.00.*

THIS book comes from across the water and is descriptive of fly fishing for salmon and trout in England, Scotland, The Shetlands, Norway, Sweden, and Styria; and in contradistinction to Mr. Slocum's *talks* about fishing, Dr. Blaikie's book is all action, something doing upon every page. The author kept a journal of his fishing with dates, weights and measurements, enabling him to reproduce each scene and experience with a zest and freshness not possible to one who writes from memory only.

Of special interest to me are the chapters descriptive of fishing the Topdal and the Laerdal in Norway. The first because my friend William Radcliffe, author of "Fishing from the Earliest Times," has a beat on this river, where at this moment, with "Queen Catherine," he is recuperating from a long illness beside his beloved stream.

The second because it was from the Laerdal that I took my first salmon—a noble fish of twenty-five pounds. Dr. Blaikie's fishing was upon the upper and best part of the river which I enjoyed merely as an envious looker-on.

The Doctor with a fine sense of appraisal of the feminine likens Norway to a woman of statuesque beauty and no sense of humor, and Britain to a pretty girl with a warm heart and a keen wit. I am sure he loves them both.

Some of the stories of his gaffer are reminiscent of the stalwart son of Norge who followed me in the same capacity. His gaffer could speak very rapid but not very accurate English. Thus when telling how a friend of his went to find a stray sheep, and met a bear with cubs, he said, "My friend, he go to sick a vandered ship on the mountaignes, and there he meet a hen bear mit two childers."

Altogether a very delightful book, and the illustrations from photographs are good.

Fortunate indeed are the anglers of the British Isles in touch with salmon-bearing rivers almost at their very doors; and doubly fortunate the happy fishermen, such as face page 66, who can smilingly regard their splendid catch displayed before the door of their inn whilst they pledge "happy days" in good English ale.

Here, too, we have a repetition of title. I have upon my shelves "I Go A-Fishing," by an American angler, William C. Prime, Harper Brothers, New York, 1873. Both authors hark back to Simon Peter, fisherman, to whom the Master said, "Go down to the sea and cast an hook," some two thousand years ago.

BAIT-CASTING, *by William C. Vogt, illustrated, 102 pages. Longmans, Green & Company, New York, 1928. $2.50.*

EVERYBODY of the angling world knows or knows of Bill Vogt, past and present master of the deadly short casting rod, but few would suspect him of a slant toward authorship.

Bill has written a book on bait casting and a darn good book it is, too. There are more pictures, good pictures, to the number of pages than in any fish book I know of.

He gives expert advice on rods, reels, casting lines, artificial baits, how to find your fish, catch him and care for him when caught, weather, special problems, theories and experiments.

Not only does he teach you how to bait cast, but introduces you to real fishing, surface and under water, garnished with stories, some at his own expense, which I am sure would be a delight to hear him tell.

Not only that but he studies fish life with his tarpaper telescope, so that he may know what the fish are thinking about. To test a fish's sense of direction he caught a bass (9½ pounder) on the spawning bed, rowed to the opposite shore of the lake a quarter of a mile away, set the bass free and rowed back. When he got there the fish had already arrived! Verily, truth *is* stranger than fiction.

On the front of the cover jacket Bill is seen standing up in a boat telling one of his funny stories to a musky who seems big enough to take it all in; while on the reverse cover is shown three poses of a husky athlete making such a long, long cast as to look as if he already were half seas over.

I have before me a newspaper clipping stating that in the past two weeks Bill has had letters from Herbert Hoover, Rudyard Kipling, Henry van Dyke, Mary Roberts Rinehart, Edward Guest, and other notables making nice comments about his book, and that Mr. Kipling discovered (mirabile dictu) two errors in spelling:—"helgermite" and "oil of roedium."

Bill explains that the compositor omitted the inverted commas meant to show how these words are pronounced by the natives where he was fishing at the time. And then he smiled the smile that you see overlapping his face in the picture opposite the title page.

UNDER TURQUOISE SKIES, OUTSTANDING FEATURES OF THE STORY OF AMERICA'S SOUTHWEST FROM THE DAYS OF THE ANCIENT CLIFF-DWELLERS TO MODERN TIMES, *by Will H. Robinson, illustrated, 538 pages. The Macmillan Company, New York, 1928. $5.00.*

IN this well-written, handsomely printed volume we have the story of that fascinating section of America known as the Southwest, New Mexico and Arizona, with a narrow strip added on the north and east and extended to the Colorado River on the west.

Here in this enchanted land we have the Grand Canyon, the Painted Desert, the Fallen Petrified Forests, the Prehistoric Cliff Dwellings, the Great Pyramidal Community Houses of the Pueblo Indians and their modern descendants, the Hopis and Zunis, the Inscription Rock of the Conquistadores and the Spanish Missions. It is the land of Espejo and Crook, De Anza, Kit Carson, Padre Garces, and Bishop Kendrick.

The content is subdivided into the following sections: The Aboriginal Inhabitants, Spanish Conquest and Civilization, Modern Red Men, Deserts, Foothills and Mountains, Beasts, Birds and a Few Bugs, Marvels and Spectacles, Builders of the Southwest, concluding with a chapter upon How to See It. The illustrations are many and attractive. A good book to read as preparation for your visit or as partial compensation to those who would go but cannot.

KIT CARSON, THE HAPPY WARRIOR OF THE OLD WEST, *a biography by Stanley Vestal with portrait frontispiece, 297 pages. Houghton Mifflin & Company, Boston, 1928. $3.50.*

THE author is familiar with much of the country Kit ranged over, and with that Southwest which he made his life-long headquarters and where he grew up among the Cheyenne and Arapahoe Indians, the tribes with which Carson was most intimately associated. He regards Kit Carson as a symbol of the American frontier which made these states a Nation, and that it is important that we understand and love the thing that the great frontiersman represents.

Kit was born in Kentucky, brought up in Missouri, ran away at the age of sixteen to become a packer, bullwhacker, trapper, scout and pathfinder for "Pathfinder Fremont," married twice to squaws and finally to a Mexican senorita of Taos.

Reading Mr. Vestal's interesting narra-

tive we learn that Kit was honest in his dealings with both whites and Indians, and was respected for his courage as a fighter and square dealing as a man; but it is not easy to enthuse over the exploits of one who, the author says, "had killed some twenty men. Many of them he himself had scalped . . . . what more natural than that he should snatch up the axe and savagely knock the dead chief's skull to pieces?" And it must be said that he was not a crack shot, but was probably as good as any using the flintlock rifle and pistol of that period.

Carson was made Lieutenant-Colonel of the First New Mexico Infantry at the beginning of the Civil War and died in 1868, "with the old gleam in his tired eyes, blowing smoke into the jaws of Death whom he had flouted so often."

THE EARTH UPSETS, *by Chase Salmon Osborn, B.S., LL.D. 216 pages. Waverly Press, Baltimore, 1927. $3.*

DR. OSBORN tells the whole fascinating story of what is known of the movements of the earth and of the fateful effects of these on human civilization and happiness.

Some of the chapter titles: The Earth Tips Over; The Glacial Epochs; Crustal Movements; The Great Rift Valley; Ancient Continents; Subterranean Conditions; Groping Confusion as to Ice Ages; Earthquakes of History.

There is much food for thought plentifully scattered throughout these pages: the origin of the coal measures in Spitzbergen and Greenland; the procession of the equinoxes that will cause us to lose Polaris as our pole star; the theory that the Pacific Ocean was formed by the centrifugal expulsion of "our" moon; the submerged continent Gondwanaland of the Pacific, far exceeding in area "lost Atlantis"; the strange people, the Gonds in India with folklore and customs different from any other in the known world; at the present rate of earth tipping Lake Michigan will discharge into the Mississippi Valley within two hundred years, and Niagara be dry in ten thousand years; the river Po in six centuries made 198 square miles of new land and in a thousand centuries, according to Marinelli, will fill the entire basin of the Adriatic north of 40°; the similarity of ruins in Central Africa to the Maya temples in Central America; the entire Japanese Archipelago slowly slipping into the sea; ancient beaches in Michigan 1,000 feet above the sea; the harbor of Port Arthur on Lake Superior becoming a foot shallower every century and that of Chicago a foot deeper!

The concluding chapter records some of the earthquakes of history from 425 B. C. to the present day, requiring fourteen pages to list the appalling statistics of the myriads who perished.

"OH, RANGER!" *A book about the National Parks by Horace M. Albright and Frank J. Taylor. Profusely illustrated. 178 pages. Stanford University Press, 1928. $2.50.*

THE introduction is written by Stephen T. Mather, Director, National Park Service, who says that "Horace Albright has served the national parks since the Service was organized, and knows the parks better than any other man in the Service; and Frank Taylor has been a friend of the parks for many years as newspaperman and writer. It is a happy circumstance that two men so intimately informed in the affairs of the parks should have collaborated to produce this book."

If there be anything the "Dude" or "Sagebrusher" wants to know about the parks or their inhabitants, all he has to do is to ask the Ranger. If you may be thinking of doing any of the parks, it will save you much time and the Ranger much breath and strain on the overworked imagination if you will read this book first, and take it along as a *vade mecum* of all you may wish to know of the wonders you are to see.

For the fisherman there is a description of all varieties of trout to be found in the waters of the parks, and the ethnologist will need no other authority on representatives of the various Indian tribes with whom he may come in contact.

There are many beautiful full page halftones of striking features of all the parks, and every page is decorated with a clever sketch by Ruth Taylor White who is responsible also for the catchy decorative jacket in black and yellow.

THE REAL LOG CABIN, *by Chilson D. Aldrich, illustrated, 278 pages. The Macmillan Company, New York, 1928. $4.00.*

SINCE reading this book, and I have read parts of it more than once and more than casually, I am obsessed with the idea to go right away and build me a log cabin. If you mean to build one yourself or advise some one else how to build one, do nothing until you have read this book; or if you have no interest in log cabins, read the book for the sheer enjoyment you will get from it as uncensored literature.

The author is probably the only architect in the country who has devoted himself almost exclusively to designing and building log cabins from the simplest to the most elaborate and expensive. The volume is illustrated with photographs of cabins that Mr. Aldrich has built and he gives the cost. Not only does he show how to plan and build them, but gives expert advice on your "love at first site" so that you may not get "lumbago in your back-to-nature."

"Trailsyde." Illustration from The Real Log Cabin.

Without waiting until he had the time and money Aldrich built "Trailsyde" on the north shore of Lake Superior for, he pertinently asks, "Did you ever know anybody who waited until he got the time and money that ever did anything?

"We were spending the precious time of later youth in doing things that we didn't want to do in order that we could do the things we wanted to do when we were too old to want to do them."

The closing chapter, "The Conclusion of the Whole Matter," glorifies the Gospel of the Out-of-Doors: "There is a proud boast among the sportsmen of this country that no recognized and honest-to-goodness out-of-door man has ever been found guilty of a major offense against society. Once upon a time it was thought that an exception to this rule had been discovered, but it came to light later that the criminal had merely been a cross-country automobilist who stopped at trout streams along his route and took out undersized fish."

The dedication is to Abraham Lincoln, "the beloved man of history who has enshrined the log cabin in the hearts of his people."

The author asks that when he is gone there be inscribed upon his tombstone: "This chap was not rated very high financially, but he had a darned good time," and so will the chap who reads this peach of a book.

CRUISING HINTS, *by Francis B. Cooke. Fourth Edition, revised. Illustrated. 274 pages. Longmans, Green & Company, New York. 1928. $5.*

THE author states in the preface that some fifteen years having elapsed since the third edition of "Cruising Hints" went out of print, he has thought it desirable to re-write the whole book, but retaining as far as possible all the old features.

Part I treats of the selection of a yacht; Part II, Headquarters (along the British coast); Part III, Equipment; Part IV, Maintenance; and Part V, Seamanship.

The book is addressed mainly to the yachtsman who, after some little experience of sailing, is about to buy his first vessel, but there is much in it to interest those who possess the widest knowledge of the sport.

Many will agree with the author that life offers few greater pleasures than that of steering a smart little yacht with

> "A wet sheet and a flowing sea
> And a wind that follows fast."

LEAF-MINING INSECTS, *by James G. Needham, Stuart W. Frost, Beatrice H. Tothill. 93 full and half page illustrations. 351 pages. The Williams & Wilkins Company, Baltimore, 1928. $6.*

A COMPLETE story of the insects which prey upon the green leaves of flowers, plants and trees, and embodies three books in one, being

A guide to the understanding of insect life for the general reader.

An introduction to their natural history for the student of botany and entomology, and

A manual of technical information for the specialist.

Any one with a taste for natural history will find interest in observing how these tiny creatures get their living, find their shelter, keep their dwelling places clean and sanitary, and manage the ordinary business of their lives.

> "There's never a leaf nor blade too mean
> To be some happy creature's palace."
> —Lowell.

JAN, SON OF FINN, *by A. J. Dawson. Illustrations by G. D. Armour. 312 pages. E. P. Dutton & Company, New York. 1928. $2.50.*

THIS is one of the best dog stories I have read, surpassing even the "Call of the Wild" in canine affection, loyalty and devotion to duty. From Sussex, Jan accompanies the master of his heart to the Canadian Northwest and follows his fortunes as a member of that body of splendid men, the Northwest Mounted Police. There is a wholesome love story and a sweet English girl to reward the trooper who ultimately makes good; but the interest centers in Jan, half Irish wolfhound and half bloodhound, who, stolen and carried into the far North, becomes the leader of the huskies, works and fights his way to mastery and by his wonderful power of scent finds his missing master in the snows of the Peace River country. It is a gripping story that will hold you to the end.

Waltonian Activities

News of Izaak Walton League Chapters

Picnics Lure Chapters Now

Outdoor Meetings Order of the Day as Hot Weather Comes

WITH the coming of the "dog days" Walton chapters are taking to the tall timber and the sandy beaches and picnics have become the order of the day. This delightful and profitable summer activity has become the standard form of chapter meetings during the hot months and as a result many chapters which formerly considered summer time a poor time to hold meetings have found that after all it can be made the best of the year.

National Headquarters has gone into the picnic phase of chapter work in a very thorough manner and is prepared to give to chapters which are interested complete plans and specifications for putting on a real picnic which will result not only in a good time and the accomplishment of conservation work but in the expansion of the chapter itself. These plans may be obtained by writing to the Chapter Service Bureau at National Headquarters.

Newspaper clippings and letters are coming into National Headquarters in an increasing flow showing the success of the picnics that are being put on by chapters all over the country. There are also special rates on some of the leading speakers available for the picnic activities. Some of these are El Comancho, Howard Cleaves, and Judge George W. Wood. These men are available at special summer rates in order to help the chapters put over the picnic programs.

Many of the livest chapters in the League are taking advantage of this offering.

Activities

West Burlington, N. Y.

Posted signs along streams to encourage sportsmanship.

Planted 82,500 trout within a 15 mile radius. Planted 10 cans of black bass.

Distributed 250 pheasant eggs to farmers for hatching. Released 70 young pheasants.

Secured the appointment of special game warden.

Planted wild rice to attract ducks.

Kept constant publicity in local papers telling about the League and its work.

Pardee Lake, Wis.

300 pheasant eggs distributed to farmers; 56 birds released.

25 steel Walton League signs put up throughout county.

10,000 small pickerel 6 inches in length, hauled 85 miles by truck and stocked.

25 cans of trout planted; also 20 cans of pike, muskies, bullheads.

Had opening of rabbit hunting season deferred.

Stopped illegal shooting of quail, caused convictions. Same with ducks.

Rescued and released thousands of landlocked fish.

Sponsored Labor Day celebration, made $230; spent $75 for deer house for park.

Gave donation to Horicon marsh chapter to help in their fight.

How Would You Like to Meet Here?

THIS is the meeting room of the Miami Angler's Club, Miami, Florida, where the Dade County Chapter of the Izaak Walton League holds its meeting. No wonder the Dade County Chapter is in session all the year round. What better place could they wish? Sitting in cool wicker chairs, surrounded by mounted specimens of seafish, swept by the cool breezes of the Florida coast, the Dade Chapter has an idea they are sitting on top of the world. We agree with them.

The Dade County Chapter is an especially active one.

* * *

Menominee, Mich.

PLANTED nearly one million brook trout in various streams.

Built a dam across the outlet of two lakes, thus providing suitable feeding grounds for ducks at a cost of $500, furnished by members of the chapter.

Is busily engaged in setting aside a game preserve consisting of eight thousand acres.

Is engaged in financing a four thousand dollar fish hatchery twenty miles from town in which five hundred thousand fingerling bass will be raised each year and distributed in the public streams of the county.

Membership, one hundred fifty.

Radio Column

TUNE in, hear your fellow Waltonians on the air, then write to the stations and tell them how you liked it.

KDKA Pittsburgh, Pa. Third Saturday of each month, 7:30 P. M.

KGHF Pueblo, Colo. Every Friday, 7:30 P.M. 209.7 meters. Pueblo chapter. Courtesy KGHF.

KHQ Spokane, Wash. Spokane chapter. Fridays at 9 P.M., Pacific Time. 370.2 meters. Courtesy KHQ.

KNRC Los Angeles, Cal. 5 to 6 P. M. every evening. "Sporting Outdoor Hour." 500 watts. 375 meters.

WABC Brooklyn, N. Y. Brooklyn chapter. Every Wednesday, 9 P.M. Eastern Standard Time. Auspices of J. Miles Flynn. Station through courtesy of Alfred H. Grebe, WABC.

WASH Grand Rapids, Mich. Grand Rapids chapter. Every Saturday, 7 P.M.

WEBC Duluth, Minn. Duluth chapter. Every Tuesday, 7:45 P.M. Central Standard Time.

WFBG Cable-Tribune, Altoona, Pa. Altoona chapter. Every Thursday 7:30 P.M. 267.7 meters.

WGBB Freeport, L. I. Re-broadcast of WABC programs on different wave length.

WGES Chicago, Ill. Official National Headquarters station. Courtesy WGES.

WIBX Utica, N. Y. Utica chapter. Every Friday, 7 P.M. Eastern Time. Courtesy Arthur F. Ferriss.

WJBZ Chicago Heights, Ill. Chicago Heights chapter. Every Tuesday, 8:30 P.M.

WJJD Chicago. First and third Thursdays of each month. 12:30 P.M. Courtesy of WJJD radio station. Illinois division.

WMBC Detroit, Mich. Greater Detroit Chapter. Every Monday at 8 P.M.

WMBH Joplin, Mo. Joplin chapter. Tuesday and Friday evenings. 204 meters.

WOC Davenport, Iowa. Davenport chapter. Schedule undetermined.

WODA Paterson, N. J. Passaic chapter. Every Saturday 9 P.M. Eastern Time. Courtesy WODA.

WSM Nashville, Tenn., schedule undetermined.

WTAD Quincy, Ill. Every Wednesday, 12:35 P.M. to 1 P.M. Courtesy the Gem City Business College.

WTAQ Eau Claire, Wis. Every Wednesday, 6:30 to 7:30 P. M. Courtesy the Gillette Rubber Co.

WTAX Streator, Ill., schedule undetermined.

State Division Notes

State Division conventions are the order of the day for September. The first month of fall seems to be the most popular one in which to hold state meetings. There are five division meetings scheduled for next month—Massachusetts, Wyoming, New York, New Hampshire and Nebraska.

The New York Division will meet at Jamestown, Sept. 20, 21 and 22; the Massachusetts Division at Springfield, Sept. 14, 15 and 16 (this meeting was changed from Sept. 7, 8, and 9); the Wyoming Waltonians will get together at Casper, Sept. 14 and 15; the New Hampshire convention date has been changed to Sept. 21 and 22nd. Franconia will be the scene of the convention. The Nebraska chapters will meet at Hastings, Sept. 10 and 11.

The fall season will be given an auspicious start in these five states by the September conventions. With Pennsylvania and Indiana following in October with their meetings, it is expected that these seven states will head the autumn activities with all other state divisions, of course, falling into line. Secretaries of all state divisions are urged to send to the Waltonian Activities Department of OUTDOOR AMERICA immediately upon the completion of their convention all details of the meeting so that an account of it can appear on this page.

Nebraska Division
Annual Convention
Hastings, Sept. 10 and 11.

Massachusetts Division
Annual Convention
Springfield, Sept. 14, 15, 16.*

New Hampshire Division
Annual Convention
Franconia, Sept. 21 and 22.*

Wyoming Division
Annual Convention
Casper, September 14 and 15.

New York Division
Annual Convention
Jamestown, Sept. 20, 21, and 22.

Pennsylvania Division
Annual Convention
Harrisburg, October 8 and 9.

Indiana Division
Annual Convention
Fort Wayne, Oct. 18, 19.

*Corrected date.

A CREED

WE, THE Members of the Toledo Chapter of the Izaak Walton League, being fully appreciative of our rights as residents of the State of Ohio, and as citizens of the United States, have drawn and adopted the following platform to cover our activities as a social body throughout the coming years of our existence, until these ambitions have been accomplished.

BELIEVING outdoor recreation is the cornerstone of this nation, and believing that the unborn American boy or girl of tomorrow is entitled to the enjoyment of such, as their birthright, we Waltonians do hereby firmly resolve to do our utmost as citizens to maintain for own enjoyment, and to preserve and insure for the future enjoyment of all Americans, those privileges and benefits that were formerly ours, and to this end have voted the following resolutions be drawn.

WHEREAS: nature has endowed us with a wonderful location at the mouth of one of Ohio's magnificent rivers, and whereas drainage conditions which surround Toledo have temporarily made it necessary to use this wonderful stream to carry our sewage away, and whereas the citizens of Toledo have voted a bond issue of two and one-half millions of dollars to erect and maintain mechanical means of destroying this sewage, thus eliminating such pollution, we, as a body, have resolved to lend our every effort to speeding an early selection of the site and launching a campaign for the completion of this necessary project which will operate to the benefit of the entire community. We have further resolved that

WHEREAS: the God-given streams of northern Ohio, tributary to the Maumee, have in early years of our history teemed with game fish, and would today offer to the citizens of this district both pleasure and food, were it not for the pollution of the aforesaid streams, we, as an organized body, pledge our unceasing effort to eliminate such pollution and to demand the enforcement of state statutes that have been enacted and are now available as machinery with which to operate this enforcement. We have also further resolved that

WHEREAS: Toledo is far-famed for its outlying forests and its magnificent avenues of man-planted elms, today the basis of this fame is fast fading for lack of proper forestation, and whereas it has not been the prerogative, or the privilege of any one group or body of citizens to insure or protect these trees for posterity, we, as an organized body of conservationists, have resolved to lend our every influence toward the protection of these magnificent gifts of nature which are ours, and to encourage by every means within our power, the establishment and public maintenance of a department of forestry in the city of Toledo, to operate in connection with the forestry division of the state. And

WHEREAS: with the purification of Ohio's rivers, and the maintenance of our natural and man-made forests, we believe it will be possible, in the near future, to establish, maintain, stock and protect local bird and game sanctuaries. To secure suitable areas of forest land, where wild life may be permitted to develop, flourish and live with safety, we have therefore resolved to consecrate our efforts to this end forever. And

WHEREAS: the fulfillment of this solemn promise will require a supplemental action, we have further resolved to lend our vigilance, our influence and our unceasing effort to have enforced and help enforce the laws of our land and state, which protect the wild life and flora of the Toledo District. We furthermore, as a body and as individuals of that body, pledge ourselves to personally fulfill every requirement of said law and to see, whenever it is within our power, that such laws are fulfilled by others, to the end that no unlawful fish shall be taken from the waters, and that no protected animal or bird be shot after prescribed hours or outside of the prescribed season. And

WHEREAS: the streams of the Toledo District will have to be restocked with piscatorial life suitable to their cleansed waters, we, as a body of conservationists and constructive workers, do hereby further pledge ourselves to work for the subscription of a fund, the selection of a site, the erection of a plant and the yearly maintenance of a fish hatchery to be located on one of the tributaries of the Maumee, this hatchery to be operated in cooperation with state institutions similar in nature, and to cooperate and work with the Government for the development of such fish life as will thrive and be maintained in waters tributary to the Maumee.

To all of the above, we, the members of the Toledo Chapter of the Izaak Walton League, have as a body pledged our allegiance.

FOR POSTERITY
FOR TOLEDO

FOR THE STATE
FOR THE NATION

This Helped the Toledo Chapter

A PROGRAM of the most intense local activity by the Toledo, Ohio, Chapter was built around this creed during the past season. The chapter has greatly enlarged its membership and staged one of the most comprehensive school children essay contests ever put on by a Walton League chapter.

This creed was printed in colors on large placards and used throughout the city; it was also printed in "Toledo's Business," a local magazine, together with a splendid write-up about the activities of the Toledo chapter by F. C. Fletcher, chapter president.

The creed has also been useful in organizing chapters in the Toledo territory. Seth E. Gordon, Walton League Conservation Director, and Fred H. Doellner, General Manager, participated in special Toledo expansion programs recently.

As a result of its splendid activities the Toledo chapter is rapidly forging ahead as one of the leading local groups in the United States.

N. Y. COMMITTEES NAMED

WARD B. EDWARDS, Utica, President of the New York State Division announces the appointment of the Chairman of the following standing committees of the Division to make their report at the second annual convention of the Division to be held at Jamestown, New York, September 20, 21, and 22.

Constitution and By-Laws: S. Lyman Munson, Albany; Publicity Committee: E. W. Cady, Jr., Saranac Lake; Legislative Committee: Leon C. Allyn, Rochester; Entertainment Committee: J. T. Matson, Jamestown; Finance Committee: Dr. Henry W. Learner, Buffalo; Legal Committee: Hon. H. I. Dunton, Canandaigua.

Also the appointment of a special Extension Committee: E. W. Cady, Jr., Chairman, J. T. Matson, Jamestown, and J. W. Wiltse of Albany, to submit ways and means for financing the State Division of the League.

(Continued on page 41)

AS special marks of distinction in the great "Do and Grow" program, which it has undertaken, the League is awarding a Silver Founder's Button (the highest award in Waltonism) to those who organize new chapters, and special silver and bronze watch fobs, designed for this occasion, to those who get five or ten new members. On this page of OUTDOOR AMERICA, *our magazine, are printed the names of those who qualify for one or more of these distinguished service badges.*

THE "SILVER BUTTON CIRCLE"

HERE ARE THE ELECT IN WALTONISM. EACH HAS FOUNDED A NEW CHAPTER

J. OSCAR HUMPHREY.....De Queen, Ark.
A. EVERS .....Nashville, Ark.
DR. E. O. McDERMOTT.....Wilmott, Ark.
I. M. YODER .....Calhan, Colo.
V. A. BELL.....1000 Lincoln Way, Fulton, Ill.
E. M. SHERBONDY .....Peru, Ind.
D. C. MOEHRING .....Wichita, Kansas
J. D. ANTHONY .....Grand Rapids, Minn.
W. W. PARISH .....Rushford, Minn.
LARS GRONG .....Seaforth, Minn.
PAUL L. BRADY.....Clayville, N. Y.
J. DeWITT LAUSTER .....Clyde, N. Y.
RUSSELL TINDALL .....Clyde, N. Y.
C. E. BARNARD .....Lyons, N. Y.
MERLE DICKERSON .....Palmyra, N. Y.
F. D. WILLIAMS .....Fayetteville, N.C.
MAJOR STEDMAN .....Winston Salem, N.C.
H. P. REMINGTON .....Lisbon, N. D.
R. BENWARD .....Carnegie, Okla.
R. McVEIGH .....Elk City, Okla.
H. H. WILCOX .....Frederick, Okla.
CHAS. ROGERS .....Geary, Okla.
E. F. SMITH .....Hollis, Okla.
RAY KELLEY .....Marietta, Okla.
F. M. OVERTON .....Mangum, Okla.
G. F. LANGLEY .....Taloga, Okla.
W. C. BOWYER.....Box 354, Tulsa, Okla.
A. J. WILCOX .....Waleetka, Okla.
W. E. WHEELER .....Waynoka, Okla.
R. HARRIS .....Weatherford, Okla.
D. A. PHILLIPS .....Yukon, Okla.
J. LEWIS SPRENGER.....R. F. D. No. 1, Cressona, Pa.
DR. OTTO E. ROSS.....Aberdeen, S. D.
C. E. MOLL .....Arlington, Wash.
W. MISH .....Montesano, Wash.
L. G. VETOUS .....Morton, Wash.
L. O. FRY .....Oakville, Wash.
J. L. NELSON .....Ryderwood, Wash.
T. M. MUSGROVE .....Satsop, Wash.
L. A. McLAIN .....Tenino, Wash.
P. M. FENVOLD .....Baldwin, Wis.
H. UHL .....Berlin, Wis.
L. J. KAY .....River Falls, Wis.

ROLL OF THE "MERIT MEN"

Here are the men who are in the front line trenches of Waltonism. They are doing a great work. Those who have been awarded the Silver Fob for obtaining ten new members, are shown in black type. The others have earned the Bronze Fob by turning in five new members.

W. H. HUNDHAUSE (15) West Memphis, Ark.
E. HAWKEN (17).....Neuhardt, Ark.
O. S. POWELL.....Glendora, Cal.
R. E. COUER.....Hemet, California
B. F. TRAPP.....Hemet, Cal.
M. R. LORING.....San Bernardino, Cal.
W. T. LOVENTZEN....San Bernardino, Cal.
D. J. HANNINGAN.....Denver, Colorado
C. E. DAVISON.....Golden, Colo.
O. F. MAUGHAN.....Golden, Colorado
W. SAUTER.....Golden, Colo.
C. PETERSON.....Greeley, Colorado
R. M. WALTON.....Greeley, Colorado
R. A. FLEGGE.....La Junta, Colo.
C. C. BRUMBAUGH.....Pueblo, Colorado
E. R. CHEW.....Pueblo, Colo.
J. DANIEL.....Pueblo, Colo.
R. L. ELLIS.....Pueblo, Colorado
C. A. GRIFFIN.....Pueblo, Colo.
O. MC KENZIE.....Pueblo, Colorado
D. H. MOREHART.....Pueblo, Colo.
T. A. STODDARD.....Pueblo, Colo.
W. M. WHITE.....Pueblo, Colorado
T. H. WIENER.....Pueblo, Colo.
E. H. CARSTENSEN.....Sterling, Colo.
L. E. HISKEY (11).....Sterling, Colo.
J. H. GRIFFETH.....Athens, Ga.
W. B. HIRLEMAN.....Sparta, Ga.
M. S. MICHEL.....Sparta, Ga.
M. S. MICHELL.....Waynesboro, Ga.
L. H. BENTON.....Bloomington, Ill.
H. GANTZKOW.....Bloomington, Ill.
R. W. HURST.....Bloomington, Ill.
H. H. JASPER.....Bloomington, Ill.
R. G. PEARSON.....Bloomington, Ill.
H. RADFORD.....Bloomington, Ill.
L. ROGERS .....Bloomington, Ill.
D. YOUNT.....Bloomington, Ill.
C. S. MARVEL.....Champaign-Urbana, Ill.
S. R. Walsh.....Champaign-Urbana, Ill.
C. A. NICHOLS.....Champaign-Urbana, Ill.
H. T. WILLIS.....Champaign-Urbana, Ill.
W. F. LUETH.....Champaign-Urbana, Ill.
D. S. CONDIT.....Champaign-Urbana, Ill.
J. KOLAR.....Chicago, Ill.
G. W. DADDS.....DeKalb, Ill.
W. C. BECHTOLD.....Evanston, Ill.
E. D. KELLEY.....Evanston, Ill.
F. ALLEUM.....Forest Park, Ill.
D. KAMMER.....Forest Park, Ill
C. KURTH.....Forest Park, Ill.
H. LAUCK.....Forest Park, Ill.
P. MEYERS .....Forest Park, Ill.
F. ROSE .....Forest Park, Ill.
C. BAKER.....Fulton, Ill.
C. L. WILCOX.....Fulton, Ill.
E. DRUCE.....Grays Lake, Ill.
R. E. PENCE .....Harvard, Ill.
G. E. ARMSTRONG.....Lincoln, Ill.
G. E. HESSENBERGER (11)....Mendota, Ill.
W. U. FRANKS.....Pekin, Ill.
H. F. JOHANNES.....Pekin, Ill.
F. W. YORK, Jr.....Pekin, Ill.
F. LARGENT.....Tremont, Ill.
R. M. BAKER.....Ziegler, Ill.
V. L. BERRY.....Ziegler, Ind.
E. J. CLAUSEN.....Berne, Ind.
H. O. SHAY.....Berne, Ind.
M. L. DAVIS.....Charlestown, Ind.
F. G. BEARD (12).....Evansville, Ind.
B. J. BIEDERWOLF.....Evansville, Ind.
H. L. NUSSMEIER (16)..Evansville, Ind.
C. E. BROMROSSER.....New Albany, Ind.
M. E. GABLE.....New Albany, Ind.
G. W. COURTNEY.....New Albany, Ind.
R. O. RODMAN.....New Albany, Ind.
R. SHIRE.....New Albany, Ind.
E. M. SHERBONDY.....Peru, Ind.

G. SCOTT.....South Whitley, Ind.
H. A. SIEVERS (21).....Valparaiso, Ind.
C. ALBAUGH.....Ames, Ia.
MERLE LOCHE.....Badger, Ia.
R. BOSTON.....Boone, Ia.
C. N. McCUE.....Cedar Falls, Iowa
F. KNEELAND (56).....Charles City, Ia.
G. C. SMITH.....Iowa Falls, Ia.
E. A. HANEY.....Manson, Ia.
BOHNSACK.....Maquoketa, Ia.
P. MITCHELL.....Maquoketa, Ia.
H. R. SANNER.....Maquoketa, Ia.
S. O. BUNKER.....Waterloo, Ia.
MRS. A. L. HARDING (15).....Waterloo, Ia.
L. A. BAUGH.....Garden City, Kansas
MRS. C. D. GALLOWAY.....Ulysses, Kans.
G. L. LIGHT.....Ulysses, Kans.
R. WENDT (25).....Newport, Ky.
R. KAUFFMAN (20).....Newport, Ky.
H. BROWN (26).....Hanover, Mass.
C. S. TREMBLAY.....Leominster, Mass.
W. L. GLADDING.....Longmeadow, Mass.
C. S. THOMAS.....Middleboro, Mass.
F. E. GIDDINGS.....Pittsfield, Mass.
DR. A. W. SYLVESTER..Pittsfield, Mass.
D. TUCKER.....Pittsfield, Mass.
B. ARTHUR.....Plymouth, Mass.
F. L. BAILEY.....Plymouth, Mass.
H. BIRNSTEIN.....Plymouth, Mass.
H. H. CADMAN.....Plymouth, Mass.
J. D. PERRIOR.....Plymouth, Mass.
W. A. ADAMS.....Springfield, Mass.
P. E. BASSETT.....Springfield, Mass.
B. ROWE.....Ware, Mass.
E. B. HOUGHTON.....West Upton, Mass.
OTTO PARLITZ (18).....Glencoe, Minn.
J. S. CAMPBELL...Morgan Pk., Duluth, Minn.
W. J. NELSON.....Keewatin, Minn.
J. A. COYLE.....Minneapolis, Minn.
J. F. GOULD.....Minneapolis, Minn.
R. WYER.....Minneapolis, Minn.
R. M. POPE.....Minneapolis, Minn.
H. H. MENSBRING.....Mora, Minn.
F. A. FALK.....Norwood, Minn.
L. GRONG.....Sauk Center, Minn.
C. DOYLE.....Seaforth, Minn.
T. J. FISHER.....Waconia, Minn.
F. W. SLITZKE.....Waconia, Minn.
E. STAHLKE.....Waconia, Minn.
C. M. BRANDON.....Waconia, Minn.
E. E. GILTNER.....Waseca, Minn.
W. H. CHARD, Sr.....Waseca, Minn.
J. S. LOVE.....Willmar, Minn.
W. P. MASON.....Clayton, Mo.
W. W. EMMERTON.....Kirkwood, Mo.
E. B. DIERKES.....Nevada, Mo.
A. H. HANDLAN.....St. Louis, Mo.
G. S. JOHNS.....St. Louis, Mo.
W. C. LIESER.....St. Louis, Mo.
T. RUBAACK.....St. Louis, Mo.
H. J. STEINMESCH.....St. Louis, Mo.
F. WIELANDY.....St. Louis, Mo.
L. ROHRICK.....Bellwood, Nebr.
G. E. MERRETT.....Center, Neb.
J. L. DOSEK.....David City, Nebr.
V. JONES.....David City, Neb.
D. NABITY.....David City, Nebr.
W. NABITY.....David City, Nebr.
MR. OTOUPALIK.....David City, Nebr.
P. J. PIPAL.....David City, Neb.
B. J. SHELDON.....David City, Neb.
F. E. WREDE.....David City, Neb.
A. E. HORACEK.....Dwight, Nebr.
A. JOHNSON.....Falls City, Neb.
J. CARRIELL.....Fullerton, Nebr.
H. A. NICHOLS.....Fullerton, Neb.
A. SCHAUMBURG.....Garrison, Neb.
G. MITCHELL.....Johnstown, Neb.
O. HONNEN.....Johnstown, Neb.
G. LUDWIG.....Lincoln, Neb.
G. W. SWELEY.....Litchfield, Neb.
C. C. DEEN.....Litchfield, Neb.
C. WOLFORD.....Litchfield, Neb.
H. B. SWALLEY.....Nebraska City, Neb.
WALTER BAUER.....Verdon, Neb.
E. KATZENBACH, JR.....Trenton, N. J.
L. ALBRIGHT.....Buffalo, N. Y.
W. C. BAILER (24).....Buffalo, N. Y.
J. D. BLAKESLEE (32).....Buffalo, N. Y.
J. H. CRAFTS (7).....Buffalo, N. Y.
G. C. HALLENBECK (7).....Buffalo, N. Y.
DR. H. W. LEARNER (29).....Buffalo, N. Y.
C. H. NEWELL (15).....Buffalo, N. Y.
J. H. McFARREN (7).....Buffalo, N. Y.
O. H. PETERS (7).....Buffalo, N. Y.
C. H. RUDOLPH.....Buffalo, N. Y.
C. D. SEWARD.....Buffalo, N. Y.
R. D. STOWELL.....Buffalo, N. Y.
C. L. WITTOLZ.....Buffalo, N. Y.
G. O. FRAMPTON.....Jamestown, N. Y.
R. S. WHITE.....Jamestown, N. Y.
V. JONES.....Jamestown, N. Y.
E. W. CADY.....Oneida, N. Y.
F. D. WILLIAMS.....Saranac Lake, New York
J. O. TALLY.....Fayetteville, N. C.
J. D. YUTZEY.....Fayetteville, N. C.
W. M. MEYERS.....Canton, Ohio
H. EVERS.....Canton, Ohio
D. P. McCLURE.....Cincinnati, Ohio
E. E. KIMMELL.....Cleveland, Okla.
C. N. KOLAR (11).....Miamisburg, Ohio
C. B. ALLEN.....Urbana, Ohio
J. H. HAMMONDS.....Wayne, Ohio
A. L. MC CLASKEY (57).....Atoka, Okla.
C. O. BRIGHAM (45).....Cushing, Okla.
H. MELZL (28).....Cushing, Okla.
M. D. NEWTON.....Cushing, Okla.
C. A. RHOADES (7).....Cushing, Okla.
T. E. SCHULTZ.....Cushing, Okla.
E. USHER (15).....Cushing, Okla.
J. QUARLES, JR.....Fairfax, Okla.

W. G. BURKHART.....Frederick, Okla.
KENT KERHARDT.....Lucine, Okla.
J. E. DEW.....Okemah, Okla.
R. HURST.....Pawnee, Okla.
H. DOLZER.....Perry, Okla.
J. W. OSBORN.....Prague, Okla.
R. WALLACE.....Sapulpa, Okla.
R. R. CREVELING....Fairmont Springs, Pa.
H. LARISH.....Fairmont Springs, Pa.
J. B. REARICK.....Hallton, Pa.
H. F. SHOOP.....Lewiston, Pa.
GEO. F. P. LANGFITT.....
.....N. S., Pittsburgh, Pa.
JOHN G. MOCK.....N. S., Pittsburgh, Pa.
DR. J. EARL REMLINGER.....
.....N. S., Pittsburgh, Pa.
DR. GEO. C. ROLL.....N. S., Pittsburgh, Pa.
FRED SWAGER ..N. S., Pittsburgh, Pa.
W. C. YEAGER....N. S., Pittsburgh, Pa.
SOL GRIMLEY.....Pottstown, Pa.
T. J. PAYNE.....Pottstown, Pa.
E. H. HUMMEL (17).....Pottsville, Pa.
J. M. LOTZ (20).....Pottsville, Pa.
J. MARUCA.....Punxsutawney, Pa.
E. E. SMITH.....Punxsutawney, Pa.
ALBERT ECKERT.....St. Marys, Pa.
C. M. EMERY.....St. Mary's, Pa.
CARL MEISS.....West Hazleton, Pa.
R. W. GRIFFITH.....Avon, S. D.
W. T. HOLLEMAN.....Avon, S. D.
THEO. STECKLER.....Avon, S. D.
J. P. ALLSTOT.....Brookings, S. D.
B. D. MOORE.....Brookings, S. D.
D. B. MOORE (15).....Brookings, S. D.
F. J. NEAL.....Brookings, S. D.
E. J. RAY.....Brookings, S. D.
W. G. RAY.....Brookings, S. D.
L. J. SHIDESTER (10).....Brookings, S. D.
A. L. WILSON.....Brookings, S. D.
G. A. DUTHIE.....Deadwood, S. D.
ROBERT VOBEJDA.....Lodgepole, S. D.
ROSCOE R. HAMILTON.....Milbank, S. D.
C. W. HUGHES.....Rapid City, S. D.
W. E. PERRENOUD (12)...Sioux Falls, S. D.
E. A. JOHNSON.....Viborg, S. D.
N. A. JORGENSEN.....Viborg, S. D.
GEO. W. DISNEY.....Clinton, Tenn.
BEN ADAMS.....Covington, Tenn.
E. W. JETT.....Harriman, Tenn.
W. R. KRIES.....Harriman, Tenn.
E. O. MILLER (20).....Harriman, Tenn.
S. EDGE.....Boerne, Tex.
D. RUGH.....Bandera, Tex.
FRANK F. HAASE.....New Braunfels, Texas
P. LORING.....San Antonio, Tex.
H. N. FREI.....Roanoke, Va.
A. M. BARRETT.....Auburn, Wash.
CHARLES METZ.....Carson, Wash.
BERT RAGAN.....Carson, Wash.
PRESTON MOORE (12)..Castle Rock, Wash.
W. E. ANDERSON.....Cle Elm, Wash.
A. B. GRULICO.....Cle Elm, Wash.
J. S. HENDRICKS (18).....Colville, Wash.
J. F. CLANCY.....Dayton, Wash.
S. E. BONEBRAKE.....Elma, Wash.
GEO. HARRIS.....Elma, Wash.
O. C. MUSGROVE.....Elma, Wash.
J. W. VICKERS.....Kennewick, Wash.
A. N. BREVIK.....La Center, Wash.
H. H. HOBBS.....Mount Vernon, Wash.
JACK MITCHELL.....Olympia, Wash.
L. N. GORDELL.....Pasco, Wash.
EARL JAMES.....Pasco, Wash.
H. E. SANDSTEDT.....Pasco, Wash.
T. EARL STARK.....Port Orchard, Wash.
WALTER HAVLIN.....Prosser, Wash.
CLARK J. PRUDEN.....Prosser, Wash.
HARRY RUSHMEIER ..Prosser, Wash.
H. HALL (40).....Raymond, Wash.
R. T. PORTER.....Raymond, Wash.
EARL A. FRY.....Seattle, Wash.
R. E. LYTTAKER.....Seattle, Wash.
D. PORTER.....South Bend, Wash.
T. A. LALLEY.....Spokane, Wash.
H. K. ROWLAND.....Toppenish, Wash.
JAMES BELL.....Toppenish, Wash.
MR. ERSKIN.....Toppenish, Wash.
M. C. LANE.....Toppenish, Wash.
J. CONDRA.....Vancouver, Wash.
L. E. McCURDY.....Vancouver, Wash.
J. E. EBERLE.....Wapata, Wash.
H. L. POST.....Wapata, Wash.
F. S. REINHART.....Wapata, Wash.
G. M. TURNER.....Wapata, Wash.
PETE PHILLIPS.....Wapato, Wash.
JOSEPH DROLET.....Yakima, Wash.
IRWIN C. HOWARD....Yakima, Wash.
E. MORRISON KEEPER..Yakima, Wash.
HUGH H. LEWIS.....Yakima, Wash.
W. H. MYERS.....Yakima, Wash.
LEO PACKARD.....Yakima, Wash.
E. C. KAEMERLING.....Amery, Wis.
NELS ENGLESON.....Beloit, Wis.
C. F. KINDSCHI.....Beloit, Wis.
F. M. PETERS.....Beloit, Wis.
G. H. PIETSCH.....Beloit, Wis.
I. J. WAGNER.....Beloit, Wis.
M. P. MICHELS.....Dorchester, Wis.
PAUL MUEHLEMANN...Glenwood City, Wis.
E. R. WINSLOW.....Janesville, Wis.
JOS. F. BARTL.....La Crosse, Wis.
DR. E. E. GALLAGHER.....La Crosse, Wis.
R. M. KELLER.....La Crosse, Wis.
S. McDONALD.....La Crosse, Wis.
H. C. STURDEVANT.....La Crosse, Wis.
H. C. STURDEVANT (45).La Crosse, Wis.
W. W. COOK.....Madison, Wis.
CARL FELTON.....Madison, Wis.
A. S. HEGGEN.....Madison, Wis.
G. W. HEIMKA.....Madison, Wis.

DR. E. F. SCHNEIDERS..Madison, Wis.
E. C. TRUMPE.....Madison, Wis.
FRANK KURRASCH.....
.....New Richmond, Wis.
HENRY LARSON ..New Richmond, Wis.
MATT LEYUGASS..New Richmond, Wis.
ROY McFETRIDGE.....New Richmond, Wis.
E. J. QUINLAN.....New Richmond, Wis.
H. O. SHERN.....New Richmond, Wis.
F. A. R. VAN METER....New Richmond, Wis.
E. C. WEBSTER....New Richmond, Wis.
G. E. AUBERY....New Richmond, Wis.
S. C. BOARDMAN.....New Richmond, Wis.
F. A. HENRY.....New Richmond, Wis.
H. W. JOHNSON.....New Richmond, Wis.
L. H. KINGSTON (37).....Oconto, Wis.
AL. BARNES.....Racine, Wis.
FRED BAUMANN.....Racine, Wis.
P. M. CHRISTIANSON.....Racine, Wis.
J. E. CRAWFORD.....Racine, Wis.
WM. DIDIER.....Racine, Wis.
GUY DIXON.....Racine, Wis.
PETER HERMAN.....Racine, Wis.
E. O. JONES.....Racine, Wis.
H. A. McCAUGHEY.....Racine, Wis.
HAROLD PUGH.....Racine, Wis.
FRED RADEWAN.....Racine, Wis.
E. E. RUSSELL.....Racine, Wis.
G. W. SMITH.....Racine, Wis.
JOHN STRANSKY.....Racine, Wis.
KNUTE THOMPSON.....Racine, Wis.
F. L. ANDERSON.....River Falls, Wis.
R. L. HURD.....River Falls, Wis.
J. L. WASSON.....River Falls, Wis.
L. J. KAY.....River Falls, Wis.
LEO BRAATZ.....Schofield, Wis.
G. RICHARDS.....Tomahawk, Wis.
DR. R. W. BALDWIN.....Viroqua, Wis.
R. W. BALDWIN.....Viroqua, Wis.
OTTO J. JUERS.....Wausau, Wis.
MIKE NILLES.....Wisconsin Rapids, Wis.
J. H. JENSEN.....Wis. Veterans Home, Wis.
G. PLACE.....White Lake, Wis.
Z. B. CRINKLAW.....Lusk, Wyo.
ROY O. DeLAND.....Lusk, Wyo.
C. W. ERWIN.....Lusk, Wyo.
J. B. GRIFFITH.....Lusk, Wyo.
N. E. HARTWELL.....Lusk, Wyo.
J. P. MURPHY.....Lusk, Wyo.

Waltonian Activities

(Continued from page 39)

It is expected that fully 250 delegates will attend. There will be a banquet at the Hotel Samuels on Thursday, Sept. 21, and on the 22nd a field day will be held at Bemus Point, Chautauqua Lake. There will be contests and special exhibitions.

Among the convention speakers will be Alexander MacDonald, N. Y. conservation commissioner; Dr. John E. Monger, superintendent of the Ohio state board of health; Lewis Radcliffe, assistant commissioner, U. S. Bureau of Fisheries, Washington; Arthur Hawkes, Canadian journalist and proponent of the Quetico-Superior international wilderness area; R. L. Burmaster, inspector, N. Y. conservation commission; Fred H. Doellner, general manager of the League, Chicago.

PENN. DIRECTORS MEET

THE Board of Directors of the Pennsylvania division met at Harrisburg June 28. The board decided to back the fight for clean streams being waged by Philadelphia, recommended that the statewide open season on does from December 1 to December 15 be reconsidered and that the order for an open season on rabbits be modified.

Those present were: President Moore, Philadelphia; a member of the National Executive Committee; Vice-Pres. Creveling, Wilkes-Barre; Vice-Pres. Madden, Millvale, Allegheny County; Vice-Pres. Hampton, Pottstown, Montgomery County; Sec'y-Treas. W. E. Wolfe, Williamsport, Lycoming; Ralph L. Smith, Pittsburgh, Allegheny; Dr. Charles D. Ambrose, Ligonier, Westmoreland; E. E. Harwood, Hazleton, Luzerne; L. M. Otto, Williamsport, Lycoming; Robert J. Dearden, Germantown, Philadelphia; Dr. H. N. Thissell, Bushkill, Pike; John H. Woods, Clearfield, Clearfield; Asher J. Odenwelder, Jr., Easton, Northampton.

OPEN SEASONS FOR GAME, 1928-29

THE OPEN SEASONS HERE SHOWN INCLUDE BOTH DATES. When the season is closed for a fixed period the date terminating the close season is given.
CONSULT FEDERAL AND STATE LAWS in regard to sunset and sunrise provisions, as the Federal law prohibits hunting migratory game birds from sunset to half an hour before sunrise, and some States further restrict shooting hours.
The term "rabbit" includes hare; "quail," the bird known as "partridge" in the South; "grouse" includes Canada grouse, sharp-tailed grouse, ruffed grouse (known as "partridge" in the North and "pheasant" in the South), and all other members of the family except prairie chickens, ptarmigan, and sage hens; "introduced pheasant" is restricted to Old World pheasants.
PERSONS ARE ADVISED to obtain from State game commissioners the full text of game laws in States where hunting is contemplated, as PROVISIONS OF MINOR IMPORTANCE ARE OMITTED FROM THIS POSTER.
Open seasons for NEWFOUNDLAND and MEXICO are not included in the tables, but are summarized in the last two paragraphs below.

		STATE	BIG GAME		UPLAND GAME							
			DEER	MOOSE	RABBIT	SQUIRREL	QUAIL	GROUSE	PRAIRIE CHICKEN	INTRODUCED PHEASANT	WILD TURKEY	
UNITED STATES	1	Alabama	Nov. 1–Dec. 31[5]			Nov. 1–Jan. 31	Nov. 20–Feb. 20	Nov. 15, 1931		Nov. 15, 1931	Dec. 1–Mar. 31[5]	1
	2	Alaska[1]	Sept. 1–Nov. 30[5]	Sept. 1–Dec. 31[5 1]				Sept. 1–Feb. 28				2
	3	Arizona	Oct. 1–Nov. 15				Oct. 15–Dec. 31[1]	No open season		No open season	Oct. 1–Nov. 1	3
	4	Arkansas	Nov. 12–Nov. 17[5 1]			May 15–June 15[1]	Dec. 1–Jan. 31[4]	Dec. 15, 1931	Dec. 15, 1931	Dec. 15, 1931	Nov. 12–Nov. 17[5 1]	4
	5	California	Aug. 1–Sept. 14[5 1]		Dec. 1–Dec. 31[3]	No open season	Dec. 1–Dec. 31[1]	Sept. 15–Oct. 14		No open season	No open season	5
	6	Colorado	Oct. 12–Oct. 15[5]			No open season[4]	Oct. 1, 1930	Oct. 1–Oct. 15	Sept. 15–Oct. 1	Sept. 1, 1930	No open season	6
	7	Connecticut[1]	(1)		Nov. 1–Dec. 15	Oct. 8–Nov. 23	Oct. 8, 1929	Oct. 8–Nov. 23		Oct. 8–Nov. 23[5]		7
	8	Delaware			Nov. 15–Dec. 31	Sept. 1–Oct. 15	Nov. 15–Dec. 31	Nov. 15–Dec. 31		No open season		8
	9	District of Columbia[1]			Nov. 1–Feb. 1	Nov. 1–Feb. 1	No open season	No open season	No open season		No open season	9
	10	Florida	Nov. 20–Dec. 31[5 1]			Nov. 20–Jan. 31[4]	Nov. 20–Feb. 15	No open season		No open season	Nov. 20–Jan. 31	10
	11	Georgia	Nov. 1–Dec. 31			Nov. 20–Mar. 1[4 1]	Nov. 20–Mar. 1[1]	No open season		No open season	Nov. 20–Mar. 1	11
	12	Hawaii	Apr. 1–Oct. 31				Nov. 1–Jan. 31[3]			Nov. 1–Jan. 31[3 5]		12
	13	Idaho[3 1]	No open season[1]	No open season			No open season[3]	Local seasons	No open season	No open season[3]		13
	14	Illinois	Nov. 10, 1929		Nov. 10–Jan. 31	Sept. 1–Dec. 1[1]	Nov. 10–Dec. 10	No open season	Nov. 10–Nov. 21	Nov. 10–Nov. 15[5]	Sept. 16, 1929	14
	15	Indiana	No open season		Oct. 1–Jan. 10	Aug. 1–Oct. 31[4]	Nov. 10–Dec. 20	Nov. 10–Dec. 20	Oct. 15–Oct. 31	No open season	No open season	15
	16	Iowa	No open season			Sept. 1–Dec. 31	No open season	Nov. 1, 1932	No open season	No open season	Nov. 1, 1932	16
	17	Kansas	No open season			Aug. 1–Jan. 1[4 1]	Nov. 20–Nov. 30	No open season	No open season[1]	No open season		17
	18	Kentucky	Nov. 15, 1932		Nov. 15–Dec. 31	July 1–Dec. 15	Nov. 15–Jan. 1	Nov. 15–Jan. 1		Nov. 15–Nov. 19[5]	Nov. 15, 1932	18
	19	Louisiana	Dec. 1–Jan. 15[1]		Oct. 1–Feb. 18	Oct. 1–Jan. 15	Dec. 1–Feb. 15		No open season	No open season	Mar. 5–Apr. 5	19
	20	Maine[1]	Oct. 16–Nov. 30[1]	Nov. 21, 1929	Oct. 1–Mar. 31[1]	Oct. 1–Oct. 31[4]	No open season	Oct. 1–Nov. 30		No open season[3]		20
	21	Maryland	Dec. 1, 1931[1]		Nov. 10–Dec. 31	Nov. 10–Dec. 31[1]	Nov. 10–Dec. 31	Nov. 10–Dec. 31		Nov. 10–Dec. 31	Nov. 10–Dec. 31[1]	21
	22	Massachusetts	Dec. 3–Dec. 15	No open season	Oct. 20–Feb. 15[1]	Oct. 20–Nov. 20	Oct. 20–Nov. 20[1]	No open season	No open season	Oct. 20–Nov. 20[5 1]		22
	23	Michigan[1 2]	Nov. 15–Nov. 30[5]	No open season	Oct. 25–Jan. 31[1]	Oct. 25, 1932	No open season	No open season	Oct. 25–Oct. 31	Oct. 25–Oct. 31[5]	No open season	23
	24	Minnesota	Nov. 10–Nov. 20	No open season		Oct. 15–Jan. 1[4]	Oct. 15–Nov. 20	Sept. 16, 1929	Sept. 16, 1929	Oct. 15–Nov. 15		24
	25	Mississippi[1]	Nov. 15–Feb. 15[5]			Oct. 1–Dec. 15[1]	Nov. 20–Jan. 15[4]	No open season		No open season	Jan. 1–Mar. 31[5]	25
	26	Missouri	Dec. 1, 1930			July 1–Nov. 30	Nov. 10–Dec. 31	No open season	No open season	No open season	Dec. 1–Dec. 31	26
	27	Montana	Oct. 15–Nov. 15[5 1]	No open season			No open season	Sept. 16–Sept. 25	Sept. 16–Sept. 25	No open season		27
	28	Nebraska	No open season			Sept. 16–Dec. 31	No open season	Oct. 1–Nov. 1	Oct. 1–Nov. 1	No open season	No open season	28
	29	Nevada[1]	Oct. 16–Oct. 31[5 1]		Nov. 1–Dec. 31		Sept. 24–Sept, 30[4 1]	Sept. 24–Sept. 30	Aug. 1–Aug. 16	No open season[1]		29
	30	New Hampshire	Oct. 15–Nov. 30[1]	No open season	Oct. 1–Feb. 28	Oct. 1, 1929	No open season	Oct. 1–Nov. 30		No open season[1]		30
	31	New Jersey	Dec. 17–Dec. 21[5]		Nov. 10–Dec. 15	Nov. 10–Dec. 15[4]	Nov. 10–Dec. 15[1]	Nov. 10–Dec. 15[1]	Nov. 10–Dec. 15	Nov. 10–Dec. 15[5]	No open season	31
	32	New Mexico	Nov. 10–Nov. 20[5]			Nov. 10–Nov. 20[4]	Nov. 1–Dec. 31[4]	Nov. 10–Nov. 20	Sept. 1–Sept. 5	No open season	Nov. 10–Nov. 20	32
	33	New York[1]	Oct. 15–Nov. 15[5 1]	No open season	Oct. 15–Jan. 31[1]	Oct. 15–Nov. 15[3 1]	No open season[1]	Oct. 1, 1929		Oct. 18, 25, Nov. 3, 10[5]		33
	34	Long Island	Nov. 1–Nov. 15[5]		Nov. 1–Dec. 31[1]	Nov. 1–Dec. 31[1]	Nov. 1–Dec. 31	Nov. 1, 1929		Nov. 1–Dec. 31[5]		34
	35	North Carolina	Oct. 1–Jan. 15[5]		Nov. 1–Mar. 1	Sept. 15–Jan. 15	Dec. 1–Mar. 1	Dec. 1–Mar. 1		Dec. 1–Mar. 1	Dec. 1–Mar. 1	35
	36	North Dakota	No open season	No open season			No open season	Sept. 16–Oct. 16[1]	Sept. 16–Oct. 16	No open season		36
	37	Ohio	No open season		Nov. 15–Jan. 1	Oct. 1–Oct. 15	No open season	No open season		Nov. 15–Nov. 25[5]		37
	38	Oklahoma	Nov. 15, 1931			July 1–Jan. 31	Nov. 20–Jan. 2[1]		No open season	No open season	Nov. 15, 1931	38
	39	Oregon {East	Sept. 10–Oct. 20[5]	No open season		Sept. 15–Oct. 15[4]	Oct. 15–Oct. 31[1]	Sept. 10–Oct. 20	No open season	Oct. 1–Oct. 31[1]	No open season	39
		Oregon {West	Sept. 10–Oct. 20[5]	No open season		Sept. 15–Oct. 15[3 4]	Oct. 15–Oct. 31[1]	Oct. 15–Oct. 31[1]	No open season	Oct. 15–Oct. 31[1]	No open season	
	40	Pennsylvania	Dec. 1–Dec. 15[6]		Oct. 15–Dec 15	Oct. 15–Nov. 30[4]	Oct. 15–Nov. 30	Oct. 15–Nov. 30		Oct. 15–Nov. 30[5]	Oct. 15–Nov. 30[1]	40
	41	Rhode Island	No open season		Nov. 1–Dec. 31	Nov. 1–Dec. 31[3]	Nov. 1–Dec. 31	Nov. 1–Dec. 31		Nov. 1–Dec. 31[5]		41
	42	South Carolina	Aug. 15–Jan. 1[5]		Nov. 29–Mar. 1[1]	Nov. 29–Mar. 1[1]	Nov. 29–Mar. 1	No open season			Nov. 29–Mar. 1	42
	43	South Dakota	Nov. 1–Nov. 30[5 1]				No open season	No open season[1]	No open season[1]	No open season[1]		43
	44	Tennessee	Dec. 20–Dec. 31[5 1]		(1)	June 1–Jan. 1[3]	Nov. 25–Feb. 1[1]	No open season		No open season	No open season[1]	44
	45	Texas	Nov. 16–Dec. 31[5]			Oct. 1–Dec. 31[1]	Dec. 1–Jan. 16	No open season	Sept. 1–Sept. 10[1]	No open season	Nov. 16–Dec. 31[5 1]	45
	46	Utah[1]	Oct. 20–Oct. 30[5]				No open season[1]	No open season[1]	No open season[1]	No open season		46
	47	Vermont	Nov. 10–Nov. 20[5 1]	No open season	Oct. 1–Feb. 28	Oct. 1–Oct. 31[4]	Sept. 15–Nov. 30	Oct. 1–Oct. 31		Sept. 15, 1932		47
	48	Virginia	Nov. 15–Dec. 31[5 1]		Nov. 15–Jan. 31	Sept. 1–Jan. 31[3]	Nov. 15–Jan. 31[1]	Nov. 15–Jan. 31			Nov. 15–Jan. 31[1]	48
	49	Washington	(1)	No open season		(1)	(1)	(1)	(1)	(1)	(1)	49
	50	West Virginia	Nov. 1–Nov. 15[5]		Oct. 1–Dec. 31	Sept. 28–Nov. 30[1]	Nov. 1–Nov. 30[1]	Oct. 15–Nov. 30		No open season	Oct. 15–Nov. 30	50
	51	Wisconsin	Dec. 1–Dec. 10[5 1]	No open season	Oct. 1–Feb. 1[3]	Oct. 1–Jan. 1[1]	No open season	Oct. 5, 1929	Sept. 15–Sept. 18[1]	No open season		51
	52	Wyoming	Oct. 1–Oct. 15[5 1]	Oct. 1–Oct. 31[5 1]			Aug. 15, 1929	Oct. 1–Nov. 15[1]	No open season	Aug. 15, 1929		52
CANADA	53	Alberta	Nov. 1–Dec. 14[5 1]	Nov. 1–Dec. 14[5 1]				No open season	No open season	No open season		53
	54	British Columbia[1]	Sept. 1–Nov. 30[5 1]	Sept. 1–Dec. 15[5 1]			(1)	(1)		(1)		54
	55	Manitoba	Nov. 21–Nov. 30[5]	Nov. 21–Nov. 30[5]			No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season		55
	56	New Brunswick	Sept. 15–Nov. 30[1]	Oct. 1–Nov. 30[5]				No open season				56
	57	Northwest Territories[1]	Sept. 1–Mar. 31[5]	Sept. 1–Mar. 31[5]				Sept. 1–Dec. 31	Sept. 1–Dec. 31			57
	58	Nova Scotia	Oct. 16–Nov. 15[5 1]	Oct. 16–Nov. 15[5 1]	Nov. 1–Feb. 28			No open season		No open season		58
	59	Ontario	Sept. 15–Nov. 25[1]	Sept. 15–Nov. 25[5 1]		No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	59
	60	Prince Edward Island			Nov. 1–Feb. 1			Oct. 15, 1929		No open season		60
	61	Quebec	Sept. 1–Nov. 30	Sept. 10–Dec. 31[1]	Oct. 15–Jan. 31			Sept. 1–Dec. 14				61
	62	Saskatchewan	Nov. 15–Dec. 14[5 1]	Nov. 15–Dec. 14[5 1]				No open season	No open season			62
	63	Yukon	Aug. 1–Mar. 15	Aug. 1–Mar. 15				Sept. 1–Mar. 15	Sept. 1–Mar. 15			63

MIGRATORY GAME BIRDS[7]

(The seasons here shown are those when migratory game birds may be hunted without violating either Federal regulations or State laws)

		State	Duck, Goose, Brant, Coot	Wilson Snipe or Jacksnipe	Woodcock	Rail, Gallinule	Dove	
UNITED STATES	1	Alabama	Nov. 1–Jan. 31	Nov. 1–Jan. 31	Dec. 1–Dec. 31	Sept. 1–Nov. 30	Nov. 20–Jan. 31[1]	1
	2	Alaska	Sept. 1–Dec. 15	Sept. 1–Dec. 15				2
	3	Arizona	Oct. 16–Jan. 31	Oct. 16–Jan. 31		Oct. 16–Nov. 30	Sept. 1–Dec. 15[1]	3
	4	Arkansas	Nov. 1–Jan. 31	Nov. 1–Jan. 31	Nov. 15–Dec. 15	Sept. 1–Nov. 30[1]	Sept. 1–Dec. 15	4
	5	California	Oct. 1–Jan. 15	Oct. 1–Jan. 15		No open season[1]	Sept. 1–Sept. 30[1]	5
	6	Colorado	Sept. 16–Dec. 31	Sept. 16–Dec. 31		Sept. 1–Nov. 30	Sept. 1, 1930	6
	7	Connecticut	Oct. 1–Jan. 15[1]	Oct. 1–Nov. 30	Oct. 20–Nov. 19	Sept. 12–Nov. 30[1]	No open season	7
	8	Delaware	Oct. 16–Jan. 31	Oct. 16–Jan. 31	Nov. 15–Dec. 15	Sept. 1–Nov. 30	Sept. 1–Dec. 15[1]	8
	9	District of Columbia[1]	Nov. 1–Jan. 31	Nov. 1–Jan. 31	Nov. 10–Dec. 10	Sept. 1–Nov. 30	No open season	9
	10	Florida	Nov. 20–Jan. 31[1]	Nov. 20–Jan. 31	No open season	Sept. 15–Nov. 30[1]	Nov. 20–Jan. 31[1]	10
	11	Georgia	Nov. 1–Jan. 31	Nov. 1–Jan. 31	Dec. 1–Dec. 31	Sept. 1–Nov. 30	Oct. 16–Jan. 31	11
	12	Idaho	Oct. 1–Jan. 15[1]	Oct. 1–Jan. 15[1]		Sept. 1–Nov. 30	Sept. 1–Dec. 15	12
	13	Illinois	Sept. 16–Dec. 31	Sept. 16–Dec. 31	Nov. 10, 1929	Sept. 16–Nov. 30	Sept. 1–Sept. 30	13
	14	Indiana	Oct. 1–Jan. 15	Oct. 1–Jan. 15	Oct. 15–Nov. 14	Sept. 1–Nov. 30	No open season	14
	15	Iowa	Sept. 16–Dec. 31	Sept. 16–Dec. 31	Oct. 15–Nov. 14	Sept. 16–Nov. 30	No open season	15
	16	Kansas	Sept. 16–Dec. 31	Sept. 16–Dec. 31	No open season	Sept. 1–Nov. 30[1]	Sept. 1–Oct. 15	16
	17	Kentucky	Nov. 1–Jan. 31[1]	Nov. 1–Dec. 31	Nov. 15–Dec. 15	Sept. 1–Nov. 30	Sept. 1–Dec. 15	17
	18	Louisiana	Nov. 1–Jan. 31	Nov. 1–Jan. 31	Dec. 1–Dec. 31	Nov. 1–Jan. 31	Nov. 20–Jan. 31[1]	18
	19	Maine	Sept. 16–Dec. 31[3]	Sept. 16–Dec. 31	Oct. 1–Oct. 31	Sept. 16–Nov. 30	No open season	19
	20	Maryland	Nov. 1–Jan. 31	Nov. 1–Jan. 31	Nov. 10–Dec. 10	Sept. 1–Nov. 30	Nov. 10–Dec. 15[1]	20
	21	Massachusetts	Sept. 16–Dec. 31[1]	Sept. 16–Dec. 31[1]	Oct. 20–Nov. 19	Sept. 16–Dec. 15	No open season	21
	22	Michigan[1]	Sept. 16–Dec. 31	Sept. 16–Dec. 31	Oct. 25–Oct. 31	Sept. 16–Nov. 30	No open season	22
	23	Minnesota	Sept. 16–Dec. 31	Sept. 16–Dec. 31	No open season	Sept. 16–Nov. 30	No open season	23
	24	Mississippi[1]	Nov. 1–Jan. 31	Nov. 1–Jan. 31	Dec. 1–Dec. 31	Sept. 1–Nov. 30	Nov. 20–Jan. 31[1]	24
	25	Missouri	Sept. 16–Dec. 31	Sept. 16–Dec. 31	Nov. 10–Dec. 10	Sept. 15–Nov. 30	Sept. 1–Dec. 15	25
	26	Montana	Sept. 16–Dec. 31	Sept. 16–Dec. 31		Sept. 16–Nov. 30	No open season	26
	27	Nebraska	Sept. 16–Dec. 31	Sept. 16–Dec. 31	No open season	Sept. 16–Nov. 30	No open season	27
	28	Nevada	Sept. 16–Dec. 31[1]	Sept. 16–Dec. 31		Sept. 1–Nov. 30	Sept. 1–Dec. 15	28
	29	New Hampshire	Sept. 16–Dec. 31	Sept. 16–Dec. 31	Oct. 20–Nov. 19	Sept. 1–Nov. 30[1]	No open season	29
	30	New Jersey	Oct. 16–Jan. 31	Oct. 16–Jan. 31	Oct. 15–Nov. 14	Sept. 1–Nov. 30[1]	No open season	30
	31	New Mexico	Oct. 16–Jan. 31	Oct. 16–Jan. 31		Sept. 1–Nov. 30	Sept. 1–Dec. 15	31
	32	New York	Sept. 24–Jan. 7	Sept. 24–Jan. 7	Oct. 15–Nov. 14	Sept. 24–Nov. 30	No open season	32
	33	Long Island	Oct. 16–Jan. 31	Oct. 16–Jan. 31	Oct. 15–Nov. 14	Sept. 24–Nov. 30	No open season	33
	34	North Carolina	Nov. 1–Jan. 31	Nov. 1–Jan. 31	Dec. 1–Dec. 31	Sept. 1–Nov. 30	Sept. 16–Dec. 15	34
	35	North Dakota	Sept. 16–Dec. 1[1]	Sept. 16–Oct. 16	Oct. 1–Oct. 16	No open season	No open season	35
	36	Ohio	Sept. 16–Dec. 31	Sept. 16–Dec. 31	Oct. 15–Nov. 14	Nov. 1–Nov. 30[1]	No open season	36
	37	Oklahoma	Oct. 1–Jan. 15	Oct. 1–Jan. 15	Nov. 15–Dec. 15	Sept. 1–Nov. 30	Sept. 1–Dec. 15	37
	38	Oregon	Oct. 1–Jan. 15	Oct. 1–Jan. 15		Oct. 1–Nov. 30	No open season	38
	39	Pennsylvania	Oct. 15–Jan. 15[1]	Oct. 15–Nov. 30	Oct. 15–Nov. 14	Oct. 15–Nov. 30	No open season	39
	40	Rhode Island	Oct. 1–Jan. 15	Oct. 1–Nov. 30	Nov. 1–Nov. 19	Sept. 1–Nov. 30	No open season	40
	41	South Carolina	Nov. 1–Jan. 31	Nov. 1–Jan. 31	Dec. 1–Dec. 31	Sept. 1–Nov. 30	Nov. 20–Jan. 31[1]	41
	42	South Dakota	Sept. 16–Dec. 31	Sept. 16–Dec. 31	No open season	Sept. 16–Nov. 30	No open season	42
	43	Tennessee	Nov. 1–Jan. 31	Nov. 1–Jan. 31	No open season	Sept. 1–Nov. 30[1]	Sept. 1–Dec. 15[1]	43
	44	Texas	Oct. 16–Jan. 31[1]	Oct. 16–Jan. 31[1]	No open season	Sept. 1–Oct. 31[1]	Sept. 1–Oct. 31[1]	44
	45	Utah[1]	Oct. 1–Dec. 31[1]	Oct. 1–Dec. 31[1]		No open season[1]	No open season[1]	45
	46	Vermont	Sept. 16–Dec. 31	Sept. 16–Nov. 30	Oct. 1–Oct. 31	No open season[1]	No open season	46
	47	Virginia	Nov. 1–Jan. 31	Nov. 1–Jan. 31	Nov. 15–Dec. 15	Sept. 1–Nov. 30	Sept. 1–Dec. 15	47
	48	Washington	Oct. 1–Jan. 1	Oct. 1–Jan. 1		Oct. 1–Nov. 30	No open season	48
	49	West Virginia	Nov. 15–Dec. 31	Nov. 15–Dec. 31	Nov. 15–Dec. 15	Nov. 15–Nov. 30	No open season	49
	50	Wisconsin	Sept. 16–Dec. 20[1]	Sept. 16–Dec. 20	Oct. 15–Nov. 14	Sept. 16–Nov. 30	No open season	50
	51	Wyoming	Sept. 16–Dec. 16	Sept. 16–Dec. 16		Sept. 1–Nov. 30[1]	No open season	51
CANADA[4]	52	Alberta	Sept. 15–Dec. 14[1]	Sept. 15–Dec. 14[1]		No open season[1]	No open season	52
	53	British Columbia[1]	Sept. 15–Dec. 31[1]	Sept. 15–Dec. 31[1]		No open season		53
	54	Manitoba	Sept. 15–Nov. 30[1]	Sept. 15–Nov. 30	No open season	No open season	No open season	54
	55	New Brunswick	Sept. 15–Dec. 31[1]	Oct. 1–Nov. 30	Oct. 1–Nov. 30	Sept. 15–Dec. 31[1]		55
	56	Northwest Territories	Sept. 1–Dec. 14	Sept. 1–Dec. 14		Sept. 1–Dec. 14		56
	57	Nova Scotia	Sept. 15–Dec. 31[1]	Oct. 1–Nov. 30	Oct. 1–Nov. 30	Sept. 15–Dec. 31[1]		57
	58	Ontario	Sept. 1–Dec. 15[1]	Sept. 1–Dec. 15	Sept. 15–Nov. 30	Sept. 1–Dec. 15[1]	No open season	58
	59	Prince Edward Island	Sept. 1–Dec. 14	Sept. 15–Nov. 30	Sept. 15–Nov. 30	Sept. 1–Dec. 14		59
	60	Quebec	Sept. 1–Dec. 15	Sept. 1–Dec. 15	Sept. 1–Dec. 15	Sept. 1–Dec. 15		60
	61	Saskatchewan	Sept. 15–Dec. 31	Sept. 15–Dec. 31		No open season		61
	62	Yukon	Sept. 1–Dec. 14	Sept. 1–Dec. 14		Sept. 1–Dec. 14		62

OTHER GAME

(Season closed in States and Provinces not mentioned)

Antelope

Wyoming	Oct. 1–Oct. 31[5 1]

Bear

(Generally defined as a fur animal; no close season in States not listed)

Alabama	Nov. 1–Feb. 28
Alaska	Sept. 1–June 20[1]
California	Nov. 15–Feb. 28[1]
Georgia	Nov. 20–Feb. 28
Louisiana	Oct. 15–Jan. 5
Michigan	Nov. 15–Nov. 30
Mississippi	Nov. 1–Feb. 28
Nevada	Nov. 15–Mar. 15
New Mexico	Oct. 10–Oct. 31
New York	Oct. 15–Nov. 15
North Carolina	Oct. 1–Jan. 15
Oklahoma	No open season[1]
Oregon	Unprotected[1]
Pennsylvania	Nov. 1–Dec. 15
Texas	Nov. 16–Dec. 31
Utah	Sept. 1–May 1
Washington	(1)
Alberta	Sept. 1–June 14
Br. Columbia	Sept. 1–June 30[1]
New Brunswick	Apr. 1–June 30[1]
Quebec	Aug. 20–June 30

Caribou

Alaska	Sept. 1–Dec. 31[1]
Alberta	Nov. 1–Dec. 14[1]
Br. Columbia	Sept. 1–Dec. 15[5 1]
Manitoba	Nov. 21–Nov. 30[5]
Northwest Ter	Dec. 1–Mar. 31[1]
Ontario	Sept. 15–Nov. 25[1]
Saskatchewan	Nov. 15–Dec. 14[1]
Yukon	Aug. 1–Mar. 1[5]

Elk

Idaho	No open season[1]
Montana	Oct. 15–Nov. 15[1]
Pennsylvania	Dec. 1–Dec. 15[5]
Virginia	Dec. 15–Dec. 31[1]
Washington	No open season[1]
Wyoming	Sept. 15–Nov. 30[1]
Br. Columbia	No open season[1]

Mountain Goat

Alaska	Sept. 1–Dec. 31[1]
Idaho	No open season[1]
Alberta	Sept. 1–Oct. 31[1]
Br. Columbia	Sept. 1–Nov. 30[1]
Northwest Ter	Sept. 1–Mar. 31[1]
Yukon	Aug. 1–Mar. 1[5]

Mountain Sheep

Alaska	Aug. 20–Dec. 31[5]
Idaho	No open season[1]
Wyoming	No open season[1]
Alberta	Sept. 1–Oct. 31[5 1]
Br. Columbia	Sept. 1–Nov. 15[5 1]
Northwest Ter	Dec. 1–Mar. 31[1]
Yukon	Aug. 1–Mar. 1[5]

Ptarmigan

Alaska	Sept. 1–Feb. 28
Washington	(1)
Manitoba	Oct. 1–Oct. 20
Northwest Ter	Sept. 1–Dec. 31
Quebec	Nov. 1–Jan. 31
Saskatchewan	Oct. 1–Oct. 31
Yukon	Sept. 1–Mar. 15

Sage Hen

California	Aug. 1–Aug. 15
Colorado	Aug. 1–Aug. 15
Idaho	Local seasons
Montana	Sept. 16–Sept. 25
Nevada	Aug. 1–Aug. 16
South Dakota	No open season[1]
Washington	(1)
Wyoming	Aug. 1–Aug. 31[1]

DAYS EXCEPTED

All hunting is prohibited on:

Sundays.—In all States and Provinces east of the 105th meridian, except Illinois, Louisiana, Michigan, Rhode Island, Texas, Wisconsin, and Quebec.

Mondays.—For waterfowl in Nevada and locally in Maryland and North Carolina.

Tuesdays—For waterfowl in Nevada and on the Susquehanna Flats and Chester River in Maryland.

Other Days.—For waterfowl in Nevada and locally in Maryland, Virginia and North Carolina, and for other game in Oklahoma and Pennsylvania.

Days When Snow Is on the Ground.—In New Jersey, Delaware, Virginia, and locally on all game except waterfowl in Maryland.

[1]Refers to "Additional Provisions and Exceptions." If further information desired, write to Dept. of Agriculture, Washington, D. C., or Seth Gordon, Conservation Director, Izaak Walton League. [2]Laws or regulations of 1928 not received. [3]Local exceptions (see "Game Laws for the Season 1928-29"). [4]Certain species. [5]Males only. [6]Females only. [7]Under the regulations for the protection of migratory birds the season is closed on the band-tailed pigeon, swan, wood duck, eider duck, bobolink (reedbird, ricebird), auk, auklet, bittern, crane fulmar, gannet, grebe, guillemot, gull, heron, jaeger, loon, murre, petrel, puffin, shearwater, tern, and all shorebirds (except woodcock and Wilson snipe or jacksnipe) in the United States and Canada, except that eider ducks may be taken during the respective open seasons on waterfowl in the Provinces of New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island, Yukon Territory, Northwest Territories, and north of Quebec-Cochrane-Winnipeg National Railway in Ontario; and band-tailed pigeons in British Columbia, Sept. 15–Sept. 30.

Must We Kill to Get a Thrill?

(Continued from page 19)

whine. No answer. Five minutes later I called again, this time giving the long-drawn-out, melancholy, whiny bellow of the lovesick cow-moose. Gracious, how it reverberated over the vast wilderness, and came back in waving echoes from the hills!

Hardly had I taken the "call" from my lips, when, far off from the right came a faint "Wah!" It might have been a dog barking miles away, or the exploding of a rocket, but at this time and place, the guide and I well knew that it was a bull-moose. Even if it had been the squeal of a porcupine, coming at this unearthly hour after all our silent preparation, and at the very height of expectation, it would have given anybody but a clam a thrill; but here was the biggest deer in the world, and a bull of the species, the very object which we had come so many miles to seek! Up there on the distant ridge somewhere he stood, no doubt as excited as we in his own way! Though I am an old, "hard-boiled" hunter, my heart always beats like a trip-hammer when I hear a bull-moose "speak" through the frosty morning. As for my quite inexperienced spouse, she has since confessed that she nearly had hysterics.

But the fun had just begun. Every time I sent out the cow call the bull replied, and in no uncertain tones, until at last we heard him swishing through the bushes not a quarter of a mile distant. Nearer and nearer he came, and then, to our dismay, we heard the bushes rustle to the right of us and behind, meaning that the bull had altered his first intention to come out straight on the bog, which would have given us a wonderful chance in the now rising sun, and was about to cross our own path to the bog, which meant that he would smell our track and then—"Tra-la-la, Sir Moose!" Not only that, but if he came on, ignoring our track's scent, he might walk right over us. My wife began to get very uneasy, and I motioned the guide to be ready to shoot should the necessity arise. In desperation I knelt down and let out a hoarse, persuasive whine which would have melted the heart of the biggest moose in Nova Scotia. It was a risky thing to do, for, if the bull suspected that the noise came from any agency but a cow, he would never be heard of again. In that marvelously quiet way of this great, unwieldy animal, he would have slunk off without the moving even of a blade of grass. But my moose language was good, for the great beast stopped, turned (we could only guess at all this, for he was in the thick jungle), and in about five minutes of suspense, while we feared he was lost to us, a bush moved silently sixty yards away on the right of an alley leading to the bog; and then, slowly and deliberately, a big head crowned with yellow antlers was pushed out into the open. My wife does not know how she recovered her nerve in time, but there was a "Click," and then another, and we had both "got our moose!" He caught the sound of the cameras, turned and stared right at us. We sat like statues, and then, after several long looks he walked slowly out across the little clearing, and off into the forest.

The hunt was over and a big success.

It does not take a kill to give a thrill!

Remarkable photograph of two bucks in actual combat whose horns were locked and who were liberated by game warden E. L. Breitenbach who found them about seventeen miles north of Fairfield, Iowa.

He knows them from Ballyhoo.

Memories of a Quail Hunter

(Continued from page 29)

utter a sound. I called down condemnation on that pointer's head. For all I cared he could run himself to death and find some future home. As for me, I was through with him and nothing in the world could tempt me to seek him. The anger of a boy, temporarily accelerated by the incident, and the isolation of his being his own master caused him to act reprehensively toward a faithful field performer that something had caused to make his first slip of their acquaintance. I lost all control of myself, and flinging Waif roughly for the first time in my life into the buggy, I hurried the horse homeward, declaring I never wanted to see that pointer again, though reversingly beautiful pictures kept coming to my mind of the wonderful things I had seen the dog do during the day.

By the time I had arrived home in the dark, unhitched the horse, taken the harness off him and led him to his stall, my anger was on the wane and directed at myself for not going after the bolting dog. My deportment had been unpardonable. The rankest tyro would have sought his dog to the last, particularly since at that time of the year so much of the country was infested with traps set for fur bearing animals.

The native who worked at the house took charge of my gun, game and impedimenta while in miserable pensiveness I placed my feet unsteadily on the back porch. The light from the dining room illuminated the old clothes basket where Duke had made his quarters since coming to us. All at once I stopped still, transfixed at what I saw. In that basket was Duke, his great, soft, dark brown eyes resting on me affectionately.

"Duke," I cried, and I was at his side, my arms around the big dog's neck, uttering every endearing word in my limited vocabulary, and presently I observed that at his feet were two brown birds still warm and apparently held there for my observation—the two quails that had carried to the cover and for which Duke's great instinct had forced him to break shot.

After an instant, while I remained there caressing the big homely pointer, a new aspect of everything seized me. I reviewed the incidents of the day—early morning and late in the evening, with the pointer always the outstanding attraction. Presently another message surreptitiously entered my cogitations. My eyes held those of the pointer's as though with a hypnotic impulse, and then immediately I began to understand things with the oncoming of a new rush of happiness. There were other things to quail than what I had seen previously, slants and angles heretofore impenetrable. The killing was but a temporary attraction, and the real, big, irresistible, compelling thing was the quality of the sport and not the amount of game we secured.

The old drunkard had with all his faults developed a great dog, and that wonderful animal had begun to plant in me embryonic thoughts of conservation.

(To be continued)

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Back up the good work of your dogs with WESTERN *Xpert* shells, the load that makes their work count the most at the end of each day's shooting.

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Gun Rack and Game Fields

Edited by
ALEC MERMOD

Gun Editor
OUTDOOR AMERICA

Some Members of the Grouse Family

Prairie Chicken

THE young Sportsman of today living east of the Mississippi has missed some excellent sport, unless he is able to go to the North West during the open season where, in some localities, this game bird is to be found in sufficient numbers to afford good shooting.

The Prairie Hen—or to call it by its proper name Pinnated Grouse—as the name implies makes its home in the open flat country, and when the country was young this bird could be found from the Gulf to quite a distance north of the Canadian border, and from the Eastern States to the Rocky Mountains.

Illinois, Iowa and Minnesota were specially blessed with this splendid game bird and the supply lasted much longer than we had any right to expect, but at the present time there seems to be little hope that the pinnated grouse will ever "come back" in any of the Central States, even though our game laws are being respected, for there is very little uncultivated land left in any of these States and the birds are being constantly disturbed during the nesting season.

A few days ago I was talking to an old market hunter, and when I say old I mean just that. He is older than I—and that's plenty. This man lives in the past and does not seem to be able to *think* in the present or to realize how times have changed since he was young, and used a muzzle loader with newspaper or hornet's nest for wadding; when "Orange Extra" and "Eagle Ducking" were the popular brands of powder.

This "old timer" said to me— "I don't see why game is getting so scarce for the game laws are so strict it does not pay to own a gun. Fifty years ago I used to go over into Illinois along about the middle of August and four of us would kill a wagon load of young chickens, and haul them into St. Louis to the market."

I came back at him saying, "That's just the trouble: you and hundreds more market shooters tried to kill all the game in the country,—and you got a good start."

"Yes, we did kill a lot of game, but it didn't seem to make much difference for there was just as much next year, and anyway we market shooters were not as bad as a great many men *you* call Sportsmen, for I have known of men coming down from Chicago and New York who would kill over a hundred chickens in an afternoon, and, after taking enough for a meal, would leave the rest to rot."

"We market hunters always carried ice and our birds were in good condition when delivered to the game dealers—and were sold for food, while these rich men only shot for the sport of killing."

This man told me of one instance where he and his partner ran into a bunch of these so-called sportsmen in the act of dumping one hundred and four chickens; some had already spoiled, for the day was hot, and the birds had been thrown into the wagon before the animal heat was out of their bodies. The market hunters gathered all the birds that were not spoiled, and someone derived some benefit from their slaughter.

While we have a short open season in Illinois, Prairie Chicken shooting is not very satisfactory, for the opening day is so late the birds are wild and seldom lay to the dog—so we lose half the sport.

I have shot Prairie Chicken in Illinois, Texas, Kansas, Nebraska, and what was then Indian Territory, but at no time did I enjoy the shooting as much as a day with the Bob White.

There were several reasons accounting for this. First: chicken shooting in these days was done when the weather was hot, which was hard on dogs and hunters. Then there was no change of scenery, just the flat prairie under a hot sun. Each shot was like the other, no chance for a thrill when making a difficult shot such as one has when going after a covey of quail scattered in thick timber.

I would rather shoot a dozen quail over a dog's point than ten times that many "chicken."

I expect I am one of the few men still able and keen to follow a bird dog who ever did much shooting with a flintlock, though I admit that my shooting with that antiquated gun was limited, though with it I killed my first prairie chicken. When I used this flintlock it was not because percussion caps were not on the market, but because my father would not buy a more modern weapon so I was obliged to pick up an old musket which had lain around the house for years, as a relic.

I wanted a gun, so I sawed off about a foot of the barrel and for a year was quite content with this piece of junk. All the game I ever killed with this clumsy gun was shot "on the sit."

In the sand hill country of Nebraska Prairie Chicken are fairly plentiful, and if one gets out early in the season which opens October first he will enjoy very good shooting. The bag limit, if I remember correctly, is ten per day.

At one time Chicken were plentiful in South Dakota, but since the introduction of Mongolian Pheasant very few chickens are to be found in sections where pheasants are plentiful.

Minnesota, where the Pinnated Grouse were once so plentiful, has made every effort to protect and increase the supply by closing the season every even year; consequently 1928 is closed on this bird.

The color of the Pinnated Grouse is a blackish brown with a reddish tinge while the breast and under part of the body is a reddish brown. There is a yellow wattle on each side of the neck which the bird is able to inflate at will, and when expelling the air from this sac or wattle a peculiar sound is made.

The female lays from six to twelve eggs, and during the period of incubation the Cock birds congregate and many battles are fought.

A few efforts have been made to propagate this member of the grouse family in captivity, but so far the returns have not been satisfactory and I do not believe that "hand raising" will be profitable.

The Ptarmigan

There are several varieties of this bird, but I am only familiar with that branch of the family found in the Rocky Mountains of Colorado.

The natives designate this bird as Mountain Quail, though it does not resemble the Bob White in any way.

There is no game bird in America about which so little is known by the sportsman, for he is only found among the rocks above timber line (11,000 feet or more above sea level) where the country is rough and almost inaccessible. Besides, there is no real sport in bringing the bird to bag, for they seem quite tame and depend upon their ability to keep out of sight rather than on flight.

The color of the plumage changes with the season, to blend with the rocks or snow. In midsummer the plumage is a reddish brown which is almost the exact shade of the rocks, and it is difficult to see the bird even though you have marked him down after a short flight.

At the approach of Fall the plumage changes gradually and the birds will be mottled white and brown, and by the time the ground is covered with the winter snow the Ptarmigan is pure white.

While I have killed a number of this member of the grouse family, at different times, I only really hunted them once, and "believe me" it was the hardest day's hunting I ever experienced, and the bag was only two.

The nature of the ground was such that

Hunting

By PORTER WITTICH

A WHIRRING *flush*
From a hiding place.
A half-aimed shot
In an open space.

THE *smell of smoke*
In the after-hush;
Feathers that drift
To the Autumn brush.

A TREMBLING *hand*
And a pounding heart.
The feather prize
Of a hunter's art.

A 12-GAUGE *kick*
Of a gun that kills.
The joy you find
In a heart that thrills.

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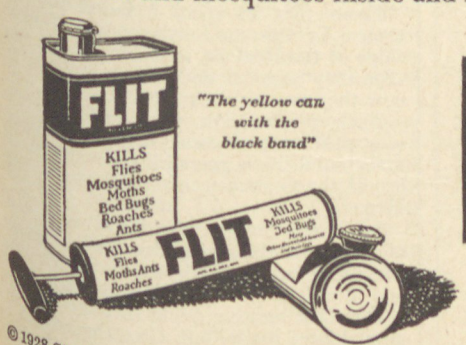

"The yellow can with the black band"

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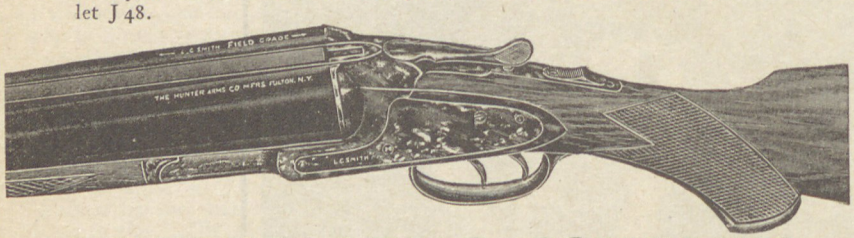

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a horse could not travel, and walking and climbing in the high altitude was exceedingly trying. This hunting expedition was in the mountains near Twin Lakes, Colorado, and the reason for it was a wager with one of the members of our camping party.

I won the bet but it cured me from ever making another attempt.

I could have killed a half dozen more, but as the birds were not plentiful I was satisfied with enough to win the wager. On this occasion I used a shotgun, but all the others I killed with a six shooter.

As I stated above the Ptarmigan is quite tame and allows a man to approach within a few feet before taking flight, especially if the man is on a horse.

While I was a fair shot with a revolver it is no easy matter to shoot a bird in the head while sitting on a horse, for just the action caused by the horse's breathing disturbs the aim. At one time I scored four misses without causing the bird to take wing, and was lucky with the fifth shot.

The flesh of the Ptarmigan is not as dark as that of the Pinnated Grouse, and resembles in flavor that of the willow grouse. Its food consists of small berries in summer and rock lichen during the winter.

While there does not seem to be any real reason why this bird is becoming scarcer the fact is that, like so many of our birds, the Ptarmigan is not nearly so plentiful as was the case thirty years ago.

This bird is not bothered by the hunter, as is the case with the rest of our game birds, and their natural enemies do not appear to be any more numerous. Still this family of grouse seems to be growing less and less as the years roll along.

The Sage Grouse

This is the largest of the grouse family, and, at one time was as plentiful as the Pinnated Grouse, but now they are scarce in most parts of the country, especially in the vicinity of automobile highways.

The dry sage covered plains close to the Rocky Mountains are the home of the sage hen, and their range is from Northern New Mexico to Southern British Columbia.

Unlike the rest of the family, the Sage Grouse has no gizzard, consequently he is not a grain eater, and needs no gravel to grind his food.

During the summer months his food consists of insects and the buds of various plants, but during the early fall and winter the leaves of the sage plant are their only food, consequently at this season the flesh is unfit to eat. Even during the late summer sage leaves are eaten, and it is wise to draw the bird immediately after he is killed, otherwise the taste of sage is decidedly unpleasant.

The color of the flesh of the young birds is very much lighter than that of the Pinnated Grouse, but after the bird is a year old the flesh is very dark.

From 1885 to 1890, I found the sage grouse by the thousands on the Western slope of the Rockies, in Colorado, but from 1890 they began to decrease in number, and now they are very scarce.

Back in the 80's very little attention was paid to any game laws, and August 15th found the hunters all through the valley of the Gunnison, after the young Sage Hen.

In Route County, the birds were more plentiful and the supply lasted much longer, for there was no railroad along the Bear and the Blue rivers, and very few were shot by the hunters going through on their annual deer hunts, but after the advent of the automobile the sage hen has become very scarce.

Early in the fall of 1886 I shot my first

sage hen, but was very much disappointed when I tried to eat it, for it was an old cock and awfully tough, besides tasting of sage to such an extent that the flesh was decidedly unfit to eat.

In the early 90's I started out on my first real hunt for sage hen, and as I had not killed any feathered game for some time, I was very much like a small boy on his first hunting trip, and while the sage grouse is quite a bit larger than a prairie chicken, I missed my first shot.

I had a very good bird dog, but he did not seem able to locate the birds through any sense of smell, for at the start he flushed a good many, but as he was very careful, he began to hunt by sight.

I killed so many birds on this trip that I was ashamed of myself, but I was lucky enough to run into a stage driver who relieved me of all I did not want, so the birds were not wasted.

The Sage Grouse does not seem to require as much water as do other birds, for I am told they are found in the desert country, 50 miles from water.

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% Outdoor America,
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Big Game Hunting in Africa With Dogs

In regard to several reports that Paul J. Rainey and his dog trainer, Shelley, were the first to hunt lions and other big game in Africa with dogs, Judge Charles D. Frierson of Jonesboro, Arkansas, writes us—

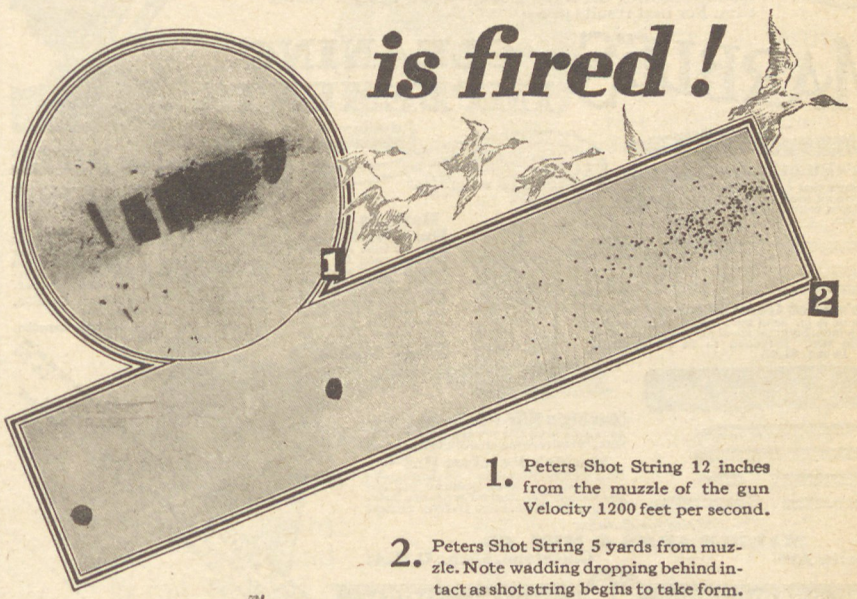
"Such statements must constitute a shock to our British friends who are familiar with the fact that R. Gordon Cumming hunted not only lions but elephants with dogs habitually about 1845. You will find the story in his book, Five Years' Hunting Adventures in South Africa, which was published by Jumkin-Marshall & Company, London. While the book is a little difficult to get I procured a copy sometime back.

"Furthermore you will find that W. Cotton Oswell speaks of using dogs in baying lions in about the year 1843 in his article entitled Fifty Years' Ago in South Africa, which was published in the two volumes on Big Game Shooting, as a part of the Badminton Library of Sports published by Longmans Green & Company at London in 1894. Furthermore, Captain W. C. Harris had dogs with him on his trip in Africa prior to 1840, but does not say much about how he used them.

"This does not complete the story, however, because ancient friezes depict lion hunts with dogs baying the lions, running back to at least as early as Alexander the Great. I recall one frieze that I have seen reproduced showing Alexander's Greeks hunting lions with the Persians, and dogs barking at the heels were a very conspicuous part of the picture.

"I am not questioning the good faith of the statement of Shelley in his book, but simply pointing out that he is in error in thinking that was something new under the sun."

Here's what happens after a Peters shell is fired!



1. Peters Shot String 12 inches from the muzzle of the gun Velocity 1200 feet per second.

2. Peters Shot String 5 yards from muzzle. Note wadding dropping behind intact as shot string begins to take form.

Ask your dealer or write for the booklet: "*What Happens After the Shell is Fired*." Profusely illustrated with actual photographs of representative cartridges at varying ranges. It is FREE.

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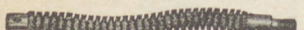

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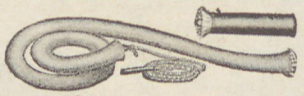

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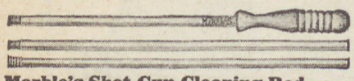

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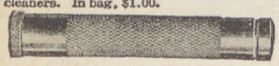

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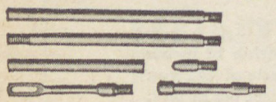

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The Marlin Firearms Company, 83 Willow St., New Haven, Conn.

Road Rights and Road Signs

(Continued from page 8)

is created that produces a healthy pride in one's community and which attracts sufficient publicity to promise and promote bigger things for the future. Also, in many cases, national advertisers and the outdoor advertisers themselves are reached, not only because property owners are willing to promise that they will not renew leases when the present ones for their lands expire, but because national advertisers and outdoor advertisers, even more than most business men, are singularly susceptible to public opinion, however locally expressed.

But on the whole local outdoor advertising and national outdoor advertising are two separate problems and must be attacked separately. The best way to attack the latter is by looking up, and possibly joining or at least co-operating with some such organization as The National Committee for the Restriction of Outdoor Advertising, whose headquarters are at 119 East 19th Street, New York City, and by swinging into line with other Conservation bodies, a vast and powerful body like The Izaak Walton League.

The Izaak Walton League because of its organization into local chapters forming a national body, is singularly fitted to undertake this paramount task of backyard conservation, both locally and nationally. Its local chapters can clean up fairly well their own firesides; as a whole, The League can demand a decent countryside. And do not be put aside by the present announcements of the outdoor advertisers that they are cleaning up from within. That simply means "bigger and better" signs, which is not at all what the Conservationist wants. He wants unspoiled highways and signboards where they belong.

A cow is a useful animal, at times, in a field or barnyard, even a decorative one, but the prettiest cow imaginable is out of place at a dinner table.

The members of The Izaak Walton League love their country or they wouldn't be members of The Izaak Walton League. It would be rather exciting, wouldn't it, to have this country we all love decent and clean once more?

The Judge's Best Shot

(Continued from page 15)

wounds, however deservingly they have been inflicted. We ask you to temper justice with mercy, and we will accept with what grace we may whatever punishment may be visited upon my unhappy client."

"Very well, gentlemen," replied the Judge, "since the only thing that remains is to pass sentence, I see no impropriety in so doing. I think it will be better, however, for all concerned if Duffy were left in ignorance of the fact that it was I who fired the shot."

"I agree with you," said Duffy's lawyer.

"Then," replied the Judge, "let us return to the court room."

When the court was again in session, Duffy's plea of "not guilty" was formally withdrawn, and a plea of "guilty" entered. The prisoner was brought to the bar.

"Have you anything to say," said the Judge, "as to why sentence should not be pronounced against you?"

Duffy hesitated, looking out of the window as if undecided whether to speak or to

remain silent. Then he turned and faced the bench.

"Judge, your Honor," he said, "this lawyer of mine says I'm guilty, and I reckon I am. I didn't git nothing off the postoffice and got shot at by the watchman. In making my getaway, I got onto a lighted street and there was a flivver coming along, and I thought it was after me and I let go a shot at one of the tires; and it was a good shot, too, Judge, for I heard the tire bust. And just then a big guy in the flivver riz up and unloaded a charge of shot into me back here, and I ain't been able to set down in comfort since. Talk about torture, burning at the stake ain't in it with a charge of birdshot in your anatomy. If preachers would stow their talk about brimstone and say that Hell was a place where you got birdshot plumped into you ever so often, they would get more converts and fill up the meetin' houses. Believe me, Judge, I got a plenty already. But I don't mind going to jail if that is what you-all want. And I would go mighty cheerful if I could only find the guy what filled me full of bird-shot, and sock him one on the jaw so he would have something to remember me by."

Duffy sat down with a sigh of relief at having unburdened his pent-up feelings. There was silence in the court room for a moment or two. The Judge looked around over the audience and saw the Chief and his two companions, with their heads down on the bench in front of them, shaking with silent, uncontrollable laughter. The concluding portion of Duffy's speech had been too much for them. Duffy's lawyer felt very uncomfortable and was apprehensive of a heavy sentence.

"Prisoner at the bar," said the Judge, making a mighty effort to preserve his judicial dignity, "the Court realizes that your attempt to rob the postoffice failed of accomplishment; but the intention to rob was there, and the intent, coupled with the overt act, constitutes a crime for which the law prescribes punishment. The Court also realizes that you have been made to suffer, and to suffer grievously; and this I shall take into account."

Here the Judge paused, and for a fleeting moment his eyes rested on his three hunting pals, who were still shaking with poorly suppressed mirth. Then he turned to the prisoner, and continued: "You have said, and said truly, that the shot which you fired at the tire was a good shot. The science of ballistics teaches us that with a moving target, it requires the nicest judgment of aim and balance to score a hit. But has it not occurred to you that however much you may abuse the man whose gun perforated your epidermis with No. 6 chilled shot, frankness must compel you to admit that his aim was good and true, and that his marksmanship was quite equal to your own?"

"Yes, Judge, your Honor; I give him credit for being a darned good shot. I'm some duck hunter myself, and I know what good shootin' is. Only I wish he had picked out some other target. The way that gun patterned was the neatest thing you ever seen. The Doc weighed them after he took them out, and there was just an ounce and an eighth. Not a single pellet missed me. They were all the same distance from one another. I saw the pattern in the looking glass, and the Doc made a photograph of it, which you can have if you want it. Any man that can shoot like that should be a humdinger with quail and duck."

The Judge clearly was not displeased at the unconscious compliment paid him by the prisoner at the bar. He stole a prideful glance at his hunting pals, to be sure

(Continued on page 57)

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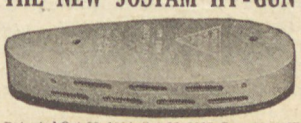

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Making Pies in Camp

IN the July issue Mr. Burr Lichty suggested that I tell you how to bake a pie in the woods. I am accustomed to following his suggestions for they have been the means of a great deal of pleasure to me. I have come to know just about what form his suggestions will take, so that when I hear his voice over the telephone I expect the usual one of "Let's go fishing." Since he knows what boys like to hear about, I am going to take his hint and tell you how I bake a pie when I am out in the open, even though I am beginning at the wrong end of the meal, with my instructions in cooking. However, if one can go into the woods and bake a pie it should be an incentive to try some other good out-of-door dishes about which I hope to tell you later. You will find that well prepared and varied meals go far toward the pleasure of an outing. Some people think that if one can poke a stick through a helpless weinie and hold it over a bonfire until it can no longer bark, one is a good camp cook. Even weinies taste good as the first meal with a background of trees and glowing coals, but if you go out depending on them for several days they soon lose their charm. If you are paddling a canoe or tramping through the hills with a pack on your back for several days at a time you want not only substantial but well prepared food and any variation from the ordinary bill of fare is most welcome. If in the woods you find some berries, bring them to camp and bake a nice juicy pie before your camp fire. It adds wonderfully to the camp menu and I know of no place where one can enjoy a piece of pie as he can while looking into the glowing embers of the camp fire before which it was baked.

I have a friend who once went tramping with me. After walking him over much rough country carrying a heavy pack, we made camp, near which we found a bush well laden with gooseberries. Tired as he was, he had strength to pick the berries while I built a fire and mixed the dough for a pie. Years later he married and his wife says that her husband does not tell about the pies that his mother used to make, but talks about the one that Judge Wood baked for him. The ones that he gets in his own home are doubtless far better than that one baked in the woods, but his wife neglects to have him carry all the household furniture about on his back for three or four hours before feeding him, and they do not appear to such an advantage as did that one I baked and which he attacked with such a war-like appetite.

I like what Thoreau says about wild apples and I think it helps to account for my friend's great liking of my pie, "From my experience with wild apples, I can understand that there may be a reason for a savage's preferring many kinds of food which the civilized man rejects. There is a wild apple on Nawshawtuck hill in my town which has to me a peculiarly pleasant bitter tang, not perceived till it is three-quarters tasted. It remains on the tongue. As you eat it, it smells exactly like a squash-bug. It is a sort of triumph to eat and relish it.—To appreciate the flavor of these wild apples requires vigorous and healthy senses, papillae firm and erect on the tongue and palate not easily flattened or tamed.—What a healthy out-of-door appetite it takes to relish the apple of life, the apple of the world, then."—And a bit further on he says, "So there is one thought for the field, another for the house. I would have my thoughts, like wild apples, to be food for walkers, and will not warrant them to be palatable, if tasted in the house.—Some of these apples might be labeled 'To be eaten in the wind'." Just so with my pies.

In baking them I use a folding aluminum reflector oven. It is a bit of expensive equipment but with it so many good dishes may be prepared that I would by all means have a reflector. It is similar to the reflector ovens used in colonial days for baking before the fire-place. My own is eighteen inches long and has hinged joints so that it will fold into a compact package about an inch thick, and with its canvas cover is easily carried about. The aluminum should be kept clean and shiny. If allowed to become discolored it will not reflect the heat and will not bake nearly so well.

To use in rolling out the pie dough I carry a little board one-half inch thick, and twelve inches wide by eighteen, made of bass wood. In a little groove on each end of the board I have inserted a strip of oak to keep it from warping. The board is just the size of the oven and slips into the canvas case with it. A heavy bit of canvas or a square of oil cloth will make a good substitute for the board.

For a rolling pin I cut a branch about two inches in diameter and with my jack-knife trim off the bark and whittle it round and smooth. I try to get a branch of soft maple as it cuts easily, has a sweet sap and will not make the dough taste of the wood. Many woods have an acrid taste, particularly if any of the inner bark is left on. It is wise to remove this carefully. If a bottle is available it makes a splendid substitute,

Judge Wood with his reflector oven to which he attributes his success in the making of pies in camp.

particularly the long slender bottles such as olives come in.

You are now ready for the dough. Mix together thoroughly 1½ cups flour, ¼ teaspoon salt and ¼ teaspoon baking powder. To these add ½ cup lard or Crisco (I prefer the latter as it does not melt so readily in warm weather), cutting it into the flour, using a table knife for the purpose, until the whole thing looks like bread crumbs. This may be done with your fingers but I have better success using the knife since the dough works better if kept cool. When this is well mixed add as little water as possible (less than ½ cup) to make a thick dough. Flour your hands and pick up the dough. Divide it into two equal parts. Dust the dough, the board and the rolling pin with flour to keep the dough from sticking, then roll out one of the portions with the rolling pin. In rolling out the dough, work it out from the middle, first on one side, then on the other until you have it round and of the same thickness (about one-eight inch), and large enough to cover your pie tin easily without stretching with a little margin over the edge. Take the other portion of dough and roll out in the same manner. Into the pie tin put your fruit, filling it more than level. Add sugar rather generously, one-half to a whole cup, depending on the tartness of the fruit. It is nice to dot an apple pie here and there with bits of butter and to sprinkle the fruit lightly with cinnamon or nutmeg. Before putting the top layer on, cut a few holes with the tip of a knife to allow the steam to escape. I used to like to watch Mother when she did this. She would make a little curve and on each side of it make a series of little marks much like a locust leaf. Moisten the lower layer all about the edge, put on the top layer loosely and press the edges down firmly on the lower one. Trim off with a knife all of the dough which sticks out beyond the edge of the pie tin. The moisture will hold them firmly together and will not allow the juice to escape if you have moistened it well and pressed it together firmly. If you wish to decorate the edges you may use the tines of a fork to press it together and it will leave a neat series of marks about the edge. If you have kept your hands nice and clean you can do this with your thumb. I advise the fork however; it is not nearly so apt to discolor the edge of the pie, when cooking out-of-doors.

Your fire should have been built and burning before you commenced the pie. In order to make the heat radiate into the oven I build a back-ground for it by driving into the ground two green stakes about two inches in diameter and two feet high, slanting backwards. I cut green logs about four inches in diameter and lay up enough of them on the slanting sticks to make it at least two feet high. In front of this I build my fire. My favorite woods for a baking fire are dead oak or hickory boughs about two inches in diameter. I cut them into eighteen inch lengths. Before starting to mix the dough I build and light the fire putting on plenty of wood so that by the time I am ready with the completed pie I have a bed of coals the whole length of the reflector oven. I put the pie into the oven and move it close to the coals. The pie now requires close watching. It should not bake too fast or it will char the dough. I regulate this by moving the oven backward or forward a bit and by adding fresh dry wood to the fire. I do not allow the fire to blaze up high but try to keep a steady even heat. If the coals heat the bottom too quickly this may be regulated by placing a green log just in front of the lower part of the oven. I have ready at hand plenty of dry wood, none larger than two inches in diameter and a goodly supply of small

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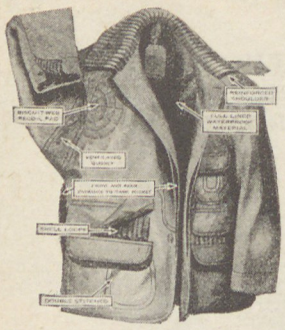

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boughs so that I can add them as needed and get a quick blaze with no smoke. From time to time you will have to move the coals along so as to keep the bed even. The pie should be turned occasionally since the side next the fire will bake faster than the other. I wear cotton gloves so that I can pick up the hot handle of the oven or put on fresh wood without getting burned. They make the best holders, for when you have them on they do not get displaced just at the time you need them most, and they give you the very best protection. Ordinarily it will take about forty-five minutes to bake the pie thoroughly. After a little practice you will be able to tell just when it is done.

We have been taught that our ancestors were driven out of the Garden of Eden because they tasted an apple. When one has peeled and sliced a few apples into a pie tin, covered them with dough, sat beside the fire and watched the rich fragrant juice bubbling through the little openings in the crust which becomes a rich brown before your eyes in the heat of the coals and when it has cooled a bit, sat beside the camp fire and eaten a goodly quarter of the pie, one is constrained to thank Adam and Eve for the discovery which no doubt caused them pain and discomfort, but which laid the foundation for the pie industry for surely the apple is the corner stone, and green or ripe makes a fine filling. In one of Mrs. Francis King's garden books I found this: "Alas for every child in America who has missed the two pleasures of reading Swiss Family Robinson in words of one syllable and building a house in a tree!" For that tree I should stipulate an apple tree which has shaded the roof of man from the most primitive times. To my mind, no boy can be properly brought up unless he has such a tree among whose branches he can recklessly clamber, in and out of season, whose boughs are more attractive when laden with its tempting fruit. Besides the little branches make switches of surpassing excellence. No other tree so well meets the demand for inside and outside applications.

There are many chances to obtain pie material in the woods. Gooseberry bushes grow along most of the streams in our hardwood timber. Raspberries and blackberries are also to be found. The purple elderberry makes a fine pie, but needs the addition of a sliced lemon to give the tang it lacks. My own tramps have been mostly in hardwood timber so that I have not been able to try that staple of the north woods, the blueberry, but if they are as good out in the woods as the samples that I have tasted in civilization, then I have missed a good deal by not having made a blueberry pie.

Once when canoeing down the Maquoketa River we came upon a gooseberry bush far back in the shadow of a high bluff laden with ripe berries, big and purple. I immediately got out the reflector, started a fire and commenced to mix the dough while the boys picked the berries. I do not know whether it was the long paddle that day, the background of hills and woods or whether the ripe gooseberry makes a particularly fine pie or not, but in any event the result was a never to be forgotten pie, so that I would have none of you pass by a bush of ripe gooseberries.

Boys!

Write Judge Wood—You will form a friendship with one of the finest of men, and gain an invaluable knowledge of the outdoors.

Be a Woods-Boy.

Lost in the Woods

(Continued from page 25)

have fallen short of the clean, fine manliness that is now his; only a lad then, but one who later enlisted with the Canadian Expeditionary Forces to the Great War, going into the conflict a private and returning a distinguished officer with a row of decorations across the breast of his tunic that many an older man might well covet; only a boy with a hundred and eighty dollars that in his delirium he tried to press upon his deliverer, but which later he expended wisely toward a technical education he had never before given thought to, so that he won prominence in time as the youngest dispatcher in the employ of the Canadian Pacific Railway.

And the man, who was he? He was—and is—that man of parts, Jack Miner, Nature-taught man of the woods, mighty hunter, gifted naturalist and writer, and friend alike to beast and bird and all mankind.

Just one thing more remains to be told in this story.

Were you to ask Jack Miner how he did it he would tell you, as I have heard him tell others, that he did nothing of himself. To acknowledge the helplessness the sense of which was borne in upon him in those vast, trackless leagues of forest, and seek the guidance of the all-seeing eye of God and the upholding of His omnipotent hand was the only thing left to him.

Why was he there at all, a hundred miles farther than there was any call for him to go, a hundred miles farther than he had ever gone before? Why, when he had set his face in one direction, was he turned back by the howl of the lone, lean timber wolf, and from another by the deepening marsh? What was it led him, by reason of his own sorry plight, to the very place where the boy lay, so close to the gateway of Death? To all of these questions there is but one answer; and it we can express in a paraphrase of William Carruth's poem and say:

"Some of us call it luck and fortune, Others call it God"

And that is just exactly what Jack Miner would tell you, and what he would call the Power that led him. Yes, he would tell you, were you to ask him, that had he been the veriest scoffer, the basest unbeliever, an utter infidel, he could not have passed through his experience and remained insensible to the influence of an over-ruling Power, working, it is true, in mysterious ways, but toward ends that are never-failing, never-changing in their purpose of a loving bringing back of the erring and lost into the warm, enfolding gladness and safety of Home.

"This my son was dead and is alive again; he was lost and is found."

What Ails the Grouse?

By "Waterwood"

AT the present time there is much discussion and comment among sportsmen concerning the supposed scarcity of our most generally distributed game bird of the north, the grouse. The individual follower of the gun, as well as the large club and hunting preserve member are naturally worried, as the grouse constitutes the main attraction to the field in the early fall, and before the opening of the "big" season.

The subject is even claiming the serious attention of the several State game keepers, as well as the Federal Government. The fact that the scientists have become interested, however, does not necessarily mean that the problem is to have a speedy remedy.

The work of the Biological Survey in attempting to exterminate the predatory animals of the Far West is an example of misdirected energy.

Experts who spend the greater part of their lives on the pavement, with the exception of occasional trips afield, and which are often vacation and partly pleasure jaunts as well, simply do not have the complete training necessary for their work.

Has it ever occurred to the many sportsmen that the diminished numbers of grouse is not due to disease at all, but to some other obscure cause? A woodsman from the Adirondacks writes me that the whole trouble is due to several cold late springs in succession. The opinion of a trapper from the Nine Mile country is, that the marked increase of foxes the past several seasons has accounted for many of the grouse. While a ranger from the Lake States, who presumably "knows his onions" assures me that there the birds, in his territory, are just as plentiful as they ever were.

Old woodsmen have observed that birds and animals of all kinds, especially the smaller ones, vary greatly in numbers as from one period to another—the normal fluctuations of wild life. The city sportsman who makes only infrequent trips to his grounds, is quick to note any change for the bad in the results of his shooting, and becomes alarmed accordingly.

Disease is taken for granted in the farmer's poultry yard. But in the wilds, where nature is allowed to work undisturbed, things are different, and disease may be only one of a number of causes operating to control the destiny of wild life.

Last spring, at nesting time, I laid off (roughly) a half mile square of "cut over." Covering this carefully I located seven nests of grouse. Watching these daily until the young birds left the nests, I found that not one of the seven hatched the full nest of eggs, while in three of the nests, not more than half were hatched. This would mean about a forty per cent mortality at the nest, to begin with. Has this always been the case, or is it a development of later conditions? Scientific investigators might look into this while they are at work.

Last October four physicians left a large Ohio City in search of "some good bird hunting." Going by automobile they traveled into at least six states—and returned disappointed, saying grouse were scarce everywhere. One wonders, however, if there was not more traveling done than hunting. City doctors in a bright, shiny car are not keen about ne-

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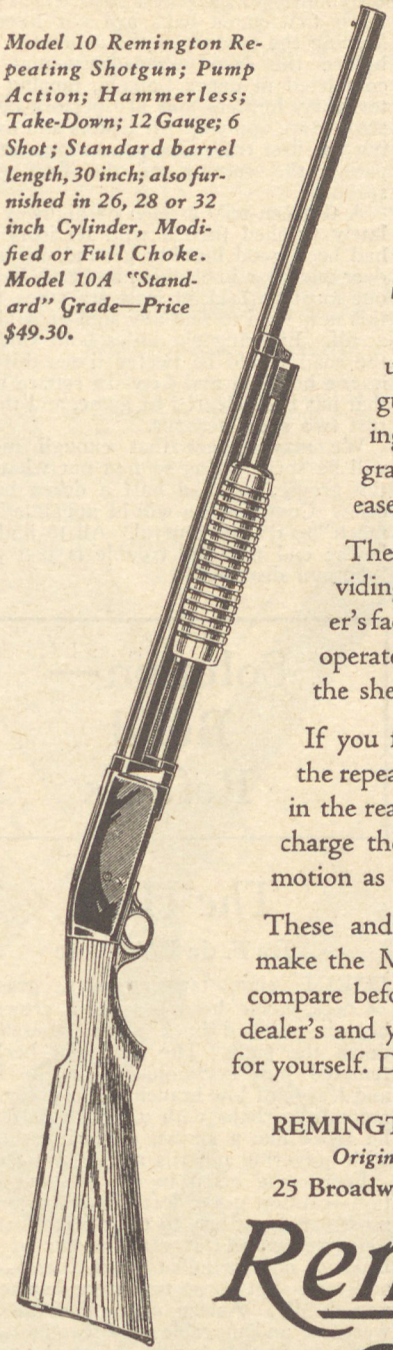

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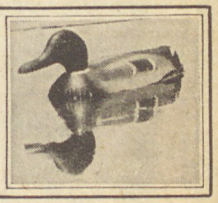

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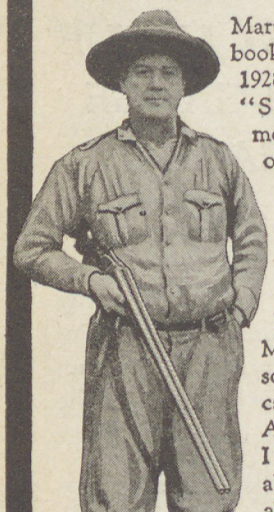

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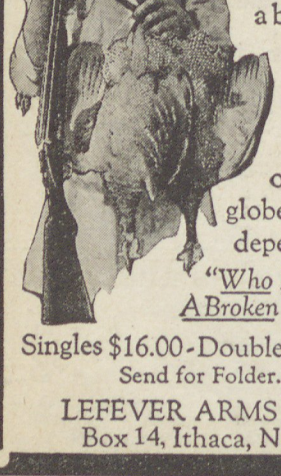

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gotiating October mud roads in search of the best hunting.

The vicinity of the good roads are everywhere shot out from one end of the country to the other. Sportsmen must learn that game bags are not filled by keeping the rubber on the concrete. Just before the New Transcontinental was completed in upper Canada, tapping new territory, hunters and prospectors by the score were applying for tickets and awaiting the first train like potato bugs anticipating the coming of the first green sprout.

A thirteen-mile stretch of highway was lately finished thru a wild territory that had been good hunting ground, including deer and bear in sizable numbers. Today, one must go back at least six miles from this new road to find any sign of wild life at all. Figuring six miles both sides of the road would be twelve times thirteen, is one hundred and fifty-six square miles that has been cleared of game, and this in just two short seasons.

We may expect that enough money will be spent trying to find out what ails the grouse, to build half a dozen hatcheries. Commissions will be appointed and much "to do" in general. All to find out in the end that the trouble is just plain "shotgun disease."

Solution— Build Refuges

The Hunt

By F. de Boisblanc

TRIM, slim, tapering legs, graceful neck, noble head bearing a crown; a big six-pronged buck moved noiselessly down the path. The succulent herbage tempted him occasionally, or the buds and leaves of low branches, but every few seconds, perhaps with a mouth half full, he froze like a statue, exploring the air with quivering nostrils and pivoting ears.

Fear came often in his life, but caution—caution never left him. Always he must pause and use to their uttermost his sensitive senses. It was the law of life. Enemies had dwindled down to two—dog and man—but those two were implacable and deadly. Asleep or awake, the soft wet nose and movable ears sent messages to the brain that caused different intensities of fear. Fear was the rule by which he lived and which kept him alive. Without its stimulus life was impossible.

Presently a sound came to the sensitive ears. It came from downwind, so the dainty questioning nose was useless. Once more the sound came, and this time was magnified clear enough to understand. It was the baying of a hound.

Instantly the buck tripped off the path. He ran easily, lightly upwind for perhaps a quarter of a mile, then stopped and commenced to nibble at a patch of grass.

There was no trace of his former fear. The wild life startle easily, but forget just as easily. No animal could have existed under a constant fear the like of which electrified him at times.

Almost immediately the baying sounded nearer, which caused him to trip easily and lightly for a short distance again. But he had no chance to munch any food before it sounded again—the long-drawn howl of a leather-lunged deer hound.

Thus it went on for perhaps an hour. The hounds, working slowly and surely, snuffling the leaves and grasses with an audible eagerness, giving tongue at good trail; silent at bad. The buck starting and stopping, running in a direction so that he could test the wind at least from an angle.

Then full and strong, like a blow in the face, came the stench of man. The buck wheeled quickly and ran almost in the opposite direction.

Real fear was on him now; a panicky, chilling fear. Gone was the easy tripping. The slim, sure legs were now exerting themselves, and his cloven hoofs—wider and sharper than a doe's—were digging deeply in the marshy ground; notwithstanding their ability to spread and give good footing where there was none.

He flew down an opening and had almost reached a large tree in the glade when something moved a short distance to the side. The buck struck the ground back of the tree with all four feet together; turned in the air, and sped at right angles to his previous course, keeping the tree in line with the object that had moved.

It moved in earnest now, but the distance was too great, so the load of buckshot scattered in the bushes.

The dogs were closing in; giving tongue continuously, trembling in hysterical eagerness; lost in the chase lust; knowing no horn nor call nor master.

The buck made for the pass and leaped in on the run. He swam high and very swiftly and was almost across when the dogs came up to the point he had left.

They did not see him, because a hound's eyesight is not very good, but the trail told all to their shuttling nostrils, and wasting very little time running along the bank, they took to the water, swimming laboredly.

When they struck the opposite bank, the deer was far in the lead, but his trail was rank, and the hounds galloped along; their heads high, taking the scent from the air.

Once more, they pressed him close, and once more he took to the water swimming across the pass not quite so swiftly, back to familiar woods like a tired child to its home.

He gained again on the dogs by this maneuver, but soon their clamor chilled his heart again. Close! Too close! The trim, slim legs were very tired, but they worked faultlessly, accurately, clearing the brush, spurning the ground. His senses were numbing, poisoned with fatigue. He ran in the openings continuously now, seeking easier footing, and a hunter, calculatingly concealed beside one, shot at him.

The range was fair and the game was clear. Too high! Too high! He shot at a deer in mid-leap, and the buck was on the earth again when the charge reached him. One buckshot grazed his spine.

Wild now with fright; legs straining with exhaustion; he plunged crazily through the brush, his slender horns carrying streamers of vines and leaves, like an automaton without guidance that moves because it must, spurred and ridden by the fear that possessed him.

Another open glade he plunged through. Another shot dully jarred the dew from the leaves. The buck felt a nauseous weakness and the slim, trim legs melted under him. The soft muzzle plowed the leaves and muck. No more fear; no more strain; no more nausea. He scarcely felt the blade that slashed his throat. The wobbly ears faintly caught their last sound. It was the happy horn of the huntsman who has killed.

The Judge's Best Shot

(Continued from page 51)

that they had heard it. What, now, should he do with the prisoner? He reflected that, after all, the attempted robbery had failed, and no property of the United States had been taken. Duffy had already suffered severely from his painful wounds, and whatever else might be said about Duffy, he certainly had the grace of appreciation of good marksmanship. Should not Justice be fairly satisfied with the balance that had already been struck?

"Prisoner at the bar," said the Judge, after a pause, "it is the judgment of the Court that you be confined in the penitentiary for one year and a day. But, fortunately for you, Congress in 1925 passed a law which gives me discretion to place you on parole during that period, under the supervision of a probation officer. I have concluded that the interests of justice will be best served by giving you the benefit of this law. Accordingly, the order of the Court will be that you be placed on probation for the period of one year, under the supervision of your counsel, who is hereby appointed and constituted probation officer in this case. The photograph to which you have referred may be lodged with the Clerk. Adjourn court, Mr. Bailiff."

Duffy and his attorney walked out of the court room in a very happy frame of mind. The Judge went to his chambers, where his three friends were awaiting him, inspecting the photograph that had been handed to the Clerk.

"Judge," said the Chief, "that blue-winged teal wasn't your best shot. It was Duffy."

Water-Moccasins

AFTER an experience of some fifty years plugging around southern sloughs, bayous and lakes in pursuit of bream, goggle-eye, croppie and large-mouth bass, and having had a personal acquaintance (more distant, however, than intimate, it must be confessed) with some hundreds, not to say thousands, of southern water-moccasins, the writer feels that he can speak as one having some measure of authority concerning this disreputable denizen of the swamp-lands.

In Mr. Kemsley's article in the July number of Outdoor America on "Snake-doctors" he makes three statements only as to the water-moccasin and achieves the remarkable record of being 100 per cent wrong, a feat calculated to cause the entire brotherhood of nature fakirs to turn green with envy.

He speaks of this snake as a "cotton-head." Probably he was never in all his history called by this name outside of this article. He is a "cotton-mouth" universally and always. He then speaks of this "cotton-head" as "sunning himself, with mouth stretched to its fullest, on top of the water." In the first place, he never suns himself in the water, preferring a half sunken log, a pile of drift-wood or the low-hung bough of a cypress or other marginal growth, and in the next place he never has his mouth open during the sunning process, or at any other time, except when in the act of striking or gorging his food.

While the subject is under discussion, it might be interesting to note that the "water-moccasin," or "cotton-mouth," and his near relative the "copper-head," sometimes in the south called the "high-land moccasin," the rather rare "coral snake," found in the United States only in Florida, and the rattlesnakes are considered by the authorities to be the only snakes in the United States whose bites at times produce death. A wider understanding of this fact might tend to mitigate the relentless and undiscriminating war of extermination against all varieties of snakes, many of which are, not only perfectly harmless, but are of actual benefit to mankind by reason of their destruction of rodents and other pests.

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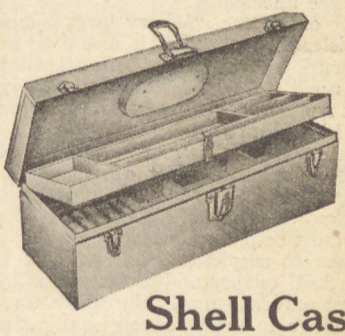

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Camping

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Edited by MURDO GIBSON

Camping Editor, OUTDOOR AMERICA

Black Jack Island,
Lake of the Woods,
July 1st, 1928

DEAR Waltonians:

This is the first anniversary of my lone-camping, and I hereby pronounce the experiment an unqualified success.

Since pitching my little shelter beside Loon Lake, on the first day of last July, the overwhelming majority of my days have been filled to the brim with simple pleasures, quiet happiness and serene contentment.

There has been none of the feverish hurry and fret that has become the normal condition of so many Americans; neither has there been a single moment of dullness or boredom. My guiding policy might be fairly described as, leisurely activity.

At times, this leisure degenerated to inexcusable procrastination—especially in the matter of personal correspondence—and caused some periods of mental unrest. But, the cure being obvious, these intervals were of short duration and my distress never became really acute.

Taken as a whole, the year has been practically flawless. There was no physical hardship and much less discomfort than town-dwellers endure, normally, as a matter of course. Although handicapped in several respects, and therefore unable to take full advantage of my unusual opportunities, I doubt if any of my adult acquaintances had more pleasure and less misery than I, during the twelve months last past.

Not everyone would find so few drawbacks to a life of wilderness solitude. Even those possessing the required temperament might sometimes have difficulty in adapting themselves to all the circumstances. But there are thousands of Outdoor Americans who could, and, I think, should, practice lone-camping, regularly.

The fine art of living alone has not been given the attention it deserves. Although it is gradually becoming common knowledge that "There is healing in the wilderness," comparatively few yet realize that there is healing in solitude. Individually, these physicians rank with the best: together, they are unbeatable.

The old saying, "Misery loves company," is misleading. I think it would be nearer the truth to say, "Misery craves solitude." Birds and animals, when hurt, seek retirement and do not willingly mingle with their own kind, until well.

Trouble shared is more than likely to be trouble doubled. Most of our pains and sorrows can be more easily borne if no one else knows of them. The reality of grief that must be promptly blurted to neighbors, is open to suspicion. Generally, it has a superficial quality and is dominated by the almost universal urge to broadcast or, else, the desire to seem conventional. Many a sobbing widow has a dancing heart.

It is the same with most other calamities. Regardless of our true emotions, we are almost forced to appear to feel what we think others think we should feel; this holds even though our, and their, hypocrisy is an open secret. One may suffer keener anguish, while watching his dog die from poisoning, than at the bedside of an expiring lodge-brother, but convention forbids honest assertion of the fact.

When alone, there is no need for posing. One may act according to his moods. That, in itself, tends to mitigate sorrow and relieve pain—but whatever the true philosophy of it may be, I *know*, from personal experience covering a long term of years, the restorative effects of wilderness solitude, and I strongly recommend lone-camping to all sufferers able to walk without crutches and to cut their own firewood.

From a camper's point of view, our June weather might have been considerably better. On fifteen days we had rains—some quite heavy—and the average temperature seemed much cooler than usual, for this time and locality. I was glad to be camped in a sheltered spot and not on "An open, breezy point" as some "authorities" on campcraft advise. It is eight years since I last camped on an exposed point and I hope it will be, at least, eighteen years before it occurs again.

Although my tent and fireplace are well protected from wind, I never had a summer campsite with so few flies and mosquitoes. Both "dope" and cheesecloth were purchased but, as yet, neither have been unwrapped. At dusk and dawn, I generally hear and see a few mosquitoes but five or six "pumps" of the insecticide sprayer disperses them. So far, I have been permitted to sleep all night and go around naked all day without discomfort. As for blow flies (Bluebottles) they would starve in the vicinity of any camp of mine.

I hope no reader will get the impression that I don't like "Open, breezy points"; I do. There are three on this island and I make full use of them, *during the days*. I am on one now. My "chair" is a bag-cushioned cracker box and my "table" a lapboard, made from its cover. A blazing, five-o'clock sun is pouring its rays over my naked body and turning my erstwhile, white skin to an almost aboriginal brown.

Nudity is one of my greatest luxuries. While naked, I never crave shade and feel no discomfort even on the hottest days.

When timber cruising, I had to wear clothes, for protection and for pockets. Then, I dreaded and detested hot weather. Several times I was prostrated by heat and I still carry the scar of a serious sunburn, received while lying unconscious at the end of a long, hot portage.

About twelve years ago, I first became aware of the insulating qualities of my bare skin and learned, also, that no fabric was so light and filmy, but it would detract enormously from hot weather comfort. Since then, I welcome every opportunity to go naked. In my opinion, it will be of great benefit to the human race when a way is found to reconcile nudity with conventional ideas of modesty.

If the philosophy in the preceding paragraphs is not clearly expressed, there is some reason for its lack of clarity. A large and very red doe has been distracting my thoughts from this letter. For half an hour or more, she has slowly meandered along the shore of an adjacent island, nibbling daintily at tender twigs, and occasionally rearing on her hind legs to reach some high-hung tidbit. Apparently, she had no difficulty balancing in that position, as she didn't use her front legs as a brace, but held them folded from the "elbows" like a begging poodle dog.

As I was between her and the sun and a cross breeze prevented her from getting my scent, she never suspected my presence, although I was in plain sight and less than forty rods from her. Several times I fancied I saw the flash of another deer's "flag" and finally went to the tent for my little telescope. But, while I was gone, both—if there was another—had disappeared.

Fate seems to be against an early completion of this letter. No sooner had I reassembled the writing paraphernalia, than an immense porcupine swam the intervening channel, landed right in front of me and waddled to my very toes. When I spoke, it stopped and flared its bristles belligerently but immediately decided to seek safety in the brush behind me.

I really should have herded it back to the water, but I, also, was taken by surprise. Having seen no signs of "porkies" on this island, I neglected to plan a course of action, in case one or more moved in. Now, it is at large and I hardly know whether to kill it or else make my camp porcupine proof and allow the creature to remain.

I have become rather careless about protecting the commissary because there was nothing here to disturb it. Not a mouse or a mole has been near my tent for nearly two months.

Porcupines, however, are always a menace to grub boxes, packsacks, axe handles and paddles, so I must decide either for or against this one.

My Retreat

By Nellie Graves

WHERE the tall pine grows and a fresh breeze blows
And a sharp tang's in the air,
Where the days can be spent in quiet content—
I'll find a refuge there.

FAR away from the towns with their gay social rounds,
It's the outdoor life for me,
Where the laughing wind is one's best friend,
And you feel uncrowded—free!

BY a sparkling brook I'll select a nook
'Neath friendly azure skies,
And with peace of mind, it's there I'll find
An earthly Paradise.

Unless I want to eat it, a single porcupine does not interest me greatly. Generally, they are dull, sluggish beasts, with an unpleasantly pungent odor, strongly suggestive of mouldy bunk straw in decaying logging camps. But, when two or more are together, they sometimes afford me an hour or two of ponderous, slow-moving comedy.

Once, when fishing a trout stream that ran through virgin forest, I heard a succession of piercing screams and piteous whines that I could not identify. I felt sure, however, that the animals uttering such horrible cries could be no less ferocious than wolverines or lynx. So, leaving my rod and cutting a stout club, I started in search of the battling brutes.

When I had gone about a quarter of a mile, and was within a hundred yards of the conflict, I assumed the crouching attitude of a still hunter, tracking a nearby deer, and took elaborate precautions against snapping a twig or making any other noise that might alarm the wary antagonists. So dense was the growth of miscellaneous timber, I could see but a short distance ahead and the closer I came to the conflict, the tenser grew my suppressed excitement. Had I been stalking Kodiak bears in an alder thicket, my nervous tension could have been no greater.

Closer and closer I crept. Now, I knew the furious antagonists were not on the ground but well up in some tree and I commenced to wonder why there were no other sounds accompanying the vocal ones. Surely, I thought, there should be some scratching and clawing.

Not until I was almost directly beneath them, did I get a sight of these "fearsome" disturbers of the woodland peace, and, at the shock of that discovery, I nearly collapsed.

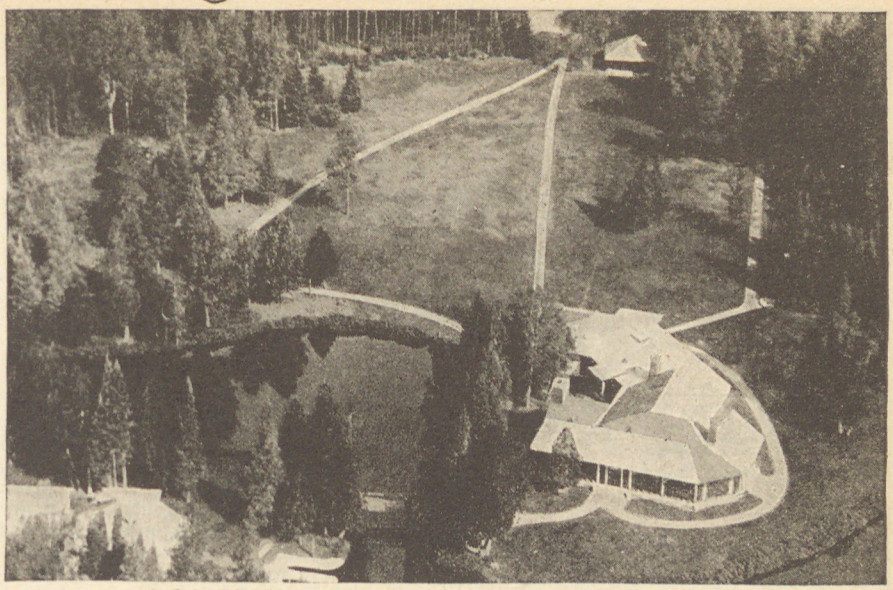
Collapsed, wilted, limp, whatever the sensations experienced by a suddenly deflated balloon, that is how I felt at that instant of ludicrous anticlimax. There they were, on two branches of a young pine, and about sixteen feet from the ground; two masculine porcupines exchanging fisticuffs at the terrific speed of one feint every ten seconds and one cautious slap every minute or so. But their voices never ceased nor subsided while I remained in the vicinity. I watched them for an hour, hoping to see a real fight, but, when I left, there had been absolutely no change either in their tactics, attitudes or relative positions. One was about three feet above the other and, by reaching down as far as he could, was just able to cuff the head of his up-reaching foe. The lower one seldom landed a telling blow but he persisted patiently in his futile endeavors to dislodge his better vantaged adversary.

Whenever one received a quill in his paw, the whining and caterwauling was redoubled, on both sides, but active hostilities languished, until the barbed stinger was either extracted or bitten off. How the issue was finally decided, I know not. Probably, in course of time, an armistice was agreed upon. Otherwise, it must have been a war of attrition, because I could see no possibility of a decisive victory being earned by a knock-out.

On a recent trip to Kenora, I stopped for luncheon in a reedy cove, at the lee of a fairly large island. Fearing annoyance from mosquitoes, I didn't go ashore, but remained in the canoe, just inside the rushes.

According to my usual habit, when eating alone, I was reading and probably making little or no noise.

Suddenly, I heard a most peculiar, guttural, gargling croak that seemed to come from the dense fringe of undergrowth, toward which the bow was fac-



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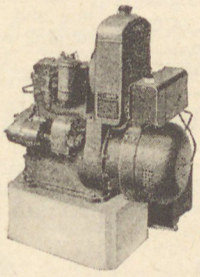

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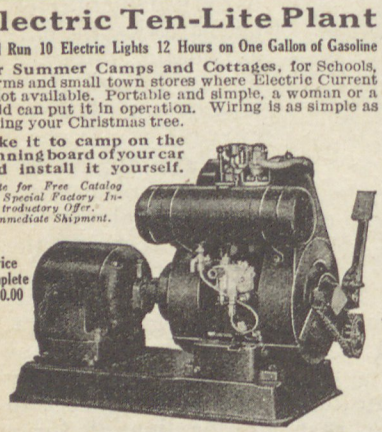

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ing. A moment later, I heard another squawk, much like the first but from a different spot and evidently made by the same sort of throat. Soon there was a continuous exchange of these calls and I was curious to learn their source.

By a process of elimination, and considering the marshy character of the shore, I concluded they were made by young bitterns or else, blue herons. At that moment as if she were just waiting until I had solved the riddle, a blue heron jumped clear of the bushes and hovered over my head, squawking vehement protests at my disturbance of her newly-hatched brood.

Whether the raucous clamor had aroused their curiosity or they were coming for their regular midday salad of luscious water plants, I don't know, but, while Mrs. Heron was circling above and telling the world what she thought of me, I detected a soft rustling in the brush and shortly after, caught momentary glimpses of three deer, a buck, a doe and a spotted fawn.

They were walking slowly in my direction, nibbling here and there, switching tails, shrugging skins and stamping feet in constant, though futile endeavor to dislodge pestering flies.

The doe was a few yards ahead of the others. When she stepped clear of the bushes her head was less than twenty feet from mine. At first, she showed surprise and suspicion but, until her eyes met mine, no great alarm. Then, however, she turned around, jumped and whistled all at the same instant. The others bounded after her but, before they had run a hundred yards, all three stopped to look, listen and sniff.

By that, I felt sure they had not smelt me and, if I remained quiet, one of them would return for more definite information. And so it happened. After they had stood motionless for about ten minutes the doe started back to reconnoiter. I could see her occasionally, as she sneaked along, well back from the shore. She made a half circle around the little cove but didn't get my scent until she reached the water's edge. Then, when her nose verified her worst suspicions, she hesitated no longer. Whistling shrilly at every leap, she dashed madly through the dense undergrowth and the last I saw of her she was sailing like a bird over a prostrate spruce and waving her snow white tail as if in parting salute.

The continuous succession of such incidents,—or others of equal insignificance—constitutes a large part of the charm wilderness life holds for me. Perhaps I am a "natural-born" trifler, a child who never grew up. At any rate, I find enough thought-provoking entertainment in the common occurrences around my camps to completely fill my waking hours and preclude all possibility of boredom.

In last month's letter, I mentioned the nest a phoebe built in the rear peak of my last-winter's tent, pitched close beside the one I now occupy. When she had been sitting on her four eggs about a week, a long-continued rain soaked through the canvas, softened the mud that cemented the nest and caused it to fall, a messy ruin, to the ground.

On discovering the sad wreck, I suspected it was the work of a crow, or an owl. Some shreds of moss and mud were clinging to the swinging clothes-pole that hangs under the ridge, and these were ten feet nearer the tent door than the nest had been. This I thought was telltale evidence of a marauder's hasty exit. But further investigation proved my suspicions unfounded. What I mistook for fragments of the old nest, were really foundation materials for a new one, which this courageous little mother had immediately started to build, in another and, she probably thought, safer location. She finished the second nest in less than a week and is now setting contentedly on four strictly fresh eggs.

Although I go into this tent several times every day and my hair rubs against the nest as I enter and leave, this spunky bird shows but little fear of me and seldom leaves at my approach. I hope she will hatch this brood successfully and derive infinite happiness from rearing the youngsters and teaching them the rudiments of aviation.

A Tribute to a Trout Stream

(Continued from page 17)

For a long time I sat on the sand watching that cut-throat. A trout in the sun appeals to me as a radiantly beautiful thing—one of the most beautiful things in the world. I can lie upon the bank of a stream and watch the trout for hours upon end.

After Bill had finished rigging up his dry flies and had proceeded down stream, I went upstream, where I came upon a foamy whirlpool six feet across into which splattered a tiny fall. I felt a strike when my worm was carried beneath the foam. The trout made off with my worm, giving a thrill in return—a fair, just and equitable exchange.

Down where the current slid into a dark chute I saw a rainbow flash as I replenished my hook. This was an eleven-inch native which wolfed the bait when I swung it tantalizingly at the end of the line. A few further casts about the pool netted me the loss of a couple of lures and one glimpse of a trout, quite the largest I had seen. I retired quietly with an idea of a return call upon that whirlpool and fished out a deep spot where a boulder divided the stream.

At a wide bend where the water ran deep and still I attempted a cast, but snapped off my worm. Encouraged at the interest displayed in my empty hook, I tied on a Royal Coachman and a Brown Hackle with peacock body. The leader landed fair, lengthwise of the little lane of water. "Tug;" "tug;" and I had two fish, each approximately a foot in length.

Later, when Bill began to make me hate him by honking the horn of our alleged automobile, I made a last call upon the foam-coated pool. My leader sucked down and disappeared. Silence, while the black flies buzzed and the water trinkled. I took up slack. The flies floated about the pool. They swerved and dived, trailing around and around. I could see the nose of the trout for which I had dug three dinners poking out of the shadow of the foam. The Royal Coachman floated by him. He gave no heed. The Brown Hackle trailed past. Not a sign that he saw them. A yard on their way the trout came to life and my trailer fly disappeared before I had sufficiently recovered from my surprise to strike. Sometimes, however, one is lucky. That sixteen-inch native cut-throat hooked himself with only muscle-bound, semi-paralyzed help from me, and Bill ran over at my call and netted him.

At two-thirty we packed six of those beautiful fish in meadow grass and went

Another proof that Little Bill is real and not a figment of my "sterile" imagination.

back after our camp kit, then on over the divide to the Taylor.

"They have built a new road to Willow Forest Ranger Cabin," Bill writes. "It goes right on up the river. Tourists everywhere. Tin cans and trash all over. I fished a half day. Eight fishermen in sight. I caught four ten-inch cut-throats and came away. Too bad!"

Too bad doesn't begin to tell it. 'Tis a tragedy. Of course, I suppose the winding, silvery little river with the magnificent snow caps above it and that clean tang in the air are still there. But the solitude where the eagle soars and the Clark's crow and the pinon squawker and the chipmunk play about—and the trout—are gone!

"They have changed Monarch Pass," continues Bill. "It is twenty-five miles longer, but no bad pulls at all. The roads are smooth and fine—as good as Cochetopa Pass used to be—all wonderful, if it wasn't for the trout. I don't ever want to go back. Come out and let's go away off in the wilderness some place, where we can fish without walking on the heels of other waders and where we won't be awakened by the wailing of some simp on a saxophone."

I am glad that Bill told me this. I want to remember the Taylor as I knew it, unsullied by the rabble. But there is one ray of sunshine in Bill's letter.

"I walked up past the old gold sluices in the little creek which runs down through Union Park where we had so much fun the day we lost all the bearings out of our front wheel. The old road is closed. It seemed like I walked fifty miles. Lucky the tourists won't walk, or we wouldn't have *any* fish. Those cut-throats are still there. I fished three and a half hours and had a nice creel of 10 to 12-inchers when I started back. I thought of you."

I don't know why that road was built. My "sterile" imagination isn't equal to the task of figuring it out. I suppose there are excellent reasons for it. Good roads are fine things. They are very useful and necessary at times and places—but they are deadly to fish.

I don't care why that road was built. It can never pay me for the poignant loss of those flashing trout of the Taylor and the silent solitude of those beautiful mountain meadows, and, were I a resident of the State of Colorado, I would rather have Taylor Park as it was twenty years ago than the trade of ten thousand tourists.

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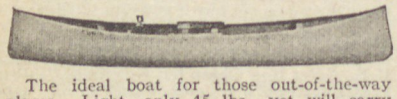

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Outboard Motors and Small Boats

Edited by PAUL BURRESS

MOST of us have had the enlightening experience, common to good fishing spots, of trying to locate a guide with sufficient good nature and muscle to row our boat wherever we care to go. Usually it develops into a discussion of fish habits, wind, weather, blisters or what Mr. Tarus, the famous author, said about the guide's efficiency in his latest article. In any event you usually miss the far spots you have always wanted to try or else you wind up triumphantly with blistered hands and a back that requires gallons of liniment before it will again function properly.

But why stick to the fishing end of it? How many of you have tried tooling the old boat against a good wind in a modest November drizzle, clad in hunting paraphernalia? There, my boy, is the true test of a great love.

Along with a lot of other people, I was always under the impression that an outboard motor was a gadget to be stuck on the stern of a boat and the game was to start it. If one started it in less than two hours they were awarded a short noisy ride. If one did not succeed in starting it between the breakfast flapjacks and the noon lunch bell, they were awarded the raucous razzberry from the less progressive souls who infested the clubhouse porch.

In yacht clubs it was always referred to (in polite society) as the "coffee grinder" and the hardy sons of Neptunus Rex were wont to hang it on their yacht tenders and try to start it once before selling it to some new and unsuspecting member of the club.

Early in my callow youth I owned an outboard motor and, as it had all the eccentricities common to outboard motors of that period, I took it upon myself to lead the anvil chorus, never pausing to consider that outboard motors had improved in pace with the improvement of the modern automobile over the chain-drive Thomas Flyer that served as the family chariots in those remote days.

An improvement never occurred to me until two years ago while on a duck hunting trip to Ontario.

To remark that the weather was cold is an injustice to old man Boreas. It was one of those blah, drizzling days when a young man's fancy turns to thoughts of fireplaces and cards. It might be well to add that my host, McLennan, a jovial Scotchman, had provided an ample supply of that commodity for which his native heath is noted.

However, being an ardent duckster he wouldn't listen to my plea to remain by the fire but insisted that we try it. (The shooting.) We did.

The thwarts in the boat were covered with a nice slippery coat of ice and the continued drizzle trickled down our necks as we alternated at the oars. Now oars, so to speak, were once my dish, but unfortunately, that was some years before and time had removed the calluses.

It was pass shooting and Mac's blind was located on a point directly across a three mile lake. We eventually made it and, soaked but expectant, we waited for the birds.

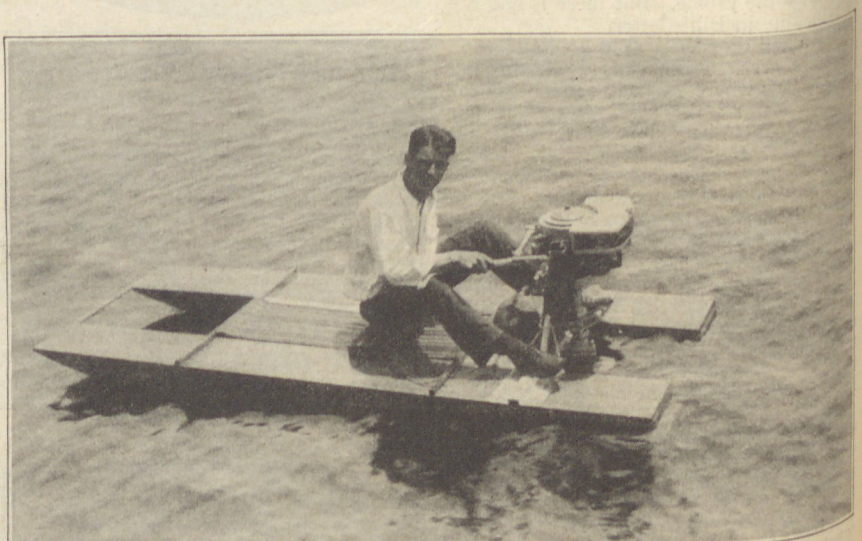
The drizzle stopped and a most invigorating northwest wind substituted for it. The water that we had accumulated enroute froze and our clothing took on a delightful armor-like quality.

Not a shot was fired all morning. A couple of high redheads broke the monotony with nothing but two loud reports. A lone mallard started down on the wind and Mac nailed him.

I suggested that he had won and that we should now pick up the marbles and head for that fireplace. He conceded, between chattering teeth, that my point was well taken.

After paddling until almost ready to drop we decided to rig some kind of a grommet on the stern and scull. Mac couldn't master the intricacies of sculling, so that made me the crew and Mac chairman of the committee on encouragement.

Years later, so it seemed, we arrived at the cabin. The front door was open and Mac, after a wild dash and much unprintable language, announced that his two cases of anti-freeze had been stolen. Not dis-



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turbed I blandly suggested that he look in my suit case while I bring in the guns.

"It's gone, too!" he yelled.

This was too much. I dropped the equipment and ran for the cabin. It was a mess. Everything had been turned upside down and every bit of food and drinkables had vanished with the thief.

It was the shock of the ages.

"Well, youth," says Mac, "it's a two mile pull to Smith's Landing, but we've got to eat—unless, unless! Say, by the long whiskers of Izaak Walton, how about trying this coffee grinder that your girl friend sent!"

"Trot her out," says I, "I'd rather try some of Jack Proctor's home brew than row that boat another foot."

We carried the outboard to the boat and clamped it in place. Then, book in hand, I started to tinker with dinguses.

"Hand me that starting rope," says I, "it won't start, but I can at least get warm trying to start it."

I gave her a pull and WOW! The blooming thing started to shove the boat right up on the beach. Afraid that she would never start again I whirled the motor around and backed into the lake. Running 'round in circles, because I was afraid to shut it off, I yelled to Mac to jump in as I passed the pier. He was afraid to try it, so against my better judgment I grounded the motor. It stopped as I came alongside.

Mac got in and, muttering a prayer, I again pulled the starting lanyard. Again it cackled merrily and we put-putted right into the teeth of that wind for two miles without a miss.

Boy, oh, BOY!

I still own that motor. I thought it was the only good outboard motor in the world. But my vanity has been wounded. I find that any number of my friends have 'em and they are just as dependable as the old baby that always nestles under the turtle deck in my car.

Take a tip from me—consider the outboard.

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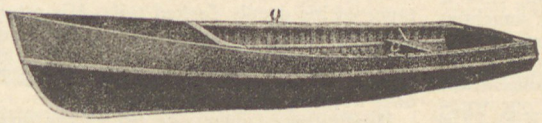

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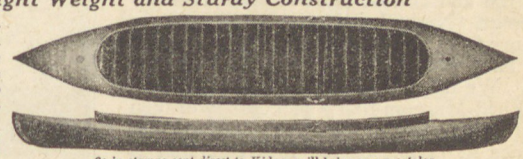

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The Angler's Notebook

Written at Odd Moments

By O. W. SMITH
Angling Editor OUTDOOR AMERICA

Random Cast

Pretty stiff today and limbering up is going to be serious. You see I was out after 'em yesterday, and my arm acts like a pump-handle. See that! Didn't come within three feet of the mark. There, that's better. Ah, a "pickerel," and some fish!

A GOOD WORD FOR THE GREAT PIKE

"The Pike is also observed to be a solitary, melancholy, and bold fish; melancholy, because he always swims and rests himself alone, and never swims in shoals or with company, as do Roach and Dace, and most other fish do; and bold, because he fears not a shadow, or to be seen of anybody, as the Trout and Chub and all other fish do."
"The Compleat Angler."

THE Englishman has unbounded respect for the pike, and rightly so, because he is a good game fish. The difficulty with America is that she is so blessed with game fishes that some are passed up as unworthy without being given a fair trial. Then, too, there is a whole lot of misinformation regarding the pike family, which is responsible for the prejudice. We have been saying over and over again, in this department and from the platform, that a "pickerel" is not a small pike, but somehow the truth fails to make an impression. To clear the ground, remember that the so-called "wall-eyed pike" is not a pike at all, but a perch, a sort of cousin to our well-beloved yellow perch of lake and sluggish stream.

The pike family proper, for us in the Middle West at least, may be considered as comprising pickerel, great pike and muskellunge. Now there are three or four varieties of pickerel but one great pike, and three forms of muskellunge, you note I did not say "species," for I have my doubts about the species. No true pickerel, save one species in the east, will ever weigh over a pound, or two at the outside. The great pike will go to, well, shall we say 40 pounds, as large and full of fight as the true muskellunge. Never mind color, spots, etc., in naming fish. Remember that shallow water fish have the ability of changing color at will. We have it on no less authority than the Field Museum that a pickerel "will turn pale with fright." We must get some difference in form, scaling, fins, etc., that is constant if we are to be sure of the identity of a given species. Now Nature has made it easy to differentiate between the pikes. Just remember the pickerel has both cheek and gill-cover scaled, the great pike carries a scaled cheek, with only the lower half of the gill-cover so decorated, while the true 'lunge is armored only on the upper halves of both. Oh, there are other anatomical differences, but that's enough to remember.

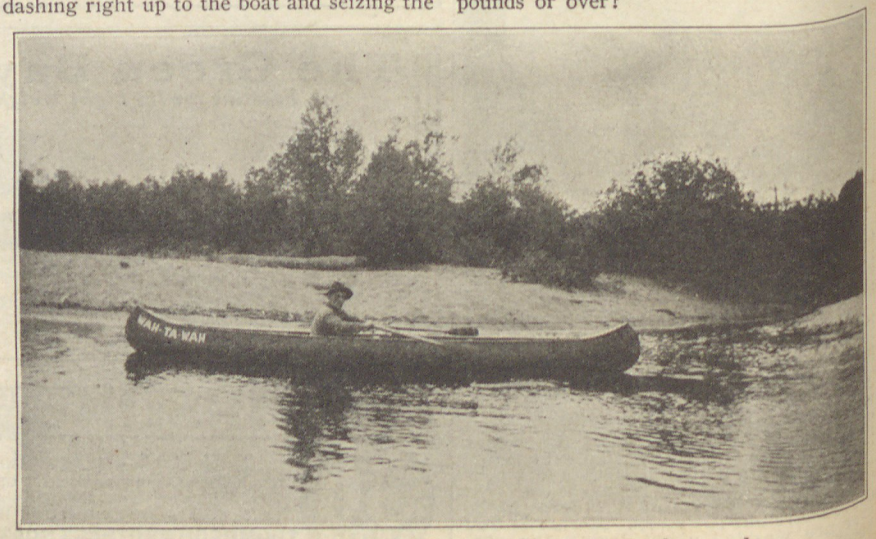
Now I am a lover of the great pike, though generally he is locally called "pickerel," for he is as Walton says a "bold" fish, and all who have tried conclusions with one weighing from nine pounds up, are willing to admit him a doughty fighter. I doubt if there is any difference in the fighting ability of a muskellunge and great pike from the same water. I mean this, give the latter fish cold water such as the 'lunge usually inhabits, and "inch for inch and pound for pound" he will be the equal of the 'lunge. Yet forever, perhaps, we will consider it something of a disgrace to be a "pickerel fisher" and something of an ichthyic honor to be a taker of muskellunge. The great pike, like the poor, is ever present with us; but the muskellunge I much fear is disappearing, for perhaps there is no fresh-water fish more eagerly sought by anglers. I can solace myself with great pike fishing, while, in the pan I agree with Walton that "he is choicely good." A properly baked pike of 10 pounds or over is about as tasty a bit of meat as any outer's appetite deserves. I have,—but shucks, who wants to hear about my culinary ability?

We today are not ready to agree with Walton regarding the pike's lack of fear, for he is rather suspicious. Send your boat quietly along a weedy, marshy shore in the early morning and if lucky you may surprise one of the evil-eyed gentry lying perdue, watching for prey; but let him catch sight of you, and lo, apparently without movement of a fin, he fades from the picture. I doubt if there is a more malevolent appearing fish in fresh water, he is evil from the gleam of his baleful eye, to the taper of his deeply forked tail. His attack upon the bait is sudden and ferocious. Seldom does he flirt, if he wants what the angler has to offer, he takes it, and if he does not he pays no attention.

When I was a boy we fished for great pike, "pickerel" of course we called them, with hand lines. The line was an ordinary chalk line, and the spoon a large kidney shaped "Skinner," heavily weighted with lead sinkers. The outfit was whirled about the head and flung far from the boat, and brought in, hand over hand. I will never forget the sight of a great pursuing fish, dashing right up to the boat and seizing the lure just before it left the water. In those far-off days it was nothing uncommon for two men to take a dozen big fish in a day's fishing. Of course, spring and fall, literally hundreds were massacred by spearsmen. In my boyhood I saw many a wash-tub full of fish after the return of the fishermen. In those days we supposed the supply of fish inexhaustible, but alas, today we know better.

Trolling for great pike is one of the most enjoyable of sports, at least as I see and practice it. Of course I have long since given up the hand-line and cane-pole with line attached, for the short rod and multiplying reel, the regulation casting-rod. "Too light?" Not if you like to play a fish craftily, and craft is required in order to avoid a smash. I like to work alone, e'en though I know the value of a companion, for somehow I seldom have a difference with myself as to the proper method of procedure, something I can't say when my companion is equally well informed with myself. Then, too, there is rare sport in being on your lone. I employ a rod-holder because I know with it, the sudden striking of a fish will not drag it from the boat as has happened to me when not using one. A single motion serves to release the rod from the rod-holder, then, rod in hand, the issue of the battle is strictly up to me and on the lap of the gods. I have discovered this, we generally troll too fast and too furiously. Of course any well organized great pike *can* overtake a rapidly moving boat, we all know that, but he will not care to do so. Take time to troll slowly and enjoy the trolling, you won't enjoy the battle if your capture weighs above a dozen pounds. Don't I know it? I'll say I do. I can remember blistering my thumb in a vain effort to retard the mad surges of a certain great pike that led me a pretty race before I brought him along side.

Whatever the method of fishing; trolling, casting or still-fishing with live-bait, certain landing tools are essential. What are you going to do with a great pike of 10 pounds or over?



O. W. trolling along Superior's shore where many good pike are taken.

To lift him from the water is utterly without the question. To attempt to gaff while there is an ounce of strength left in his body is suicidal, for at the first prick of the steel, there is a frenzied struggle, a great splashing, and the capture has broken loose. To chance hitting him over the head with a thick club is chancy indeed, for it is woefully easy to miss and break the line or smash the hook. It can be done, this hitting business, but I had rather not try it unless compelled to do so by exigencies of circumstances. No, I believe the only thing is a pistol or revolver, something to administer the quietus with a lead pill, right between those malevolent eyes. There comes a quick, spasmodic struggle to be sure, but release line quickly enough, and all will be over save the lifting in. There are some successes in life which bring pleasure, but I know of nothing to compare with the successful landing of a fifteen or twenty pound great-pike after thirty minutes of war and riot.

Casting for great pike with regulation casting rod and reel—bass-outfit—calls for more skill and understanding, and perhaps is a bit more successful. A boatman is almost a necessity but let him be deaf and dumb, or another fisherman of equal understanding with yourself, one that will neither offer nor take advice. The boat should be worked carefully and quietly along the marge of the lake, within easy casting distance of weeds and lurking places. Mind I say easy casting distance, it will help if you can cast long distances, but well placed casts are better than those that go wild. Don't over cast, don't over fish. A single well-placed lure is better than a dozen slapped down anywhere. Remember the great pike is easily alarmed, Walton to the contrary notwithstanding, and throw only now and then, and where you know a fish is likely to hang out. It is great sport, is this casting craftily, and for honest men alone. One need never worry about hooking a rising fish, for the pike will attend to that himself, or a reasonably taut line will. As to lures, any well-made bass lure will be found perfectly satisfactory, but be sure you have a good long wire gimp or leader attached to the line, for a great pike has the habit of "striking over" then it is all off with your fishing. The knowledge that a great pike has gone his way with a mouth full of lure will not help you sleep more soundly.

When the mid-summer and Autumn weather is right for pike fishing, a good strong breeze kicking up a heavy sea, then essay still fishing with large minnows. You will need to do nothing but sit still, as still as you can and keep the boat right side up. The waves will keep your bait in motion and then comes the smashing strike of the fish, and it is just that. Seldom does the pike "smell out" the bait, anything that moves being good eating in his estimation. It takes a good many pounds of smaller fish to keep a great pike going, and remember a large minnow in still fishing is looked upon with greater favor than a small one. What was said about landing tools before applies here, though on rough water, the use thereof is somewhat more difficult, not to say hazardous. I have been tipped over, if not by a great pike, then by my own awkwardness in trying to land, or gaff, the fish.

So I am strong for the pike, though he is execrated by some, strong for him because he is a great fighter, and because, when baked properly, he makes a very toothsome dish. I thought to write of that side of the question when I started out to discuss the subject, but my better two-thirds warns me that to do so would be to encroach upon her particular domain and perhaps make lady anglers a bit warm under the collar. One thing about the great pike, he never

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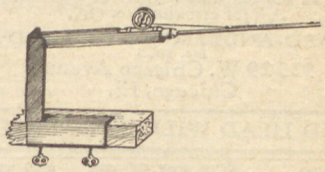

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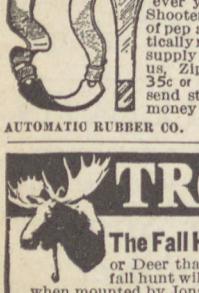

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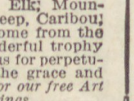

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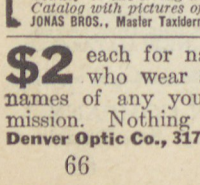

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asks quarter and he never gives it. Some have said he is a dirty fighter because he inflicts wounds with his cruel teeth, wounds that are apt to prove serious. I doubt if he deliberately bites at the hand of the fisherman, any more than that he is striking in all directions; but beware of his teeth, they are pretty sure to make a festering sore. Don't neglect a "bite" from the teeth of any fish. And here's to the great pike, may he long flirt with anglers.

CARP DO TAKE ARTIFICIALS

IN response to our request for information regarding the possibility of a carp's taking an artificial fly, we received the following interesting communication:

Dear O. W.: Regarding your request for carp information in a recent issue of OUTDOOR AMERICA, would say that while fishing two years ago my wife landed a carp on an "Akle Bug," and again this June, while fishing for bluegills with a No. 6 white bucktail, a fish took before the lure hit the water; it also made one leap, almost equaling a black bass. The fish proved to be a carp weighing 1½ pounds. Two days later, while fishing with the same lure, we hooked another carp and played him for more than 20 minutes, when he was still "going strong." We had a good look at him several times and estimated his weight at something like 15 pounds. I could lead him to within 8 feet of the boat, when he would make a mad rush, which there was no stopping. Finally, at the end of one of those rushes, he freed himself. Understand, it was impossible to hold him with a rod weighing 4½ ounces, a fly-rod of course. We shall long remember the battle. In conclusion will say that while a carp does not take a fly often, he does take one, and puts up a better fight than a spotted cat, which is a surface fight from first to last.—P. C. G., Ill.

Sir: Thanks for your good letter. You are the first correspondent to report taking a carp on an artificial fly. I can well believe what you say about the speed and stick-to-itiveness of the fish, for I have caught them on bait. If a carp were something else after being caught, what a game fish he would be.—O. W.

WHAT IS A MINNOW?

Dear O. W.: What is a minnow?—E. D. M., Pa.

Sir: Technically speaking, a minnow is a member of the minnow family—Cyprinidae—as you know, of which there are something like 200 genera and 1,000 species. A carp is a minnow, scientifically speaking. Common use regards any small fish as a minnow. Generally when an angler uses the word he is thinking of shiners, chubs, mud minnows, all of which are true minnows, of course. Personally when the small fish is of a game species I generally speak of it as a "baby," obviating confusion.—O. W.

THAT SORE TOOTH QUESTION

Dear O. W.: Your article in the June magazine relative to sore mouths in 'lunge leads me to narrate an experience of mine. In 1923, during late August, I was fishing in Canada, 148 miles north of the Soo. My partner and I had been taking pike from 2 to 6 pounds, one after the other, just for the sport of it, returning all to the water, when I felt a weak strike some distance from the canoe, which was followed by two more, by which time I had the lure—a baby crab wriggler—close in and saw plainly a large 'lunge grab at it and I managed to hook him. Without much effort we gaffed him. He measured 48 inches and weighed but 17 pounds. He was very thin. We attempted to save the head, unsuccessfully, but in working with it and tacking it to a board we found most of the teeth loose in their sockets, particularly those long ones along the sides of the jaw. A fish of that size has some real teeth and there was no question as to their looseness. My experience leads me to believe that a fish of this size should weigh more than 17 pounds, and in addition, his method of attack seemed to indicate that something was wrong.—P. J., Chicago.

Sir: I want to thank you for your very courteous favor of recent date relative to the "sore tooth story." Apparently your experience would argue for the theory, but I wonder if it does? In all the letters I have in my files on the subject, the fish with "sore teeth" have been represented as unusually vicious and ugly, "striking at the first splash of a plug," one correspondent puts it. Apparently your fish was diseased, honestly had "sore teeth," and, though hungry, hesitated to bite upon the supposed food. You make out a very clear case for the "sore teeth" advocates, and I shall be interested to get the reactions from our other readers, especially from ichthyologists. It is an interesting question and one upon which undoubtedly much can be said. Again, thank you, and I hope others will write. By the way, did you ever find a 'lunge or great pike without some apparently loose teeth? It is not a tragedy for a member of the pike family to lose shed teeth.—O. W.

"WHEN IS A PICKEREL?"

Dear O. W.: We have a "pickerel" here which has me guessing. Small, running to 6 pounds or so, but it doesn't look like our common grass pickerel. The scaling of the gills, which I understand is the way to identify the type, consists of a very narrow streak running backward from a line level with the bottom of the eye and up about to the top of the eye. On a big fish weighing 5 or 6 pounds the scaly strip is about one-half inch wide. There are no signs of scales below that line.—F. R. S., N. Dak.

Sir: You have me puzzled. In the pickerel the scaling should cover both cheek and gill-cover. In the head of the northern pike, so called, cheek is fully scaled and gill-cover scaled on upper half. I should incline to the opinion that your fish belongs here. The muskellunge has only the upper half of both cheek and gill-cover scaled. I doubt if the true pickerel would weigh 6 pounds, the pickerel you have out there. You didn't get the scaling just right, as the above indicates. I wouldn't think of color, because not constant.—O. W.

WANTS TO CAMP WITHIN 200 MILES OF CHICAGO

Dear O. W.: I want to find fishing within 200 miles of Chicago, and inasmuch as I plan to camp out, would like to have your best word regarding localities.—L. A. S., Ind.

Sir: When you ask for fishing "within 200 miles of Chicago" you rather put it up to me, not that there is not good fishing to be had in Wisconsin within that distance, but as to whether you will "strike it right" or not. The fact is, the southern lakes are not fished as hard as some of the northern ones, especially if regarded as "fished out" locally. I would suggest Oconto County as it seems to be rather out of the line of heavy resort travel, not advertising as much as some sections have. I am sure that in the Region of Mountain you will find wonderful camping places and reasonably good fishing. You might write the Chamber of Commerce, Oconto, for further information. After all, one can get good fishing almost anywhere if he knows the habits of the fish, for they are becoming "highly educated" in these days.—O. W.

BOOKS ON COMMON FISH AND FISHING WANTED

My Dear O. W.: Can you give me the names of a few books on fishing for common fish?—F. C. B., Mo.

Sir: As you know there is an extensive literature upon fishing and upon fish. Today one divides his library into sections, such as trout fishing, dry-fly fishing, live-bait fishing, classification of fish, etc., etc. While my library is in nowise complete, I have some hundreds of volumes and can usually find something upon almost any phase of the subject. You are asking especially for something dealing with our more common game fish. How would Henshall's "Bass, Pike, Perch and Others" do? A new edition by D. Appleton is out, I understand. It was originally published by Macmillans. "The Book of Fish and Fishing," by Rhead, is well worth while, but hardly complete enough. Henshall's "Favorite Fishing" is well worth possessing. Rhead's "Bait Fishing for Common Fishes" is good. A little pamphlet by S. T. Jones, "Fishing Facts," is creamy. There are many others, even on my shelves, but I think the foregoing will satisfy. You may be interested to know that I have a work on the subject of common fishes in preparation, and if I ever can find time to give it the finishing touches, it will come out. If I can be of further help all you have to do is write.—O. W.

MOSQUITO DOPE

My dear O. W.: Somewhere, I believe in Outdoor America last summer, I saw a formula you gave for a fly-dope, but I have lost the number. Please give again. —G. P. H., Fla.

Sir: I presume the "dope" you have in mind is what is known as Dr. Breck's Fly Dope, mentioned by him in "The Way of the Woods." I have used it with quite satisfactory results, though there is no "dope" that will effectually banish skeets. You understand that the best of them evaporate, wash off if one sweats, as one does in the woods, and all that. I have been out with Indians who used nothing but a bacon rind, with which they swabbed their faces at frequent intervals, though I am free to confess that the remedy was almost as bad as the disease. Oil of tar, smeared on liberally, is good,—perhaps I should say bad—and keeps them away to a certain extent. Follows Dr. Breck's formula:

Pine tar, 3 oz.
Olive (or Castor) oil, 2 oz.
Oil pennyroyal, 1 oz.
Citronella, 1 oz.
Creosote, 1 oz.
Camphor (pulverized), 1 oz.
Large tube carbolated vaseline.

Heat the tar and oil and add the other ingredients; simmer over slow fire until well mixed. The tar may be omitted if disliked or for ladies' use.—O. W.

"O. W." will gladly correspond with his readers.

Has Anyone Else a Tame Tiger Musky?

By A. R. Smith

WITH a lake four miles long and one mile wide in which to roam and feed, a wild tiger muskellunge has chosen to be fed and petted by human hands instead of rustling its food in the more energetic fashion adopted by its brothers.

This unusual fish is to be found at Squirrel Lake, near Minocqua, Wis. Every other morning, Bill Jansen, proprietor of Squirrel Lake Lodge, goes down to his boat pier and finds awaiting him with hungry eyes, a 28-inch beautifully striped tiger musky. Mr. Musky has come to know that when he is hungry all he has to do is wait by the pier and sooner or later Mr. Jansen or one of his guests will come down and toss him a few minnows.

The process of feeding him is interesting. Whoever happens to be feeding the musky takes a minnow by the tail and wiggles it in the water until Mr. Musky sees it. Then he lets go! An unbelievably quick lash of the tail, a swish, and bang! Mr. Musky is next seen contentedly chewing on Mr. Minnow. And talk about appetites! Often Mr. Musky will devour as many as 18 minnows and probably could eat more except that Mr. Jansen would run out of his supply. And that's not all.

After the musky has been fed, Mr. Jansen can put his finger in the water and wiggle it, whereupon Mr. Musky slowly and with much dignity approaches to have his back scratched! He seems to enjoy it, for he'll stay by the hour as long as anyone pays attention to him. He has been known to "hang around" from before breakfast to mid-afternoon. But once he goes back into deep water, he is not seen again for two days when once again he comes to be fed and petted.

There has been no picture taken of this unique musky for the reason, as Mr. Jansen puts it, that anyone could pose a dead musky and scratch its back. However, moving picture men are invited.

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Scientific Angling

Edited by FREDERICK J. LANE

Outdoor America is the official publication for the National Association of Scientific Angling Clubs. Our readers interested in tournament casting are urged to write in to Frank S. Leach, National Secretary, N. A. S. A. C., care of this magazine

ILLINOIS STATE TOURNAMENT

Alex. Olsen Wins All-Round Championship

THE Chicago Fly Casting Club won the pennant at the recent State Tournament, July 4th and 8th; totaling 59 points, to 33 for the Illinois Club and 14 for the Lincoln Park Club.

Alex. Olsen, Chicago Fly, led all casters with 28 demerits. Vong, Illinois, with 31 points beat Kleinfeldt, Chicago Fly, the 1927 Champion, by one point.

A high wind spoiled the Dry Fly Events, but Olsen and "Bob" Clarkson cast the regulation event with only 5 off, while Sutter, their club mate, came next with 6 demerits.

The Lincoln Park casters won the ¼ oz. Accuracy with Davis heading the score sheet and Zeisler in a tie with Olsen for second honors. Sutter showed some of his old style casting and won the ½ oz. Accuracy. Mrs. Humphries, Illinois Club, cast a fine score of 6 off, taking second from Nick Schroeder, whose best efforts just netted him 99.3. Lambert, Lincoln Park Club, won the three man tie in the Accuracy Fly, each casting 3 off.

Howard Chatt proved very steady and easily won the ½ oz. Distance over all the State crack casters. The ⅝ oz. Accuracy developed into another three man tie but Carl McCarthy, of the Chicago Fly Club, kept his nerve longer and walked away with the Gold Medal.

No merchandise prizes were awarded but medals, gold, silver and bronze—standard design for State Tournaments—were presented to the winners of the first three places.

The new president of the Association is Zeisler, of the Lincoln Park Club, under whose direction the State Tournament will be held next July. Following are the winning scores.

Dry Fly		½ Oz. Accy.	
Olsen	99.10	Sutter	99.5
Clarkson	99.10	Mrs. H'mphries	99.4
Sutter	99.9	Schroeder	99.3

Dry Fly Unk.		Accy. Fly	
Vong	99.1	Lambert	99.12
Fridenberg	99.0	Olsen	99.12
Sutter	98.9	McCarthy	99.12

¼ Oz. Accy.		⅝ Oz. Accy.	
Davis	99.7	McCarthy	99.6
Olsen	99.5	Burlingame	99.6
Zeisler	99.5	DeLaunty	99.6

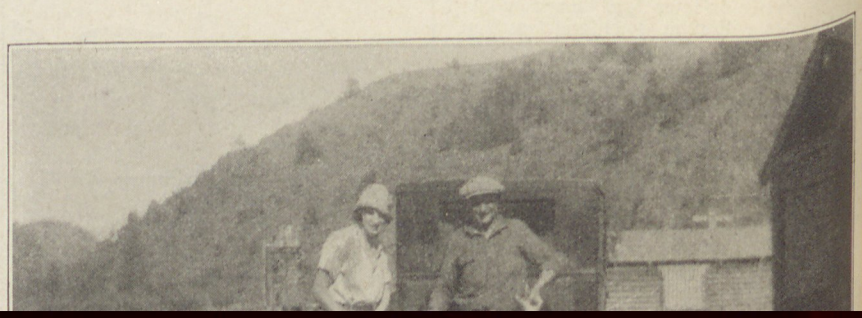
½ Oz. Distance	
H. Chatt	280.4—290½ Feet
Kleinfeldt	263.8—268 Feet
McCarthy	230.1—247½ Feet

OHIO STATE TOURNAMENT

ANOTHER, the sixth annual tournament of the OASAC held under the auspices of the Cleveland Casters Club, is now history.

Again Eddie Braddon repeated and for the second time in succession has won the all around state championship. One state record, the accuracy fly, was equalled by Crooks of Columbus, while Mrs. Dr. Marriott, last year's champion, in the ladies' plug accuracy, broke the state record formerly held by Mrs. V. D. Reese of Columbus.

The weather conditions, except in the fly



distance, were ideal as the scores made by a majority of the casters indicate; however, many fine scores were wrecked by one bad cast on the part of a large number of veteran casters.

The outstanding feature of this year's meet was the work of the 18 year old boy caster, Bower, of Geneva Club, winner of the plug accuracy. The surprise of the tournament was the outcome of the distance events; all the casters seemed to have a slump and last year's champion did not seem to even get organized, casting way below his ability, but Al says he will redeem himself at the National meet at Columbus. The 1929 state tournament was awarded to the Lima Club. The annual meeting and banquet was closed with the election of the following officers for the coming year:

Art Herrett, Lima, O., President; A. A. Trimble, Cleveland, O., Vice-President; W. W. Bowman, Lima, O., Secretary; W. J. Buckwalter, Cleveland, Treasurer.

Mr. and Mrs. Lou Hurst of Indianapolis and Florida were again in attendance, and oldtimer Lou demonstrated that he hasn't even commenced to slip yet.

Following are the highest scores:

Bait Accuracy

Name	Club	¼ oz.	½ oz.	⅝ oz.
Bolton,	Youngstown	....	97.9	99.1
Shrum,	Cleveland	98.2	99.2	99
Beers,	Cleveland	98	97.1	....
Leonard,	Cleveland	98	98	99
Trimble,	Cleveland	99.3	98.5	99.5
Herrett,	Lima	98.9	98.3	99.1
Kinnear,	Geneva	98.6	96.8	99.2
Foss,	Cleveland	98.5	97.6	99.4
Kappler,	Cleveland	93.6	96.8	98.2
Behnen,	Columbus	97.6	98	99.2
Crooks,	Columbus	98.6	97.6	99.4
Buckwalter,	Cleveland	97.6	....	98.8
Moulton,	Geneva	98.5	98.3	99.3
Bower,	Geneva	98.4	98.8	99.7
Palmer,	Cleveland	99.1	98.1	99
Noyes,	Geneva	98.2	97.7	....
Lockwood,	Cleveland	98	98	99.1
Marriott,	Cleveland	99.2	98.2	99.5
Hurst,	Indianapolis	98.4	98	99.4
Braddon, Jr.,	Cleveland	99.3	98.8	99.6
Armstrong,	Geneva	96.5	98.3	99.4
R. Caldwell,	Akron	99.2	97	98.7
W. Caldwell,	Akron	....	97.2	99
Warmen,	Akron	....	97.5	97.3
Kelly,	Cleveland	....	96.3	98.4
Melcher,	Cleveland	....	97.4	98.6
Gowan,	Cleveland	....	92.8	98
Trigg,	Youngstown	....	98.1	99.6
Winfield,	Youngstown	....	97	....
Kent,	Youngstown	....	....	97.1
Waite, D. H.,	Geneva	....	....	98.8
Waite, J.,	Geneva	....	....	98.3

Fly Events

Name	Club	Accy. Fly	Known Dry Fly	Unkn'wn Dry Fly
Behnen,	Columbus	11	19	13
Buckwalter,	Cleveland	13	19	21
Trimble,	Cleveland	2	16	9
Leonard,	Cleveland	7	28	10
Kinnear,	Geneva	15	18	13
Beers,	Cleveland	21	19	36
Shrum,	Cleveland	3	8	9
Marriott,	Cleveland	7	16	13
Moulton,	Geneva	6	34	24
Crooks,	Columbus	1	4	15
Lockwood,	Cleveland	4	8	24
Braddon, Jr.,	Cleveland	3	6	10
Hurst,	Indianapolis	14	13	9
Palmer,	Cleveland	21	16	27
Foss,	Cleveland	10	24	18
Herrett,	Lima	8	14	10
Bolton,	Youngstown	8	17	41

		5¾ Dis. Fly	Salmon Dis.
Kinnear,	Geneva	61 2/5	87 2/3
Crooks,	Columbus	81	88
Foss,	Cleveland	75 2/3	119
Hurst,	Indianapolis	70 1/3	112 2/3
Trimble,	Cleveland	90 1/3	122 2/3
Shrum,	Cleveland	80 2/3	128
Marriott,	Cleveland	74 2/3	113
Herrett,	Lima	75 1/3	...
Moulton,	Geneva	69 1/3	100
Behnen,	Columbus	93	119 2/3
Braddon, Jr.,	Cleveland	103 1/3	143
Leonard,	Cleveland	75 2/3	112 1/3
Buckwalter,	Cleveland	84 2/3	102 2/3
Palmer,	Cleveland	74 1/3	93
Lockwood,	Cleveland	85 1/3	107 1/3
Beers,	Cleveland	..	103 1/3

Bait Distance Events

Name	Club	¼	½	⅝
Behnen,	Columbus	146	158.4	155.8
Braddon,	Cleveland	134.8	258.4	200
Moulton,	Geneva	144.8	114.8	185.6
Hurst,	Indianapolis	182.8	192.6	187.6
Kinnear,	Geneva	161.6	131.4	219
Palmer,	Cleveland	155.4	209	157.2
Foss,	Cleveland	160.6	252.8	208.2
Herrett,	Lima	96	110	129.2
Buckwalter,	Cleveland	116.2	155.2	169
Trimble,	Cleveland	178	...	161.2
Bolton,	Youngstown	174.8	...	...
Crooks,	Columbus	81	196.4	42.6
Leonard,	Cleveland	127.4	199	138
Lockwood,	Cleveland	138.4	159.4	140
Bowers,	Geneva	...	129	158.2

Bait Distance Events

Name	Points	Name	Points
Braddon, Jr.	23	Lockwood	56
Trimble	33	Kinnear	57
Foss	47	Behnen	57
Hurst	48	Moulton	61
Crooks	50	Herrett	62
Palmer	56	Leonard	63

N. A. S. A. C. Tournament

THE Columbus Club Secretary sends this as the official schedule of events at the coming National Tournament.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 30

¼ Oz. Accuracy
½ Oz. Accuracy
⅝ Oz. Accuracy

FRIDAY, AUGUST 31

Distance Fly
Dry Fly
Dry Fly—Unknown

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 1

Accuracy Fly
Salmon Fly

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 3

¼ Oz. Distance
½ Oz. Distance
⅝ Oz. Distance
⅝ Oz. Accuracy—Ladies

This program provides for no casting on Sunday and is subject to change as conditions may demand.

The new pool is located at the State Fair Grounds at the site of the old pool. The island is being removed, the shore line has been straightened out and a concrete platform is being erected across the center of the pool with two T-shaped platforms at either end, permitting casting in any direction for a distance of 125 feet.

Headquarters will be located at the Deshler Hotel. Write early to the management in regard to reservations and rates.

The 1928 Tournament promises to eclipse the one held at Columbus in 1920, as the local casters are most enthusiastic and very proud of their new pool.

A Message from the N. A. S. A. C. President

To the Members of All Affiliated Clubs:

DURING the long winter while at rest in my prairie home I have long and often pondered over some of our recent decisions regarding the Rules in Casting. I refer, especially, to the conditions governing the award of the All Round Championship. In spite of the apparent, rather than real, injustice of the point system, under which a caster was rewarded for a brilliant performance, I am inclined to prefer it to the uninteresting method of determining the champion in force at present. The four classifications now in use seem very satisfactory and in no way should be disturbed, but I am committed to a change in the method of scoring the All Round and offer this as substitute. The suggestion is to provide for two All Round Championships, one for the Accuracy and one for the Distance Events, based on the number of points

(Continued on page 74)

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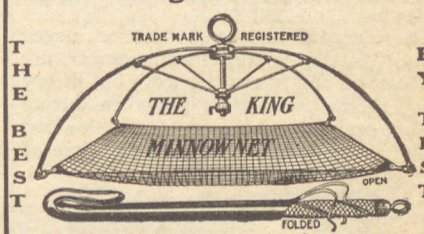

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Your Dog And Mine

Edited by OZARK RIPLEY — *Dog Editor,* OUTDOOR AMERICA

Starting Time

VERY frequently we have cautioned amateurs against starting dogs on game while they were too young, knowing full well the tendency of beginners to overwork their precious young charges, particularly if they exhibit an extra early development of their natural instincts.

Particularly at this time of year, we try to visualize conditions, likes and dislikes, and outstandingly the fact that everybody naturally wishes to have his dogs, irrespective of the ages of the animals, perfectly trained and experienced before the hunting season comes around, which, in most states, is about November first. The difficulty which confronts us is that many young dogs are in every way capably equipped to take up the burden of field training right now, and, on the other hand, many of the same age are not—proving that you can not evade the important matter that there are numerous slow developers and numerous fast ones. But we can not tell a thing about this until we have actually given the prospects a thorough tryout.

Starting a dog on game and checking it up into a body-scenting point are two different things; and, at least momentarily, ought not to be confused, nor attempted at the same time, though the natural early pointer is bound to appear and, obviously, somewhat alter your plans.

There used to be strong objections urged against starting youngsters in summer, not the least of which was the worn out theory about rabies being more prevalent during the hot periods, and the erroneous idea that giving a dog hard exercise at this time of the year was nothing short of encouraging an attack.

Personally, I have always had a strong predilection for working dogs in hot weather, though it made the training task more laborious for man and beast. But a dog has to be in condition to stand work in summer and, for that, a dog must be in condition to perform satisfactorily in summer or any other time.

With the highly strung dog, pointer or setter, of modern times, when it gets in the field, the handler ought to be prepared to repeat almost any lesson the young animal was taught during yard training. Many a youngster will recall everything he was taught at home; and, though the majority will, they as quickly forget when the thrill of hunting becomes their greatest compulsion, and the scent of game begins to dominate every fiber of their sensitive beings and causes them to react in many strange ways.

In the hands of most amateurs, the future of the youngster rests during the early days afield. And with summer weather entering boldly into the regime of field work many things must be studied concerning the welfare of dogs at this period. Considerable has been said about the dangers to an animal's health during warm weather, much of which is true. Also, the matter of conserving game birds can not be disregarded. Carelessly working bird dogs on quails during the early part of summer may lead to the breaking up of many nests.

The period, however, arrives right after the harvesting of oats and wheat, when training conditions are good, though the weather remains hot. During the early hours of morning and late in the evening ample opportunities for giving the dogs work will be available. It is good to wait until the usual cover which follows the harvest has grown up, for the birds then become more regular in their habits, as then they feel obvious security against the questing eyes of hawks or similar enemies. This growth which follows the harvest comes quickly and is mostly composed of ragweed, foxtail, crab grass and kindred pests to the farmer. The late nesting birds often will be encountered. It is up to the handler to do his part, preventing the dogs from causing disturbances there and, as far as possible, avoiding these places.

Do not overwork young dogs in summer, or any other time. Also, register in your mind territory where water or shade is available. It is surprising before a young, or, in fact, an old dog, is in condition how much they suffer from the least heat. Every old water hole or creek is an asset; a shady patch of woods helps wonderfully in cooling a dog off when no water is at hand. Experienced trainers have an amazing faculty for getting dogs continually into cover and thus saving their valuable strength for good territory. In lieu of water, shade is a great comfort. A dog laboring from heat will quickly recover and be in condition to resume work after getting water and shade, but never forget that these are indispensable.

There are many valuable angles connected with starting youngsters as well as old dogs, in hot weather, or conditioning them for fall work. If you work a dog regularly from the moment you begin with him in August, rest assured he will be able, barring accidents, to stand all the gruelling of the shooting season. Also, he will not suffer during the occasional hot days in fall when so many dogs slump.

Another good point about summer work is that the heat has the same effect on most young handlers as it has on dogs. It levies a tribute on their energy, so that they are not prone to overdo the matter and put the dog to an extra strain, as they usually do when they wait until the shooting season to train.

Often dogs in good health, when put to hard exercise during hot days, suffer an attack similar to fits. There is no danger to be apprehended from this. The animal begins to lose the use of its hind quarters, staggers and often whirls around and staggers weakly, giving every indication that it is going to suffer an immediate collapse. Promptly get the dog to shade and water, even though you have to carry it there, until it has recovered. Dogs get accustomed to a great deal of heat if you give them only a little taste of it at a time, increasing the amount as you see their ability to endure it. You must, however, always exercise judgment in the matter, remembering that at the hunting gait a bird dog moves he heats up mighty quickly. You can appreciate this yourself, if you try the same day running in the shade and running under a boiling hot sun. Try this once, and your deportment towards dogs will inevitably be

These are actual photographs taken when both dogs were on game, one on grouse, the other on quail.

regulated by your own painful experience.

Many sorts of bevies will be encountered during August: birds that run, scarcely fly, half grown birds, and early hatchings that appear to have the flying energy of mature birds. Frequently, very young birds cause greater puzzlement to your pupils. Apparently they are arch tantalizers to the young as well as the oldest and steadiest dogs in your kennels. You can only anticipate what they will do when they slam unexpectedly into a bevy the size of bumble bees, cheeping to the greatest powers of utterance, slipping under grass that is apparently not high enough to hide a flea, or tall grass at times, while the mother performs the universal antics of a matron quail. And many times, too, the father quail does the enigmatic stunting so disconcerting to the poise of all dogs, which we construe as simulating a crippled wing, erratic flying just within apparent seizing distance, only to elude the attempts to catch it and thus lure the danger away.

Did you ever watch this act with quails? How the cheeping becomes absolute silence; the mother in charge quite a good ways from the young ones in concealment. All at once the parent realizes through her acumen, instinct and experience, that safety is assured for the time being against enemies! Suddenly she emits the gathering call and, lo! the little bunches of bent grass or weeds suddenly become animated with cheeping tots. The voice of the old one is announcing her whereabouts and then, lo! again, the tiny chaps are assembled joyously in the care of their beloved protector.

Under such circumstances, what is a young dog going to do, one that is perfectly yard broken, when he sees an old quail fluttering close to him? Gradually draw away from the bevy of tiny little fellows? Nine times out of ten, if he has an iota of bird dog spirit in his system, he is going to break point, and any semblance of steadiness, in the mingling of excitement from the lust to hunt, and the actual desire to catch game will compel him to chase, though his early education seemingly has been so well absorbed that heretofore any such deportment would have been regarded as impossible.

One of the reasons that I like to see a beginner start his dog in summer is that he is sure to learn something about the habits of game birds, which he can not learn so well during the shooting season because then he is wholly absorbed with the hunting spirit. It is amazing to visualize the number of quail, grouse, chicken and pheasant hunters, who have pursued these birds annually during twenty-five or thirty years, and yet know so little about their habits.

A beginner with bird dogs working a youngster in summer time, if he is ethically a conservationist and will meticulously in every manner regard the proprieties of the season, both on his part and that of the dog, will acquire an astounding amount of bird knowledge and also the necessary poise so absolutely essential for success.

Knowledge of the habits of game birds will give anyone a better understanding of many acts on the part of bird dogs, which formerly could not be understood. An absolute companionship in thought and action develops. Explanations of heretofore intangible matters dissolve themselves in successive gradations. All of these prove of great value, and, particularly, what a small pebble on the beach of dogdom is a man who thinks he knows everything about them, and why he is such a humorous looking chap to the other fellows when he loses his temper!

I believe the majority of old timers will admit that the joys of aiding in the development of bird dogs in their early days are comparable in enjoyment with any days of the shooting season. Furthermore, they will admit that it was then that they found themselves, and the absence for the while of the immediate killing lust brought on a siege of thinking and with it self analysis. They realized the futility of anger, and, most of all, that every dog is a separate character, and that any set rules are but guiding suggestions which must be varied to suit the temperament of the individual dog they are trying to instruct and develop.

Last winter I was talking with an old trainer who is famed for his success with field trial and shooting dogs. I had not talked with him since way back when I worked with him and soon parted with him on account of his erstwhile irascibility with young dogs. During the stretch of intervening years, however, I had observed him gradually climbing successfully, and what most impressed me was that, among all his dogs, there was not a handler-shy one on the list. Obviously, he had changed tactics since I had been with him; the dogs he had handled radiated the attention of a master. *And no one becomes a master in the art of handling dogs without controlling his temper.* Otherwise it eventually controls him, and thus he loses control of the dogs.

The old trainer was in a jovial mood. I referred unsparingly to the time when we were together, and how we came to part. Emboldened by the manner in which he accepted my conversation, I had the temerity to ask how he came to control his temper, something which had to be accomplished before he was able successfully to tread on the road to success. He let out a loud laugh and declared in his parlance that a "mammy quail done it!"

"When a dog that I had trained in the yard first chased a quail, I simply went hot all over," he confided. "And I kept on being that way, until I saw a mammy quail fool one of my steady old dogs, pulling him away from the vicinity of her young, making the old chap chase her. After that happened and was repeated, I got to laughing, laughing first at the old dog and then at myself for being such a fool as to lose my temper. And right then I realized I would never be worth a darn with bird dogs until I first learned to control myself."

AIREDALE OR HOUND?

Dear Ozark Ripley:

I am a kid nineteen years old. I want to buy a pup that I can train to be a good hunter of small game and a good companion. It will be my first dog and my knowledge of them is nil.

Can you tell me of a good book on how to raise and train a dog?

Would an Airedale fill the bill?

How much would be the cost?

What points has a hound over an Airedale, if any?

Are dogs expensive to keep in a small town of say twelve thousand?

Yours respectfully,
Phil Cooper, Cleveland, Ohio.

Dear Mr. Cooper:

If I were you, I would get a Springer Spaniel, Beagle hound or Cocker Spaniel for your hunting in preference to an Airedale. You ought to be able to get a pretty well grown youngster of fair parentage for $25.

A hound has greater scenting ability and natural hunting instinct than an Airedale, also it can stand the going required in hunting much better.

Very truly yours,
Ozark Ripley.

A DOG FOR BOYS

Dear Ozark Ripley:

I have four young boys. They want a dog. I want a good dog though, one whose character is such that he will enjoy a good rough romp but will not get cross—one who will stay home and tend to his own business yet have spunk enough to protect the kids if needs be—one that they might train to pull a sleigh—one that is not delicate as to eating and does not need to be coddled. How would a Chow answer these requirements?

Yours very truly,
Robt. A. Oren, Evart, Michigan.

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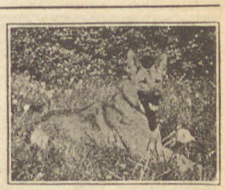

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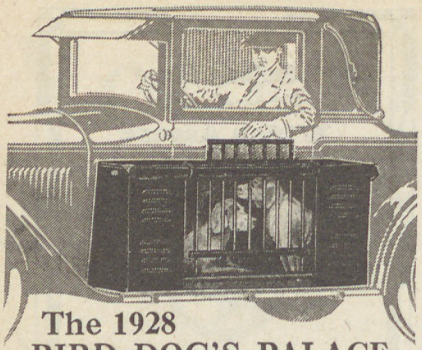

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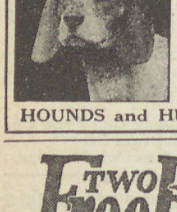

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Dear Sir:

I would not, were I you, consider a Chow. I would favor a Springer Spaniel, Airedale or Water Spaniel. They will enjoy the romping and the rough spots. If you get one as a pup and raise it yourself, and the children make it constantly their companion it will grow to love them, stay at home, and be their defender. These dogs are big enough to pull kids in a sled, particularly an Airedale or Irish Water Spaniel.

Don't let the children abuse the dog and then it will not grow up into the surly type.

Very truly yours,
Ozark Ripley.

FLEAS IN YARD

Dear Ozark Ripley:

I am anxious to know how to kill fleas in the yard. I find my back yard literally alive with them.

This yard is perhaps 50x50 feet, and if I walk in the yard the fleas simply cover my legs.

The yard is not bare but is covered with Bermuda grass.

Yours very truly,
Chas. P. Noell, Covington, Tenn.

Dear Mr. Noell:

To get rid of these fleas cover your entire yard thickly with straw, then set fire to it. If you have a hose, afterward for three days in succession give the yard a soaking with water. Be sure and take care of any sheltered place, for that will be where the fleas will breed most. Scald it there with a five per cent solution of coal tar dip. Have the water with which you mix it scalding hot. The process mentioned will not kill out the Bermuda grass; it will come back.

Very truly yours,
Ozark Ripley.

DON'T TRAIN TOO YOUNG

Dear Ozark Ripley:

I have a pointer bitch three years old which pointed staunchly at six months and then contracted distemper from which afterward she fully recovered.

She then got into the hands of a party who kept her confined to the kennel except when she could escape and self hunt. During this time she has formed the habit of pointing momentarily and then walking in on the game. Upon flushing them she gives chase.

I have had lots of suggestions on how to handle her but will appreciate your advice because I know that you will be in better position to give it. I think I can stop her from chasing if I can get her staunch.

Yours truly,
H. C. Milz, Robinson, Ill.

Dear Mr. Milz:

As your pointer bitch has not been thoroughly trained, it is only natural for her to break her point. She has got the real hunting instinct, the pointing instinct, also. But the birds get on her nerves and you ought to expect what follows. Many perfectly broken dogs at that age, the following year begin to kick over the traces, and forget all about this through their excessive desire to chase. That is one reason I seldom counsel training dogs when they are still puppies, because you have to repeat the performance over again the following year.

Chasing won't hurt her at all, if you later teach her staunchness with a force collar and a lead.

Sincerely,
Ozark Ripley.

DON'T LET YOUR DOG RIDE ON THE RUNNING BOARD

Dear Ozark Ripley:

I am in search of some enlightenment in connection with my hound. He's not much for blood lines, but he has developed into a fairly good rabbit hound.

About a month and a half ago he fell from the running board of my car. He lit, apparently, on the muscular part of his shoulder, and since that time has had no control over his left front leg.

I have consulted two vets—they both say that he has a good chance of recovery but I am becoming somewhat discouraged. They both say that no bones have been broken, but that it is merely a nerve injury. The muscle on the shoulder has withered away to practically nothing, but this they say will come back when he again begins to use the leg. I have been bathing the injured muscle for two days now with hot and cold applications, alternating. This I have been informed will set up a reaction in the nervous system that will bring about the desired result.

Very truly yours,
J. L. Gallagher, Sheboygan, Wis.

Dear Mr. Gallagher:

Not being able to see your dog, my suggestions to you are in a way conjecture. Your vets ought to be able to find out whether any bones were broken or not. The condition of atrophy ought to be remedied through massage with Absorbine, Jr., after you have bathed the parts with warm water. Avoid a cold application. When I say massaging, I mean a thorough massaging.

I see no need whatever of being apprehensive through this treatment of any reaction on the nervous system. On the contrary, I expect your dog to be in working condition after you follow this program for about six weeks. Later on I would like to hear how he is getting along.

Frankly, I thoroughly disapprove of dogs being allowed to ride on the running board.

Sincerely,
Ozark Ripley.

DON'T CROSS BREED

Dear Ozark Ripley:

I have a registered female spaniel.

Would you advise breeding her to a Pointer or Airedale to make a faster, all around hunting dog?

What breed of dog do you think best for all around hunting, treeing, retrieving, etc.?

Thanking you in advance.

Respectfully,
Don A. Elston, Elston, Mo.

Dear Mr. Elston:

You will not improve your strain by breeding your Spaniel to either a Pointer or an Airedale. Nothing can be anticipated concerning the progeny of cross bred dogs.

As for hunting you are likely to take the characteristics of either breed, producing a slump in the best qualities of each strain.

There is no such thing as a true, all round hunting dog. You can get an approach to it by training a pointer, a setter, a hound, or any of the spaniel family to tree, retrieve, etc.

Very truly yours,
Ozark Ripley.

WHAT SIZE—PUPPY?

Dear Ozark Ripley:

I have an Irish Setter puppy 6 mo. old and he doesn't grow as fast as the rest of the litter. What should I feed him to make him grow, as I am keeping him for my field dog.

Also would like to get some idea on how high he should be now, and of what weight.

Very truly yours,
Chas. G. Wells, Clifton Springs, N. Y.

Dear Mr. Wells:

I wouldn't worry about the size of my setter, if I were you. Worm him and put him on a meat diet. Doubtless, this will be followed with good results.

A small amount of cod liver oil will help, too. But, if he is in good physical condition, I would let Nature take care of his size. He ought to weigh at least thirty pounds now. Some dogs are like humans; they grow slowly and then suddenly take a fast start when they are about to reach maturity.

Very truly yours,
Ozark Ripley.

FLEAS AND BEDDING

Dear Ozark Ripley:

My dogs are greatly troubled with fleas, and I will appreciate your giving me some information as to what I can use that will give them some relief.

I would like information both as to remedy to be used on the dogs and remedy that might be used in their bedding, etc., that will help to drive the fleas away.

Very truly yours,
W. E. Wheless, Shreveport, La.

Dear Mr. Wheless:

Make a dip of any of the coal tar preparations, such as Creoline, and dip once a week. The best bedding is red cedar shavings. If you are unable to obtain this, for summer purposes use coarse yellow pine shavings, such as are available in your parts, and sprinkle them liberally with turpentine.

Sincerely,
Ozark Ripley.

GIVE HER TIME

Dear Ozark Ripley:

I have a very promising seven-month old, pedigreed Llewellyn bitch pup. During the closed season for quail I am taking her out once or twice a week among game. She ranges well and points, though I have not yet tried to steady her to

point. Consequently she constantly chases. Should I begin now to steady her? Being very timid, she has been allowed to hunt just as she pleased thus far. Would another month of unrestricted chasing be a benefit or detriment?

Very truly yours,
J. P. Dunklin,
Nashville, Ark.

Dear Mr. Dunklin:
Go ahead and let your young bitch do as she is now doing until the early part of September, then it will be ample time to start checking her with a force collar.

Sincerely,
Ozark Ripley.

DON'T SHOOT!

Dear Ozark Ripley:
I have a collie dog about two and a half years old. He is very good for hunting rabbits, but is gun-shy. Is there any way of breaking him of this habit?

Yours hopefully,
Victor C. Northey,
London, Ont.

Dear Mr. Northey:
The best way to cure your dog of gun-shyness is to hunt him continually without shooting, and, after he is very excited on game, fire at the moment of extreme excitement, and at no other time.
Repeat within a few days after, while he is chasing a rabbit.
Ultimately he will himself overcome the fear of the gun and you can gradually increase shooting.

Very truly yours,
Ozark Ripley.

Dear Ozark Ripley:
I raise a few water spaniel puppies, and I have a pair of spaniels, male and female. Not the large Irish spaniel but the small (about 35 pounds) so called American water spaniels. They are all brown, no white marks whatever, hair very curly coats and semi rat tails.
I wish to buy another of their kind, either sex, but am unable to find what I want.

Yours truly,
Marc Woodmansee,
Des Moines, Iowa.

Dear Mr. Woodmansee:
I think that you can get a water spaniel pup of the strain you described from Forrest Gorton, Plymouth, Michigan.

Very truly yours,
Ozark Ripley.

Dear Ozark Ripley:
A year or two ago I noticed a dog called the "Pointing Griffin" advertised more or less, but of late I do not see this dog mentioned.
At one time I was very much interested in getting a "Griffin" to try, but for some reason or other I did not buy one, and to my knowledge I have never seen one.
What has become of these dogs? Who, if anyone, is selling them and what do you think of this breed of dog for quail hunting?

Geo. E. Bartholomew,
Rock Island, Ill.

Dear Mr. Bartholomew:
Very seldom are any more Griffins seen in the hunting field. They never did attain great popularity in the United States; only a few specimens compared favorably with the average pointers or setters. The general objections were lack of speed, tendency to foot-scent and hunt fur. Those I saw never appealed to me, though some might have made good had their handlers pursued sensible methods.
The only one I know of at present breeding them is Charles Van Studdiford, North St. Louis, Saint Louis, Mo.

Very truly yours,
Ozark Ripley.

IRISH WATER SPANIEL AND PHEASANTS

Dear Ozark Ripley:
I have an Irish water spaniel pup that I intend to use for retrieving ducks, and would like to know if this type of dog can be used on pheasants also?

Yours very truly,
Frank P. Koerper,
Chicago.

Dear Mr. Koerper:
You can use your Irish water spaniel to work on pheasants. The most satisfactory way, however, will be to teach it to range and flush the game within gun range. Your spaniel will make an excellent retriever and hunt cripples well, too.

Very truly yours,
Ozark Ripley.

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Scientific Angling

(Continued from page 69)

as the four classifications are at present; then if one man should win both these Championships there could be no doubt as to the actual winner. Without a doubt, he would be the All Round man.

At the coming convention this will be explained more in detail and another thing—I know I am treading on dangerous ground—will all of you think carefully and considerately of the allowing of a leader in the 5/8 ounce Distance? I plan to greet you all personally at Columbus and will help you to make the 1928 Tournament even more successful than the Columbus casters dream of.

Fraternally yours,
G. G. Chatt, President,
National Association of Scientific Angling Clubs.

My Favorite Fly and Why

Knowing that Jack Schwinn is one of the best representative fishermen in the East, I asked him the important question some time ago and below is his reply. John S. Schwinn is perhaps the best known caster on the Atlantic seaboard and is a veteran of National Tournaments since they were inaugurated. He started early in life, and has been the holder of the record for Salmon Distance Casting since 1925. His opinion on "Favorite Flies" should be valuable if experience counts for anything as he has fished all the Eastern trout streams since he was able to walk. He may be induced to write about his fishing for grayling in the Montana streams some day. —F. J. L.

DEAR Fred:

You want to know which is my favorite fly and why? You are asking something which I have been trying to give the fellows hereabouts for years and my converts are not a few, since I find that in a census taken in the Club, my favorite drew the big vote, beating the nearest competitor by eleven votes.

The only "fly in the ointment" though, is to find that some days your favorite is not even in the running, as I found one day on the Beaverkill, not long since; when the only fly interesting Mr. Trout was the Hendrickson No. 12. It was one of those days when we had "Heinz weather" and it was not a sweet pickle, either.

It blew great guns, snowed, hailed, the sun came out between times and it was nice and warm, for an instant, then a cloud would obscure it; which was followed by a gust of wind and you simply had to "hold everything." In the meantime trout were jumping all about and after trying nearly every windy day fly, I put on Brother Hendrickson and proceeded to take my limit without again moving more than fifty feet.

But, to get to my favorite, it is the Light Cahill and let me say right here, you and I could not lift all the trout that baby has brought home to me, also, do not ever pass up the chance of giving its brunette sister the Quill Cahill, an opportunity to do her stuff.

Many days during May, June and July on the Beaverkill or Willowemoc when trying out the various patterns I would almost invariably get back to the old Light Cahill and things would happen. I recall one day on the Esopus when I saw a nice trout rise just off a big ledge of rock in rough water that looked like an excellent place in which to drop a Royal Coachman Fanwing and as the fly floated over him he rose to it most beautifully, but short. I waited awhile and then repeated, the fish rose again, still short. Realizing that was not the fly he wanted I changed to my old standby and the Light Cahill did the work; the fish measured a full 14 inches.

On the Big Beaverkill where the water is heavy and the trout big, my old Light Cahill No. 10 seems to be just what they want and accounts for many delightful battles with thrills galore.

Not infrequently in answer to my "what luck" being answered negatively I have offered my favorite for consideration and have had the satisfaction of seeing more than one trout creeled before the fellow got out of sight.

The big laugh came in the evening on the day when Art Neu and I were in the Fly versus Worm contest on the Muscanetcong River. From ten a. m. until four p. m. we cast everything in the box with but indifferent success and when time was called at four p. m. the worms had beaten us 10 to 5 and the President was vindicated beyond a question of a doubt. We left the scene of the contest and journeyed to the Pequest River a very few miles away and started fishing about 5:30. We took two of the worm advocates with us. Again we put on dry flies, both Art and I using Light Cahill No. 10 and though we kept but two fish each during the two hours we fished we each had taken about 30 trout while the wormer's score was one man one, the other fellow nothing.

Long live the Light Cahill.

Sincerely,

Jack.

Lee Duncan, age 15 years, and his speckled trout 20½ inches long, weight 4½ pounds caught on 5 ounce fly rod, Grizzley King fly.

KNOWLEDGE of the art of casting adds much fascination to the "art of angling." Join a casting club. All inquiries addressed to this department will be gladly answered.

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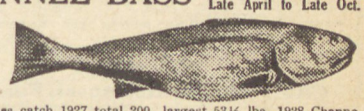

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CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

Advertisements from reputable people will be inserted in this department for 15c a word per insertion, cash with order, or 10c a word per insertion for three consecutive insertions, cash with order. Abbreviations, initials and letters will be counted as words. Name and address must be given as advertisements will not be inserted in this department with only a box number. Investment advertisements will not be accepted. Cuts and black face type not accepted. No ad will be run for less than $1. All copy, accompanied by check, money order or cash, must be received by us not later than the 25th of the second month preceding date of issue to be used.

Address: Classified Advertising Department

THE IZAAK WALTON LEAGUE OF AMERICA

549 W. RANDOLPH ST. CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

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SALESMEN Wanted: Territories throughout the United States to be allotted. Silver Fox Salesmen preferred. One of the oldest, largest and most reliable of fur farming organizations offers an attractive mink ranching contract for one of the finest bred strains of Mink in the country. State references, qualifications and territory desired, in first letter. Ten Thousand Lakes Fur Farms Corporation. P. O. Lake Elmo, Minn. Highway No. 12, (near St. Paul). Breeders of Muskrats, Mink, Black and Brown Beaver, Red and Cross Foxes, Raccoon, Fur Bearing Rabbits, etc.

MAKE $15.00 a day selling the Original Patented Phone Memo Recorder. Sells itself. No competition. Golden opportunity. Write for territories. Rudley Mfg. Co., 52 S. 60th, Phila, Pa. (3-11)

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Dogs

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AIREDALE puppies from Tintern Tip Top and Suineller strain. Eligible to register. Males $15.00, females $10.00. J. D. Hartwell, Tamarack, Minn.

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BUY a beagle puppy, sired by the Greatest Field Performer and producing Beagle of all time. Field Champion Sam Patch Grit. Send for puppy sale list and facts. Masterly Beagles Reg., Johnsoncreek, Wis. (3-9)

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Dogs

Hounds—Continued

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FOR Sale: Thoroughbred Newfoundland Pups. Address, A. G. Murray, Nashville, Mich.

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FOR Sale: Pointers and Setters, thoroughly trained dogs, young dogs and puppies all ages, all extra fine individuals and the best of blood lines. Trial allowed. Descriptive price list ten cents. Oak Grove Kennels, Ina, Illinois. (6x28)

Dogs

Pointers and Setters—Continued

BROKEN Pointer dog 3 years old. Staunch on points Retriever. Good nose. White and liver spotted. $50.00, broken setter dog. 3 year old. Staunch on points. Retriever. White and black spotted. $50.00. Will ship C.O.D. on 5 days' trial. You pay express charges if returned. We have others. Murray Kennels, Brighton, Tenn. (3-11)

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IRISH water spaniels, genuinely curly coated rat-tails. Splendid retrievers, land or water. Wonderful intelligence. Easy trained and handled. All puppies from experienced workers. Also youngsters and trained dogs always on hand. Percy K. Swan, Chico, California. (7x27)

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Dogs

Spaniels—Continued

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SPRINGERS, best blood, working parents. Inquire T. W. Stillwell, Wentworth, S. D. (3-11)

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IRISH Terriers. Individuality, gameness. The companion you have always wanted. Registered. Dr. F. G. Dratz, Missoula, Mont. (7x26)

IRISH Terrier Puppies, all ages. Reduced prices on females. Altura Kennels, Route 1, El Paso, Texas. (3-11)

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REGISTERED Foxterriers since 1906. $10 up. Wells Kennels, Farina, Ills. (3-10)

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WANTED: Pointers, Setters and Spaniels for training. All faults corrected. Dogs boarded. C. W. Tuttle, Ina, Illinois. (6x28)

LET me train your bird dog. Paul Otto, Levy, Ark. (3-11)

WANTED Pointers and Setters to train. McGovney's Kennels, Washington C. H., Ohio. (3-10)

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TETRACHLORETHYLENE for worms. A safe treatment for puppies and an effective treatment for grown dogs in cases of hook and round worms and running-barking fits. This new wormer was discovered by the Department of Agriculture and fcund as effective as Carbon Tetrachloride but safer to use in capsules for dogs and puppies. $1.00, postpaid. Harrison Chemical Co., Dept. 15, Quincy, Ill. (7x26)

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GUN Cabinets, direct from factory. Save all commissions. Send stamp for folder. Kane Cabinet Company, Kane, Pa. (3-11)

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AUTOMATIC Shell ejector in Davis "DeLuxe" Gun. Throws out only fired shells. Absolutely reliable. Perfect action. Standard specifications. Only $30—yet has all features of much higher priced Guns. If dealer can't supply, order direct. Catalog free. Davis-Warner Arms Corp., Desk E, 90 Chambers St., New York.

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SELL—Big stock of new and used guns. Printed firearms list, 10c. Frayseth's Hardware, Milan, Minnesota. (3-10)

RIFLE Telescopes for hunting and target. Send for catalog. Malcolm Rifle Telescope Co., Auburn, New York. (3-11)

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WILD rice! Wild celery! Muskgrass! make marshes and ponds attractive to ducks, fish and fur-bearing animals. Sure-growing seed for fall planting. Discount this month. Free planting advice. Write Terrell's Aquatic Farm, 83 L. Blk., Oshkosh, Wisconsin. (3-11)

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WILD Rice seed from Land of Lakes. Ask for circulars and special fall discounts. Minnesota Wild Rice Co., Laporte, Minnesota. (3-11)

Fishing Tackle and Bait

GILMORE'S Automatic Weedless. A Selfstriking, Single Hook, Bucktail Lure. Winner of 2nd and 4th prizes in the 1928 National Bass Tournament recently held in Leesburg, Florida. "Nuff Sed." Price $1.00. Order now. Folder upon request. E. L. Gilmore & Co., Youngstown, O. (3-10)

GOING fishing boys, well go prepared to catch them. Get your tackle ready and give your bait a chance for I have what fools them. My secret lure. Send $1.00 for lure postpaid. Katshee Mfg. Co., 1466 W. 110, Cleveland, Ohio. (3-10)

BUILT to order. The new Hickory Special Rods for fresh or salt water fishing. Rod repairing. Free folder. John L. Barker, Marysville, Ohio. (3-10)

Fishing Tackle and Bait—Cont'd

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Game, Birds and Animals

NEW and rare. Mountain Silver Fox Rabbits. Pure black fur with real silver tips. A hidden treasure of possibilities. More beautiful, the healthiest, most active and most prolific of all fur bearing rabbits. Start now by buying your foundation stock from us. A few Junior trios available while they last. Ten Thousand Lakes Fur Farms Corporation, P. O. Lake Elmo, Minnesota. Highway No. 12 (near St. Paul). Breeders of Muskrats, Mink, Black and Brown Beaver, Red and Cross Foxes, Raccoon, etc. Largest Operators of Fenced Muskrat Marshes in the World. (8x28)

LIVE breeding stock. Deal with us and get what you want and pay for. "Hudson Seal" Musquash, well furred and healthy. "Rainy River Ontario" dark silky mink. Dark Brown and Black Beaver. The rare strain of Mountain Silver Fox Rabbits. A real silver tipped black rabbit. Red and Cross Foxes, Raccoons, etc. We are the largest operators of fenced muskrat marshes in the world. Pen raised Hudson Seal Musquash. Live delivery and sex guaranteed. If we accept your order you can depend upon receiving the animals. Ten Thousand Lakes Fur Farms Corporation, P. O. Lake Elmo, Minnesota. Located on Highway No. 12 (near St. Paul). (8x28)

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FOR Sale: Beaver, Mink and Muskrat. Owing to death of manager we are selling our entire stock of breeders. Silver Birch Fur Farms, Rhinelander, Wisconsin.

Game, Birds and Animals—Cont'd

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CANADA Geese. So cheap that any one can have decoys this fall. R. B. Lennon, Manteo, N. C.

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MAKE money in photography. Learn quickly at home. Spare time or full time. New plan. Nothing like it. No experience necessary. Write for particulars. American School of Photography, Dept. 1298, 3601 Michigan Ave., Chicago. (12-10)

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QUALITY enlargements—8x10, 7x11—65c, 10x12—$1.00, 11x14—$1.25. From your own negatives. The Hobby Shop, Six, Traffic Station, Minneapolis, Minn. (3-10)

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ONE Buckeye, No. 7, 10368 eggs. Equipped with electric heating units. Fine condition. Three Reed Electric incubators, 700 eggs each. New, never been used. Write F. W. Schmidt, Princeton, Wisconsin. (3-11)

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SILVER fox fur rabbits. The sensation of Fur Farming. Write today for free booklet, beautifully illustrated, giving origin, breeding, care, feeding, etc. Reliable foundation breeders. Desk 41, American Rabbit Association, Inc., Arcarde Station, Los Angeles, California. (3-9)

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PROFITABLE fur rabbits. Pedigreed Chinchillas, Havanas, Silver Black Fox. Literature 4c. Ransom Rabbitry, Geneva, Ohio. (3-9)

RAISE Fur Rabbits, Chinchillas, Flemish Giants, New Zealands, Booklet 10c. Maikranz Rabbitry, New Bethlehem, Pa. (7-3)

SILVER fox fur rabbits, breeding stock for sale. L. O. Cochrane, Yelm, Washington. (3-9)

SILVER fox fur rabbits. Send for literature. E. L. Morris, P. O. Box 265, Ogden, Utah. (3-9)

SILVER Fox Fur Rabbits. Edward Toll, Ripon, Wisconsin. (3-11)

Real Estate and Lake Shore Property

FOR Sale: Beaver, Mink, Muskrat licensed fur farm. Owing to the death of our manager, must sell. Pen raised beaver and mink, Muskrat wild state, and lots of them. A ten room house, two baths, helps' cottage, garage, electrically equipped laundry, located on best bass and musky waters in Northern Wisconsin waters. Ideal summer home. Silver Birch Fur Farms, Rhinelander, Wisconsin.

2200 ACRES Adirondack Forest. Situated in Lewis & Herkimer Counties, traversed for two (2) miles by Moose River. Excellent Hunting & Fishing. 200 Acres cleared, having several buildings, and affording opportunity for Golf Course and Landing Field. Price on application. Address communications to Denton & Waterbury, Whitesboro, N. Y. (3-10)

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CHEYENNE Bottom Duck hunting tract, quarter section, half mile shore line, additional marshes, oil prospects. Price $8,000. Arthur Taylor, Great Bend, Kansas.

WIDOW must sell, 200 acre Muskrat farm. De Coudres, Bloomingdale, Mich. (3-10)

Real Estate and Lake Shore Property—Continued

FOR Sale: Share in one of best duck clubs on Illinois River. Over twenty limits each last fall per member shooting. Inquire E. Franklin, 69 W. Washington Street, Chicago.

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LAKE and river front lands at $5 to $50 an acre, and islands at $100 each, and up, in the playground of Northern Minnesota. Write for list. Church Land Co., Duluth, Minnesota. (5x28)

$5 DOWN, $5 monthly; five acres fruit, poultry, fur farm; river front, Ozarks, $100.00, hunting, fishing, trapping. Harold Hubbard, 1973 North Fifth, Kansas City, Kans. (6-12)

SELL your property quickly for cash, no matter where located. Particulars free. Real Estate Salesman Co., 530 Brownell, Lincoln, Nebr. (3-10)

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80 ACRE tract in Aitkin. County ideal for fur farming. Price, $1000.00. 4 miles from town. Joe Lampert, 2005 Pied Ave., Duluth, Minn. (6-9)

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NEAT little cottage on one of Wis. finest fishing lakes. Edgar Hunt, Barron, Wis. (4-9)

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Wanted

WANTED: To buy Frogs, Helgramites, Insects, Worms, etc. Day Fish Co., Port Huron, Mich. (3-11)

WANTED: Flat top Bisley Colt revolvers. B. Smiley, Angola, Ind. (3-11)

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REAL Harris Tweed. The Cream of Scotch Homespuns. Direct from the Makers. Best quality only. Suit-lengths available in a large variety of lovely colors. Samples Free on stating shades desired. Newall, 162 Stornoway, Scotland. (12-12)

THE LAST OF THE 'RIDERS'

The Old West Leaves the Kaibab

ON the left is Merlon Judd, on the right is Tim Callahan, both of Fredonia, Arizona.

* * *

These men are the last of Zane Grey's "Riders of the Purple Sage." They constitute the remnant of the once mighty Bar Z outfit, which dominated the Kaibab plateau and the desert country that surrounds it.

Their duty is to watch the old, deserted, crumbling stone buildings that once teemed with cowboy life.

In a little cabin about four miles from the place where this picture was taken Zane Grey wrote about the famous "Riders."

The Bar Z in those days ran thousands of head of steers on the Kaibab range. It is gone now—moved to Mexico.

On the Kaibab plateau roams a deer herd estimated as high as 50,000. It is one of the most magnificent wild life spectacles in the United States. This herd has replaced the stock of the Bar Z. Tourists have come to the Kaibab; it is becoming one of the great outdoor centers of the Southwest.

* * *

It was decreed that the Kaibab, overlooking the Grand Canyon and the Painted Desert, topped by one of the finest forests in America, the home of this great herd of deer, was destined to serve best as a recreational resource of this country.

So the Park Service and the Forest Service, backed by overwhelming public sentiment, had to break up Zane Grey's "Riders"—the last of the big outfits in the West.

* * *

Outdoor recreation has become recognized as a major natural resource of these United States, to be conserved and administered at its full value just as the other natural resources are conserved and administered.

* * *

This realization is largely a result of the constant efforts of the Izaak Walton League of America, which has taken the side of the wild life and the recreation areas and has championed their cause in all parts of America. In the Superior Forest, in the Kaibab, in Jackson's Hole, at Cumberland Falls, Potomac Falls, the Royal Gorge, and in many other instances the League has represented the proponents of this great natural resource and has usually counted a victory.

* * *

The Walton League is able to do this only because of its backing of numbers. In numbers lies its principal power. Every member is, as one of America's greatest leaders has said, "A further soldier in our ranks fighting an organized battle for this vital thing in the nation."

By joining, if you are not a member, and, especially, by getting new members if you are one, you can do your part.

Just how is explained below.

THE FOB
Award of Merit

The more people the Walton League directly represents, the greater is its power. Thus when you get new members for your chapter, you not only make it possible to do wonderful things for the outdoors and for your own sport in your community, but you add to the national force of the League and enable it to guard the major recreational areas of the United States.

The Founder's Button

Just now your chapter secretary is busily engaged trying to increase the size of your chapter. He needs your help, and wants it. He merits your backing. Give it to him. Get in touch with him today. Help him, help your chapter, help your League, and win one of the Waltonian Marks of Merit—a bronze fob for five new members, a silver fob for ten, and a silver founder's button for organizing a new chapter.

Izaak Walton League of America,
549 W. Randolph St., Chicago.

Gentlemen:

I want to help. I want to do the things checked below. Please tell me how.

☐ *Win a Merit Fob*

☐ *Earn a Founder's Button*

Please give me all information.

I (am) (am not) a member.

Name .....

Town .....

State .....

What Would YOU Do?

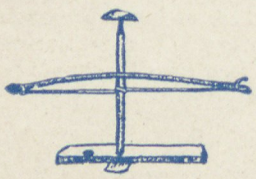
LOST IN THE WILDS -- NO FOOD -- ARISING FEVER --

For Food

No one acquainted with Ernest Thompson Seton ever starves to death in the wilds. He tells you about dozens of emergency foods. Roots, berries, mushrooms, lichen growths, etc., etc.

For Medicine

The woods are a regular drug store for those who know the medicinal value of the various leaves, barks and roots. One of the forest remedies which Ernest Thompson Seton suggests for a cold or fever is the flowering dogwood. He tells you how to identify the remedies he recommends.



For a Fire

If your matches get wet and you are cold it is well to know the several ways of starting a fire **without** matches. Above is a drawing by Seton which shows the use of drill, block, tinder, bow and socket, all made from materials you will find in the woods.

I am lost. Help!

If you should break a leg in the wilds, if you were sick and were becoming worse every moment, you should use the S. O. S. of the forest—two fires about fifty feet apart which will send up two columns of smoke. Other means of bringing aid from considerable distance are also suggested by Mr. Seton.

The Library of Pioneering & Woodcraft will tell you what you should do and entertain you too!

If your strength was failing—your head full of tortured thoughts of starvation—your throat parched for water—what would you do? A seasoned woodsman would not get in such a position. He would know how to avoid it. Even in a strange country, he would know how to locate water, how to keep his bearings, what roots, berries and other wild foods would sustain him in time of need. But do **you** know how to avoid it? Do you know how to "carry on" if it **does** ever happen to you? Food is at your feet if you can but recognize it. Medicine is on a nearby bush but you must know which one. Help will come if you know how to signal for it.

Prepare **now** for this emergency. Prepare now to **avoid** any of the hardships of the wilds. Prepare to enjoy your outing or hunting trip **as you never have enjoyed one before!** Learn every secret of nature from Ernest Thompson Seton's **Library of Pioneering and Woodcraft.**

No other man knows animals, plants, Indians and pioneer life as he does. No one else can tell you about it all so entertainingly. You can virtually sit at this master woodsman's camp-fire and listen to him talk as you read these six wonderful volumes on life in the open. Here is every feature of outdoor life, from preparing your outfit to trailing animals and first aid.

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